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REMINISCENCES

OF A

BENGAL CIVILIAN.

26215

WILLIAM EDWARDS, ESQ.

JUDGE OF HER MAJESTY'S HIGH COURT OF AGRA.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

FROM my first entrance on the active duties of an Indian civilian's life, I cherished the desire, should I ever retire from the service, to compile a narrative of my own time.

With this view I kept notes of all interesting events as they occurred, and carefully preserved all original letters and manuscripts likely to serve my purpose. All these were, however, totally destroyed with the rest of my property, by the rebels, in 1857, with the exception of some rough notes which were at home, of my overland journey to India in 1837.

Although my original intention could not, in consequence, be fully carried out, I have been induced to draw up since then, from memory, as leisure admitted,

a narrative of my past Indian career, and now submit it for publication, in the hope that the relation may prove of some interest; though necessarily of a defective and cursory character. The account of my adventures during the Rebellion, which was previously published, is embodied in the present work, with the view of making the narration continuous, and as a fresh edition of the work was called for.

The chapter containing facts and reflections on the Indian Rebellion was printed in 1859, in the form of a pamphlet for private circulation; and I now embody it in this work, as my subsequent experience of seven years in India has tended to confirm me in the views and opinions therein expressed.

Craigton Cottage,
August 13, 1866.

REMINISCENCES

OF A

BENGAL CIVILIAN.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVE FROM ENGLAND—VOYAGE TO ALEXANDRIA—ARRIVAL AT SUEZ.

On 3rd May, 1837, I left London for Falmouth, to join Captain, now General, MacQueen, of the Regiment Madras Cavalry, with whom I had arranged to go overland to India. My original intention on leaving Haileybury had been to proceed round the Cape by the usual way, and my passage had been secured in the *Prince* Indiaman. Some days, however, before that vessel sailed, I happened to be dining with the then Chairman of the Court of Directors, Sir James Carnac, who advised me to attempt the journey overland, through Egypt and by Bombay, and test its practicability as a route for mails and passengers, a matter which was then attracting the

attention of the Government. The Chairman's proposal was in complete accordance with my own wishes; and next morning I mentioned the subject to my family, all of whom approved of my undertaking—only stipulating that I should find some one who would take my passage in the *Reliance* and my cabin furniture off my hands. This was an easy matter, and soon arranged; and I found myself actually started on my journey, and at Falmouth by the forenoon of the 4th May. At noon on the 5th we embarked on board the steamer of war *Volcano*, in which we had secured a passage as far as Malta.

We had a pleasant run across the bay to Cadiz, which we reached on Monday the 10th, to land mails. We remained until the evening, and thus had ample time to visit the city and its magnificent cathedral, and then steamed off for Gibraltar, which we reached by daybreak of the 11th. Being from England, we were allowed to proceed at once on shore, and having letters of introduction to the then Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, we were able to visit, during our stay, the whole of the fortifications. On the morning of the 14th we left for Malta, reaching that island on the 17th. We had only time to make a hasty visit on shore when we embarked on board his Majesty's war-steamer *Fire Fly* for Alexandria, which place we reached on the 22nd, after a calm and pleasant voyage. On landing we waited on the Consul-General, Colonel Campbell, for whom we had letters, and requested his good offices to facilitate our journey through Egypt to Suez. Colonel Campbell recommended our taking charge of the mail for India, brought by the *Fire Fly*, which had been forwarded

by this route chiefly as an experiment, in the hopes that it would be transmitted rapidly to Bombay. We gladly acceded to the Colonel's proposal, and were much encouraged by his assurance that we should find waiting at Suez a Company's ship of war to convey us to Bombay. It was then arranged that we should start the following evening by boat on the canal for Atfè, and thence on by the Nile to Cairo. We spent the 23rd in visiting Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, and the ruins of old Alexandria, which were then being excavated, and the stones removed for the formation of the new square, which is now the chief beauty of Alexandria. We were shown one excavation in particular, where many enormous pillars were strewn about, which was supposed to be the site of the famous library. Alexandria was at this time a very miserable-looking place, and very different from what it now is. Few Europeans visited it; and there was but one hotel—a very indifferent one, kept by a Scotchwoman. Through her means we were fortunate enough to secure a servant, an inhabitant of Bombay, who wished to return there, and could speak English, Arabic, and Hindustani. He proved invaluable to us in our subsequent journey. In the evening, after dining with the consul, we proceeded on board our boat, and started for the head of the canal. We found the boat extremely filthy, and to our great disappointment heavily laden with iron for the Canal Works. However, it was useless urging any objections, and we were told to consider ourselves fortunate in being able to leave Alexandria with so little delay. To our surprise no mail was on board, and we were informed that it had been sent on by dromedary

post to Cairo, where we should overtake it. We passed a miserable time in this boat: there was no wind, and our only means of progress was by towing. The heat was great both night and day, and we were devoured by mosquitoes and all kinds of vermin with which the boat was infested.

We did not reach Atfè, the head of the canal, until dawn on the 25th, having been two nights and a day in making the passage. We were worn out by want of sleep and excessive heat. Nevertheless, I well remember that I lost all sense of fatigue as I clambered up the bank from the boat, and gazed for the first time, with the deepest interest, on the Nile, here a fine broad stream.

Atfè, a miserable collection of mud huts, was, fortunately for us, the residence of a vice-consul, and to him we immediately proceeded, to beg his assistance in procuring us a passage on to Cairo. He was a Frenchman, and showed us great kindness, and very soon placed a boat at our disposal, which having been sunk for the two previous days, was now ready to be floated and made use of. He informed us that sinking them was a necessary process in all cases before boats could be used, in order to get rid of the vermin, scorpions, rats, &c. with which they were infested. The boat was soon pronounced ready, and we started with a fair wind at eight o'clock, and shortly after reached a village, where the Pasha Mahomed Ali carried on a manufactory of the small red cloth skull-caps with blue silk tassels, which are universally worn by all ranks in Egypt. We thence had a fine run of about sixty miles up the stream, and anchored for the night about nine P.M.

We found the benefit of the boat having been sunk, for we were not annoyed by any vermin, and enjoyed a good night's rest. We started the next morning, the 25th May, at four A.M., and made good progress, the wind being still favourable.

We passed a small island in the stream literally blue with wild pigeons. Our servant Abbas told us that the boatmen, as good Mahomedans, would be angry if we shot any, which we were about to do, as they deem these birds sacred, as they are supposed, when they call, to be pronouncing the name of God, "Allah, Allah;" and, indeed, their note is by no means unlike this word, as it is pronounced by an Arab. The wind failed us for some hours, and then became favourable; we made, however, but small progress, and anchored about midnight. We again started at dawn of Saturday the 26th of May, but made very slow way, the wind being very partial and veering about. The men never thought of aiding our progress by rowing or tracking. The steepness and height of the banks, some forty or more feet high, shut us out from all view of the country on either side, and the voyage was beginning to be tedious. Towards evening, getting tired of this monotony, I went ashore to walk along the bank, which I could do quite as fast as the boat sailed up the stream. Just as I clambered to the top and looked up, I saw before me the Pyramids in the distance, in their solitary, silent grandeur. I felt quite awestruck as I gazed upon them. There they were, just as mysterious and as perfect as when gazed upon by Herodotus so many ages before, who knew as little of their real story and object as I did then.

The river soon became crowded with boats, and the banks with foot-passengers, donkeys, and camels; showing that we were approaching some important place. Soon the buildings of Cairo came in sight, and at nine o'clock we reached that ancient city. By this time it was dark, and we procured, with some difficulty, a couple of donkeys. Mounting these, we were led through narrow, winding, mysterious streets, nearly pitch dark, to the house of the consul, a Smyrniote, settled as a merchant here, who received us very politely, and took us to Hill's Hotel, where we were made most comfortable for the night. The consul then left us, promising to make arrangements for our further progress the next day to Suez, a journey which was to be performed on camels.

After dinner, we were joined by Colonel Vyse, of the Life Guards, a gentleman of large fortune and ardent antiquarian tastes, who was employed in excavating, at his own cost, the larger pyramid; the Pasha Mahomed Ali having granted him permission, on condition of his handing over to his highness any coins, images, or valuable relics he might discover in the course of his excavations. The colonel had just returned from the Pyramids, and was in high spirits, as he had that very morning discovered a chamber which contained several hieroglyphics. He was eager that we should accompany him back to the scene of his interesting labours, but we could not afford the time, as we wished to push on to Suez, and endeavour to overtake the mail, which had been already forwarded to that place, and as we feared the Government vessel reported at Suez, might, on their arrival, start without us. So pressed were

we for time that we could not halt even for the Sunday, and of course could see very little of Cairo—merely paying a hurried visit to the magnificent mosque of Abul Hussein, and the scene of the destruction by Mahomed Ali of the Jannissaries. The view from the spot is very grand, extending over the greater part of Cairo, across the Nile, far beyond the Pyramids.

On returning to the hotel we found a Jannissary waiting with two dromedaries for ourselves, and seven camels for our baggage and servants. After an enormous uproar and unlimited application of the stick to the drivers by the Jannissary, our baggage was loaded and ourselves and servants mounted, and at four P.M. of the 27th of May, we started for the desert.

We had scarcely got beyond the Suez gate of the city when the head camel-driver suddenly discovered that his supply of grain was insufficient for the camels' provender until they reached Suez. After an hour's quarrelling it was determined that he should return to the city with the Jannissary for the necessary supply. The camels were accordingly caused to lie down, and we all dismounted to await their return, which did not occur for more than two hours. The scene was wild and impressive in the extreme. We were halted in the middle of a number of tombs, in all stages of decay. The "shadows of evening were being lengthened out," and the desert, on the edge of which we were standing, was being buried in gloom and approaching darkness. A feeling of dread and depression crept over me as I gazed on the desolate, hopeless scene, and the words of the prophet Jeremiah occurred to my memory, uttered, perhaps,

with something of a similar prospect around him: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

I was roused by the return of the Jannissary and the driver, when we remounted, and started in good earnest, and after travelling continually for four hours, we halted for some refreshment. We made a fire and prepared some coffee, which, although the water tasted of the skins in which it was conveyed, was the most refreshing beverage I thought I had ever swallowed. After half-an-hour's rest we remounted and pressed on until two A.M., when we again made a similar halt. Nothing can be more imposing than the deep solitude and utter silence of the desert, unbroken by even the hum of an insect. There was no track or path that my inexperienced eye could discover; and the leader of the party, whom we followed in single file, seemed to me to be directing his way by the stars, which were shining down with intense brilliancy upon us. The fatigue was great, for I had only the wooden packsaddle of the dromedary, with my overcoat doubled under me, to ride on, and the motion of the animal seemed to strain every joint in my body. At dawn we were met by a single man on a dromedary, carrying the post from "Ibrahim Pasha's army" in Nubia to the Pasha Mahomed Ali. A small antelope sprung up before us at the same moment, and bounded away into the depths of the desert—and these were the only signs of life to be seen in the weary waste of sand spreading on all sides of us. A tree was soon after pointed out in the distance as the half-way between Cairo and Suez,

under which we were to halt for some hours. It appeared of extraordinary dimensions; for, being solitary, the eye had nothing to compare it with, and from its apparent size I reckoned it could not be more than half a mile distant. But on and on we went, and still it seemed to recede, till after passing over some six or eight miles, we at last reached it, weary and aching in every limb. We found it to be no more than a miserable thorn-tree, affording but a very scanty shade, but what it did give was a real blessing in this "weary land;" and we lay down under it on the sand and immediately fell sound asleep. I slept about three hours, and awoke with the sun of noon blazing on my face and head, but got up, nevertheless, unharmed and thoroughly refreshed. At two P.M. of the 28th May we again started, and in the evening passed a company of Arabs with their camels crossing towards Arabia. As they passed they gave us the usual salutation of "Salaam alei-koom"—peace be with you—and went on their way without further notice or questioning, apparently utterly indifferent to the then novel sight of European travellers passing rapidly along.

At midnight we halted at a spot where some caravans were collected for the night. I slept for some hours, and on waking found myself wet through with dew, stiff and cold. Just as it dawned we were roused up to proceed on our journey. The other parties were also getting ready for a start, and we were soon on our separate and respective routes. After travelling for about two hours, we fell in with a patrol of cavalry, and most picturesque they appeared as they came along, in no regular order, but riding separately,

or in twos and threes. We learnt that their duty was to prevent the pilgrim caravans returning from Mecca proceeding to Cairo until they had performed quarantine, as the cholera was reported to be raging among them.

The aspect of the country now changed, and instead of the dead level of the desert, lofty and rugged hills were seen to our right, extending as far as the eye could reach. Just as we gained the summit of a little rise, I saw below me Suez and the Red Sea stretching out into the distance, the blue colour of the water being inexpressibly refreshing to the eye after the dreary monotony of the desert. We halted to let the camels drink at a well, the water of which was so brackish that, thirsty as I was, I could not swallow it.

As we came along, I strained my eyes in the vain hope of seeing the tall masts and spars of the ship of war we expected to find at anchor, but nothing was to be seen but a few Arab vessels. At noon of 29th May we reached Suez, one of the most desolate places on the face of the earth; and riding through a gateway, guarded by some of the Pasha's troops, alighted at the residence of the agent of the East India Company, an Armenian, by name Kozzee Manouli, who received us most civilly, and placed a long room, facing the sea, and swept by the refreshing sea breeze, at our disposal. I threw myself on the divan at one end of the room, and was instantly asleep. On waking up, my first inquiry was, now that there was no Government vessel available, as to when and by what means we could proceed on our voyage down the sea, expressing our eagerness to lose no time. Kozzee Manouli, who had lived all

his days at Suez, seemed unable to comprehend our eagerness to quit the place, and replied, that probably by the end of July there would be a good opportunity for proceeding. Until then we could be made comfortable where we were. Of course, we were dismayed at such a proposal, and I immediately delivered to him a letter to his address from the Consul-General, Colonel Campbell. On perusing it, the agent at once bestirred himself, and said he would arrange with the governor of the town for a passage for us on board a Buggala, which was about to be despatched to Hodeida, with stores for the Pasha's troops then serving in the Hajaz. He left us, and soon returned with the pleasing intelligence that in two days the vessel would be ready to start.

As our departure appeared settled, I was able thoroughly to enjoy the prospect before me. In such a locality, of course, the mind could not but revert to the far-distant past, and to that stupendous exhibition of Almighty power of which we were on the very scene. As we sat on the divan at a window looking out over the sea, Manouli showed us the spot which tradition points out as that where the waters of the sea were divided, and a way made for the ransomed to pass over.

CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE ALONG COAST OF ARABIA—TO MOCHA—EMBARK ON BOARD "PALINURUS"—ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY.

THE agent Manouli was a member of the Greek Church, and he took us to visit the building in which they held their worship. It was a sort of vault, small, and only lighted by candles. The walls were hung with strange grotesque pictures of the three wise men of the east and others, reverenced as saints. At one side, there was a very ancient, high-backed, richly-carved, ebony chair, which is the seat of honour reserved for the patriarch of the church whenever he visits Suez, from the monastery where he resides.

We received intimation that the Buggala, as these vessels are termed, would sail during the night of the 30th May, and that we should require to be on board by sunset. We had laid in a stock of rice and fowls to serve us until reaching Yembo, the first point along the Arabian coast after Suez where any provisions could be procured. At six P.M. we went off in a small skiff, and reached the Buggala as the sun was setting. It was a small vessel of about forty tons burden, with a long, low, projecting bow,

and a very high stern, under which was a small confined cabin, reserved for us. We lost no time in trying to make this miserable little space, which did not admit of our standing upright, as comfortable as possible, as it was to be our home for a fortnight at least. The vessel was undecked, and crowded with the Pasha's soldiers, and heavily laden with supplies of grain, rice, &c. for the troops serving in the Hajaz. The noise and confusion were indescribable when we got on board, and continued till about nine P.M., when, apparently exhausted, the crew and soldiers lay down and fell asleep.

I could not rest in the cabin, so got up and sat on the high stern, which was occupied by the captain of the vessel, Rais, as he is called, and the pilot. The night was quite still, and the stars shone with intense brilliancy in the cloudless sky. The scene was a most impressive one, and I felt almost spell-bound as I looked around, and my mind reverted to the awful events of which we were probably on the very scene. Our own situation and prospects seemed rather precarious, embarked on so rude and apparently overloaded a vessel, and with only wild Arabs for our crew. I confess that my heart sunk a little within me at the prospect; but then came the sustaining thought, that the same Almighty power which had been so marvellously exerted to defend and preserve his people in this very spot, was equally able and willing to watch over us if we trusted in Him; and that this of all places on the earth was not one where any doubt of the protecting mercy and guardian care of the Almighty should be entertained. As I sat and gazed, my eyes became heavy with sleep, and lying down

on the deck, I soon joined the slumberers around me, and slept soundly until dawn of Thursday, 31st May, just as the crew were commencing with the most deafening noise to get up the anchor and set sail.

It was just dawn as we left Suez, with a light breeze blowing—the commencement of the monsoon, as we were told. We ran before the wind, close in by the Arabian coast, until the evening of the 1st June, when we anchored off a small town called Tor.

At dawn of the 2nd, we sailed, and made considerable progress before the steady monsoon breeze. We were crossing the entrance of the Gulf of Akaba and lost sight of land, when about ten P.M. a violent storm arose. Our large sail was instantly lowered, and two small foresails set, which, one after another, were blown to pieces. It was quite dark, except when, every now and then, the wild scene was lighted up for an instant by the lightning, which was exceedingly brilliant. The overloaded vessel began to roll and pitch heavily, and the ill-stowed cargo to shift and roll about with each plunge of the ship. We proposed to lighten the vessel by throwing overboard some of the cargo; but the soldiers in charge refused to permit us, saying that they would have to answer with their lives for any stores that might be lost, and it was better, therefore, for them to run the risk of foundering with the ship than throw any overboard, as that course would certainly cost them their lives, even if it saved ours and preserved the ship. The Arab crew abandoned themselves to despair, the only man who seemed to retain his nerve and to be able to do his duty was the old pilot, who stuck to the helm, and by his cool-

ness and skill prevented, under Providence, our being swamped by the heavy rolling seas. Many waves, however, broke over us, and we were deluged with water. It was truly an awful night, and our danger was most imminent for about eight hours. We never expected to see the morning light, and took leave of each other. But a merciful Providence interfered for our preservation. The wind fell as the day broke, and by eight A.M. it was quite calm. Thankful indeed did we feel for this great deliverance to the God who had "heard our cry in our trouble, and had brought us out of our distresses."

The storm had driven us out of our course, and we found ourselves in the open sea. As there was no sort of compass on board and no land in sight, I expected that the pilot would be at a loss as to our position and in what direction to steer, as these "Buggalas" are only intended for coasting, the sailors directing their course by well-known headlands or marks. In the present case, however, the absence of a compass did not seem to be of much consequence, for after a short consultation, the pilot took a direction which he said would bring us soon again to land. He was correct; for about three P.M. we began to discern the tops of the mountains, and by sunset of the 3rd June we made the shore, and anchored in a small cove formed by a coral reef, on which the sea broke fiercely, all within that barrier being still and glassy as a lake. The pilot informed us that frequent storms occur crossing the Gulf of Akaba, down which the wind rushes furiously, and that many Buggalas which attempt the passage founder in these gales, and are never afterwards heard of.

It is at the head of this gulf that Ezion Geber was situated, where Solomon built his vessels to trade with Tarshish and Ophir. The ships built there were, I suppose—(such is the unchanging nature of all things in the East)—not a bit different in build and rig from the Buggala in which we were embarked. After leaving Ezion Geber they sailed, just as we were doing, down the Arabian coast, past Sheba in Arabia Felix. Thence they coasted on to Dedan, in the Persian Gulf, and across the open sea to Tarshish, which is, as shown by Sir E. Tenant, in all probability, Galle, in Ceylon, and thence on to Ophir, probably situated in Malacca. How strange it is that now, in this latter age of the world, the great highway of commerce with the East will, in all likelihood, revert to this its most ancient and direct channel.

The Rais, or Nao Khuda, of our Buggala, would not permit us to land, as this locality was the well-known haunt of a tribe of Bedouins, who bear a very bad character as robbers and murderers. As soon as it was dark, we saw fires at different points on shore, but none of the people came near our anchorage. We left the bay at dawn of the 4th, and went on during that day and the next, threading our way, and that a most intricate one, through the maze of coral reefs which line the shore and scarcely appear above the water. Each reef is well known to the crew and pilot, and they steer through them without the slightest hesitation. Each night we anchored under the lee of one of these reefs. To all appearances this is a very dangerous proceeding, but, in reality, safe; for as the wind blows steadily from only one quarter, no sea can reach a vessel anchored under the lee of a reef, and there is no probability of being cast on the rocks

by a squall arising from any opposite quarter. Each evening as soon as the sun set, several of the crew would cast themselves into the sea with a cable, and swim off to the reef selected for the purpose of an anchorage. On landing they made the rope fast to some projecting piece of coral, when the vessel was warped close up to the reef and made snug for the night. One man kept watch, while all the others, as well as ourselves, went to rest as securely as if on shore.

On the 6th, at noon, we put into a small bay, completely land-locked, named El Wedgh, where we halted for a couple of days to land some stores. A few miserable mud huts, inhabited by some Arabs—a wretched, squalid-looking people—were built at the head of the bay. As soon as the Buggala anchored, numbers of men, women, and children came swimming round the vessel, moving in the water with as much ease and safety as on dry land. The water in this little cove was perfectly still and very deep, and so clear that the eye could see down into the lowest depths. It was certainly not "the unadorned bosom of the deep," for a more lovely sight there could not be, than that presented by the coral reefs far down below the surface, displaying some of the most extraordinary and fantastic shapes, as it were groves of trees twined and interlaced with each other. Innumerable fish of all sizes and shapes darted in and out of the groves, pursuing and being pursued, and apparently in high enjoyment. In some places there was no coral, and the eye rested far down on smooth, clear sand, over which shoals of fish floated motionless. One very peculiar sort of fish, nearly a foot long, of a brilliant green colour, attracted my attention. I saw the Arabs repeatedly dive after these fish, and never

fail to bring one up with the head secured between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand—a most rapid and efficient mode of fishing. When all was still at night, I was roused once or twice by hearing the sudden rush of a shoal of fish through the water as they endeavoured, I fancy, to get away from some pursuing monster of the deep. Some hundreds of Arabs, all armed in various ways, were collected round us by nightfall, but all remained quiet and orderly, and never molested us in any way, although my companion and myself went ashore and walked among them. From their evident amazement at our dress and appearance, I do not think that they could have seen many Europeans before.

We left Wedgh early on the 7th June, the Rais having, with wonderful alacrity for an Arab, completed his business at the time he fixed. The shoals, as we advanced, were closer and more intricate than we had yet seen them. Before an expected shoal is sighted, the pilot and the crew are seen anxiously looking out and consulting. Once it is viewed, all relapse into complete apathy, and either talk together or lay themselves down to sleep. The night of the 7th found us, with no land in sight, anchored off a reef, surrounded by others, the sea for miles around us being white with breakers and foam. Had we drifted, we could scarcely have escaped shipwreck; but although it was blowing hard, we remained quite secure, and the whole crew went to sleep as usual. It was a strange and rather appalling sight, seeing in the general darkness the bright phosphorescent light given out by the waves as they broke on the reefs far and near.

We anchored on the night of the 7th, after a successful

run, in a small bay called El Muhar. A number of Arabs who had seen us from the heights brought wood and water for sale. We sailed before daybreak, and on the afternoon of the 8th reached Yembo, a considerable town, with a governor on the part of the Pasha Mahomed Ali, and considered one of the most sacred places of the sacred Hajaz. There were some forty buggalas in the harbour. The place wore an air of life and bustle which was most refreshing after the desert sea we had passed over. Our Rais expressed his intention of remaining at Yembo for ten days. This was most annoying intelligence for us, as it was our object to reach Mocha with all possible speed, where we heard there was an East India Company's ship of war. Fortunately, the agent at Suez had procured from the governor of that place a letter in our favour to the Governor of Yembo, which we lost no time in sending to him. In reply, we were civilly informed that we should start the following morning. On learning this, all the crew deserted, and we were in despair; but by night a new crew was sent by the governor on board, and we sailed from Yembo, as fixed, on the 10th, and reached Hodeida on the 12th, another town of some importance and very sacred character. Here we were fortunate enough to negotiate for a passage on board a pilgrim ship about to start for Jidda, so, transferred ourselves, servant, and baggage immediately on board. She was a vessel of some 300 tons, and crowded with pilgrims. We were assigned a small space on the deck, where we established ourselves and our baggage, congratulating ourselves, and with good reason, on our change of quarters from the wretched, undecked, crowded Buggala, swarming

with vermin, to a decked vessel, with a compass, and apparently a skilled crew. On Tuesday, 13th June, we reached Jidda, and there found another ship, a large Arab vessel, called the *Mulk El Bahur*, or King of the Ocean, about to sail for Mocha. We were fortunate enough to secure standing and sleeping room on her deck—a great favour, as she was also crowded with pilgrims fresh from Mecca.

Jidda is a wretched place, and was the only spot where we were molested. As we were walking about, some Arabs met us, abused us as infidels, and threw lumps of hard baked mud at us. We walked quietly on, and soon reached our boat and proceeded to our ship, lying out in the harbour. We sailed from Jidda on the 15th June with a very light breeze. The entrance to the harbour is very intricate, and dangerous through shoals and reefs. The light wind failed us at a critical point, and the *Mulk El Bahur* was on the point of running on a reef. We seemed not above 100 yards off the edge when her boats managed to tow her off, and so she escaped a great danger. The noise and screaming of the captain, the "Nao Khuda"—the lord of the ship—as he is called, and of the crew were terrific. There was a Moollah on board, whose duties were to carry on all the religious duties of the ship. This man was on his knees, telling his beads with great diligence at this critical period; and I noticed the Nao Khuda once or twice come up and implore him to be more earnest and energetic in his prayers, lest the ship be stranded. The pilgrims on board were the most disagreeable, haughty set of people I ever fell in with. They evidently regarded us both as dogs and unbelievers,

and took every opportunity of showing their hatred and dislike to us as Christians. They had just returned from Mecca, and had consequently acquired a high degree of sanctity in their own and their co-religionists' esteem.

Upon the 20th June, our eyes were gladdened by seeing Mocha, and riding at anchor in its harbour two British ships of war. Our national flag floating in the breeze was the most cheering and refreshing sight which had met my eyes since leaving Europe. We were soon at anchor, and on going on shore, we found, to our great gratification, that one of these vessels, the Honourable East India Company's brig of war, *Palinurus*, was to sail for Bombay in the course of two days, and that we might have a passage. She had been for three years employed in surveying the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, and had now been relieved by the *Coote* brig of war. The mails, consisting of two small boxes, were put on board; and on the 23rd June we sailed from Mocha. The monsoon was at its height, and a tremendous sea was running after we passed beyond the Straits of Babul Mandeb, especially off Secotia. We had nothing to do but to run before it, and reached Bombay harbour in safety on the 8th July, two months and a few days after leaving England.

I proceeded to Poona to visit my relative, the then Governor, Sir Robert Grant, who was residing at the Government House at Dapooree, and there I remained until the end of August.

Sir Robert was at that time anxiously turning his attention to facilitate the direct communication with England by the route I had just passed over; and we often conversed

together on the subject. It appeared to me that nothing was more easy than to provide a monthly communication between Suez and Bombay, provided that steamers of sufficient power to contend with the monsoon were put upon the line, and a coal depôt, or harbour of refuge, provided at some place at the entrance of the Red Sea, which could be accessible in all weathers, and safe at all seasons of the year. From what we had seen of the sea, running off Secotia, that island, which the Governor had first thought of as a depôt, could never in my opinion answer the purpose. Subsequently, Sir Robert entered into an arrangement for the purchase of Aden from the Sultan of Lahidge, who accepted his Excellency's offer and agreed to all the arrangements proposed. This chief, however, shortly after refused to fulfil his engagements, and committed various acts of hostility against the British flag, and it was not until 1839, and after the lamented death of this wise and farseeing statesman, who had thus arranged for the cession to the British Crown of this most important position, that Aden was finally taken possession of and occupied by a British garrison.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA—APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT OF AGRA—AFFAIRS IN AFFGHANISTAN.

I LEFT Bombay for Calcutta in the end of August, 1837, in a small vessel called the *Ambassador*, which was employed in the merchant service between that port, Madras, and Bombay. We had a very pleasant and prosperous voyage to Madras, and after a stay of several days there proceeded to Calcutta. It was late in the evening when we sailed, and the appearance of the weather was most threatening; the storm signal for vessels to put to sea was flying at the flagstaff. We had scarcely sailed when the gale commenced blowing furiously; but it was fortunately in our favour. The night was very dark, and about nine o'clock, as I was standing by the captain, close to the wheel, we suddenly saw immediately before us a vessel beating across our bows. We were on the crest of a sea and she in the trough beneath, so that I could see right on to her deck, and a collision seemed inevitable. My first idea was that the shock would be so great that I should certainly be thrown down, and perhaps overboard; so I jumped forward and seized hold of the binnacle to steady myself.

In the twinkling of an eye we crashed into her; but strange to say, I was unconscious of any shock. We struck her near the stern, carried away her boat and bulwarks and a mass of rigging, and dragged her after us for a short way, before we could get clear. The noise of the wind, the crashing of the rigging, and the shouts of the crew of both vessels were rather appalling. As soon as we were clear, I heard the captain give the order to "sound the pumps," and I think I scarcely ever in my life felt more relieved and thankful than when I heard the answer that "all was well, and that we had received no damage."

The darkness was so great that we could see nothing of the vessel we had come into collision with, and it was not until weeks after that I learnt that she was a brig called the *Katherine*, employed in the coasting trade, and had sustained such serious damage that it was with much difficulty she had been able to make the port of Masulipatam. We had scarcely recovered our calmness after this accident, and the captain and I had resumed our places near the wheel, the vessel scudding on steadily before the gale, when what was our consternation to see a second and larger vessel, beating across our bows precisely as in the former case! Happily for us, she showed a light in time, and we were just able to avoid her, rushing past so close under her stern that I could have thrown a biscuit on her deck, and could hear distinctly the reply that her name was the *Drongan*, in answer to the captain's hail of "What ship is that?"

The gale continued, unabated, for the next forty-eight

hours, during which time the sun was invisible, and the ship's position could not be accurately ascertained. When it ceased, and an observation could be taken, we found ourselves close to the pilot vessel, at the Sand-heads at the mouth of the Hooghly, and soon after passed the floating light off Saugor Island. Here a small steamer returning to Calcutta, took me on board, and I found myself on the 13th September, in the City of Palaces. On landing I learnt that the *Reliance*, in which my passage had been taken originally, had only just arrived, although she had left England a month before me, while I had in the meantime visited the Mediterranean, Egypt, the coast of Arabia, Madras, and Bombay. The day following I was enrolled a student of the college of Fort William, in which I remained until July 1838, when I was appointed assistant to the Commissioner of Cuttack. Here I remained one year, when I was at my own request transferred to the North Western Provinces, and appointed an assistant to the Commissioner of the Meerut Division. I, however, never joined this appointment, for on reaching Benares, I found orders awaiting me, appointing me assistant-secretary to the Government of Agra, at that time presided over by a most able and farseeing statesman, the late Mr. T. Campbell Robertson. Mr. Thomason, the subsequent well-known Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, was at this time secretary to the Government, and I commenced my secretariat career as his personal assistant. At this time, 1840, a new revenue system was being introduced into the provinces subordinate to the Agra Government. Its chief supporters were notoriously opposed to the great

landed proprietary body, the Talookdars and Zemindars, and their efforts were directed to their displacement and ultimate extinction. Mr. Robertson dissented entirely from these views, and doubted the practical character of the revenue system generally. He regarded, and most justly, the maintenance of this important body of landed gentry as essential to the stability of our Government, to come between us, a nation of foreigners, and the mass of the people. He lived to see his prognostications of danger likely to arise from their extinction, but too accurately fulfilled in the great rebellion of 1857; and it is a very remarkable fact, that one of the few Talookdars, whose position and interests he was able to maintain intact, though only after the bitterest opposition, Rajah Teekum Singh, of Morrsaun, was almost the only man of influence in the neighbourhood of Agra who was uniformly loyal to the British Government in the rebellion, and through whom the authorities shut up in the fort of Agra were chiefly able to communicate with Meerut and Cawnpore.

Mr. Robertson, previous to joining the Government of Agra, had been member of the Supreme Council of the Government of India, and in that position held the appointment of provisional Governor-General. He was strongly opposed to the Affghan war then waging; and it was chiefly with the view of getting rid of his strenuous opposition in council to the occupation of that country, and the lavish expenditure it caused, that the government of Agra, on the resignation of the post by the late Lord Metcalfe, was almost forced upon his acceptance as a matter of duty. One of the stipulations, however, under

which Mr. Robertson consented to assume the government and vacate his seat in council, was that all the secret and political correspondence between the authorities in Affghanistan and the Supreme Government, and with the political agent on the North-western frontier, a post then, fortunately for British interests, held by Mr., now Sir George Clerk, should pass through the government of Agra under "flying seal." By this arrangement, as assistant secretary to the Government, I had the advantage of becoming acquainted with all the communications passing between the Supreme Government and its agents in Affghanistan and the North-west frontier at that eventful period.

The Government of India, in entering upon operations in Affghanistan in 1839, were actuated by a fear of Persian and Russian designs against our empire. They therefore determined to dethrone the Ameer Dost Mahomed, the then ruler of Cabul, who was supposed to be friendly to the designs of these powers and a mere tool in their hands, and reinstate Shah Soojah, the former king, whom the Dost had expelled. Our Government was under the impression that Shah Soojah's restoration would be a most popular measure with the Affghans, who would welcome him with open arms; and they hoped by the Shah's accession to his legitimate throne to secure a powerful ally in Central Asia, interested in resisting any schemes of conquest and aggrandisement which Persia and Russia might set on foot. Under these views Shah Soojah had been installed in Cabul through our arms in August, 1839; but by the middle of 1840 it became too apparent that the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, had been deceived as respected the Shah's popu-

larity, and that so far from being able to maintain himself as was expected, a British army must remain in the country for that very purpose. A number of our officers were spread over the length and breadth of the land, termed Political Agents, acting under the authority of Sir W. Hay Mac-Naghten, who bore the title of Envoy and Minister at the Court of Shah Soojah ool Moolk. The duty of these agents was to reconcile the leading chiefs and clans of the country to the Shah's rule, and to prevent them carrying on that predatory warfare amongst each other in which for generations they had been engaged. Nothing but money grants could secure the good behaviour of these robber tribes and the unmolested passage of travellers and goods through the country. The result was that the resources of India were taxed to a ruinous extent to maintain this false and pernicious system.

The whole of the correspondence of this period, 1840, between the Supreme Government and the Envoy and Minister consisted of little else than proposals for expeditions to coerce one tribe or another, or for subsidizing some notorious leader in order to keep open the particular pass or district over which his authority prevailed. Forts were being continually taken by our troops, and successful actions fought in different and remote parts of the country, and the most conspicuous skill and gallantry constantly evinced by our officers. Still the people were not subdued, but became more hostile than ever to our occupation, and to the puppet king we had set up. It was now evident to all, not committed to the policy, that our position beyond the Indus was one of great risk and of ultimate financial ruin for

no adequate object, as the fears of Russian designs on India had by this time been dissipated. So matters went on until the surrender of Dost Mahomed after the action of "Purwan Durrah." In this action the 2nd Bengal Cavalry deserted its officers, either from panic or design. They were led by Captain, now Colonel Fraser, C.B., who, with five other officers, found himself unsupported in the midst of the Affghan Horse, led by the Dost in person. Fraser was very severely wounded in the right hand, his sword fell, and finding himself helpless, he put his horse, an English hunter, right at a broad ravine immediately in his front. The animal landed safely on the opposite side, amidst a shower of matchlock balls, fired by the Affghans, whose horses refused the jump. Fraser's horse was most impetuous, which stood his master in good stead, for he was able thus to make a tourniquet of his reins, by passing them round the wounded arm, he pulling the one end with his left hand, while the horse pulled hard at the other with his mouth. The excessive hemorrhage, which might otherwise have caused death, was by this means prevented; and Fraser reached camp in safety, and after many months of suffering finally recovered. Six officers went into action with the cavalry on this unfortunate occasion, and of these four were killed and two desperately wounded. The regiment was disbanded in consequence, and its number struck out of the army list. In its place, a fresh regiment, the 11th Light Cavalry, was raised, which was subsequently restored to the list for good service at Mooltan, as the 2nd Light Cavalry. This regiment formed a part of General Wheler's force at Cawnpore in 1857, and was the first corps to mutiny there,

and the troopers were the chief actors in the ruthless massacre of the women and children at the slaughter ghaut on the Ganges on the 27th June.

Dost Mahomed, strange to say, rode straight from the field of battle, unattended, towards the city of Cabul; and happening to meet the Envoy and Minister, Sir W. Mac-Naghten, in his evening ride, he surrendered himself, alleging that he considered it useless to maintain the opposition to a nation whose officers could behave with such unshaken intrepidity and noble devotion, even when deserted by their men, as Colonel Fraser and the others had done on that morning.

The Dost was soon after sent to India as a State prisoner, and a residence provided for him at Dehra Dhoon, near the hill station of Mussoorie. It was confidently expected by the Government that, in consequence of the Dost's surrender, and of several successful operations towards Candahar, which immediately followed that event, the whole country would settle down into contented submission to Shah Soojah, and that our troops could be withdrawn. But these hopes proved quite delusive; and continued disturbances, requiring for their suppression our armed interference, continued to break out in different parts of the country from time to time. It was now August of 1841, and the heat being very intense, the Governor and his staff proceeded to the hill station of Mussoorie.

Previous to leaving Agra, a durbar was held to take leave of all the Agra native gentry. Among those who attended was an old Subadar of cavalry, who had served under Lord Lake, and was decorated with several medals.

The Governor, in conversation with this officer, mentioned the Purwan Durrah affair, and lamenting it greatly, asked him if he could assign any cause for the troopers' conduct. The old hero loudly clearing his throat replied, "that to be sure he could; it was all the fault of the Government, for they have taken from us our Galloper guns. Formerly, when ordered to charge, these guns preceded us, and fired a few rounds, and we charged at the back of the noise. At such times," he added, looking round as if delivering the most solemn and weighty truth, "for getting up the heart, and keeping up the spirit, there is nothing like noise. Indeed, noise is a most important thing." A hum of approbation and acquiescence went round the native portion of the assembly, and all seemed to agree that in the absence of the noise the troopers had only behaved reasonably in running away, and not at all disgracefully.

CHAPTER IV.

MARCH TO ALMORAH—RUMOURS OF DISTURBANCES BEYOND THE INDUS—PROPOSALS TO SEND REINFORCEMENTS NEGATIVED BY SUPREME GOVERNMENT—INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPT TO FORCE THE KHYBER.

THE rains were drawing to a close when we reached Mussoorie; and no one who has not experienced it, can appreciate the intense delight and refreshment to body and mind which are produced by the sudden change from the steaming plains to the cool breezes of the Hamalayah. During all September affairs in Affghanistan remained more tranquil than at any previous period of our occupation. The time appeared to have at last really arrived when we could leave the Shah to maintain himself: and in this conviction, Sir W. MacNaghten, who had been appointed Governor of Bombay, was about to leave Cabul with the troops returning to India, leaving Sir Alexander Burnes as his successor as Envoy with the Shah. Mr. Robertson, however, did not feel quite satisfied that all was in reality so tranquil as the country was described to be; for at this time suspicious rumours reached us of messengers suddenly coming to and departing from Dehra Dhoon, the residence of Dost Mahomed. Still nothing had occurred to raise more than an apprehension that the Affghans were

not yet satisfied with Shah Soojah's rule. At the end of September the Governor prepared to march across the mountains of Kumaon to Almorah. One day, just before we started on our journey, Mr., now Sir George Clerk, suddenly appeared at Mussoorie, having ridden up from Umballah, his head-quarters, to confer with the Governor. This was no unusual ride for Sir George in those days, whose powers of locomotion on horseback proved one among many causes of his then unbounded influence with the Sikh chiefs and people under his political charge in the cis-Sutlej States. The Sikhs used to assert that he kept a hundred horses in his stables, of which some were always ready posted towards every quarter, so it was no use to attempt any disguises with him; for he was sure to be in the middle of them before they even could get tidings of his leaving his head-quarters. Sir George, no doubt, kept a numerous and a rare good stud, but not quite to this extent. Some of them were well known to the Sikhs of those days; and it was often quite sufficient to prevent an impending boundary fight between neighbouring villagers, to hear that "Robin" or the "White Mare" had been sent out a stage or two to wait for the "Umballah wallah," as the agent was universally called, as neither of these animals, according to Native expression, "understood distance," and would soon bring their master to the spot where his presence was required. This was the first occasion of my meeting Sir George, and in our conversation, I well remember his expressing his fears that the calm then prevailing in Affghanistan was unnatural, and merely the prelude to a storm about to break. Rumours had

reached him through the Lahore durbar, that all was not right, and a messenger to Dost Mahomed had been lately caught with a mysterious letter concealed in a mutton bone, the terms of which had excited the agent's suspicion.

So impressed was he that something was impending that he had risked the ride through the "Turraie," the forest-belt at the foot of the hills, then uncleared, and at that season most pestilential, for the express purpose of consulting with the Governor and communicating to him his apprehensions. Sir George left us the same evening to ride back again with his waistcoat pocket full of loose quinine, to take as he passed through the jungle as a febrifuge. Unfortunately, he missed his horse at the stage in the middle of the jungle, was benighted, and had to remain in a herdsman's hut for the night, and, in spite of the quinine, caught a fever which hung about him for years after.

About the 3rd of October, we started on our march across the hill country, from Mussoorie to Almorah. At one village we passed, a large deputation, headed by the elders and most influential men of the vicinity, waited on the Governor, and represented, with the greatest gravity and earnestness through their spokesman, the trouble and danger they were enduring from the ghosts and evil spirits which nightly infested their village, and entreating his honour's authoritative interference to remove them, expressing their fears, that if he could not do so they must abandon their lands and remove elsewhere. Nothing could persuade these simple mountaineers of the folly of their apprehensions, and the inability of the representative of the British Government to expel ghosts from their haunts.

During our march towards Almorah, the Governor received a letter from Sir W. MacNaghten, intimating his intention of leaving Cabul with the force, then about to proceed to India under Sir Robert Sale, as no longer required beyond the Indus, and congratulating himself on the ultimate success of his policy, to which he knew Mr. Robertson had been ever strenuously opposed. Sir William stated that he intended to go down the Indus, through Scinde, to join his new appointment as Governor of Bombay.

About this time mysterious and ominous rumours, such as I have always noticed precede grave events in India, began to circulate. These rumours, added to the unnatural calm which pervaded Affghanistan, filled our minds with forebodings that something terrible was about to occur.

We marched from Almorah to Bareilly, thence across Rohilcund, to the Ganges, which we crossed at the large and important town of Anopshuhur. There our camp was joined by Mr. Franco, the then commissioner of the Meerut division, who informed us that for several days reports had been rife among the native population — who received intelligence in those times many days earlier than the quickest express could convey it to the Government—that something very serious had occurred in Cabul, and that many of our leading officers there had been murdered. Our servants informed us that similar rumours had been heard by them during the day in the Anopshuhur bazaar. The Governor considered it advisable, in consequence, to proceed by forced marches to Agra, where he was to meet the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Niccolls, then in progress with his staff from Calcutta towards Simla. On

our way we passed through the station of Allyghur, where the 48th Regiment Native Infantry was cantoned, commanded by Colonel (afterwards Sir Hugh) Wheler, who in 1857 commanded the Cawnpore garrison, and fell in the massacre at that place. The 48th Regiment, then a particularly fine one, was paraded for the Governor's inspection. It had served in Affghanistan, and had but recently returned; and the tone of confidence with which Colonel Wheler, then a very active officer, spoke of sepoys, as opposed to Affghans, tended rather to raise our spirits, and caused us to lean to his view, that no real disasters could happen to our armies beyond the Indus.

We were, however, fated to be soon disabused of these hopes, for the same evening an express from the agent reached the Governor, conveying the first authentic intelligence of affairs in Cabul which he had just received from Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Mackeson, who was then holding with a small body of men, the important post of Ali Musjid, in the centre of the Khyber pass. The news contained in this despatch was of the most disastrous character, to the effect that the city of Cabul was in open insurrection, that Sir Alexander Burnes and several other officers had been murdered, and that General Sale had, with difficulty and considerable loss, succeeded in forcing his way to Jelalabad, which post he then occupied. In forwarding this news, Sir George urged the paramount necessity of immediately appearing in considerable strength at Peshawur, for the relief of Jelalabad, if not of Cabul itself. This he considered quite feasible, *if reinforcements of artillery were sent on without delay to catch up by forced marches four regiments of native infantry,*

which were already nearing Peshawur, having been ordered, when all was supposed to be at peace beyond the Indus, to relieve a similar number of corps, whose term of duty having expired were about to return to India. Acting upon his own earnest conviction, Sir George reported that he had, on his own responsibility, ordered the 3rd troop 2nd brigade horse artillery, then available at Ferozepore, to cross the Sutlej, and proceed by forced marches towards Peshawur.

The Governor of Agra fully and entirely concurred in Sir George Clerk's views and measures, and determined to support him with all the weight of his position and influence. Mr. Robertson accordingly lost no time in communicating with the Commander-in-Chief, urging upon his Excellency the vital necessity of immediately deputing an officer of reputation, energy, and ability, to command this force of artillery and native infantry, already far on its way to Peshawur, and thence to advance on Jelalabad; and suggesting General Sir Harry Smith (then colonel, adjutant-general in attendance on his Excellency) as a most fitting person for the duty. Most unfortunately, as it appears to me, neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Governor-General (Lord Auckland) acquiesced in Sir George Clerk's views and measures, supported as they were by the Governor of Agra. The orders directing the advance of the artillery were countermanded, and neither Sir Harry Smith nor any other general was sent to command the force then at Peshawur, which duty ultimately devolved on the senior officer of the four native corps present. Had the troop of horse artillery, which started by Sir George Clerk's orders on the 4th December, 1841, been permitted to pro-

ceed as he intended, it would have reached Peshawur towards the close of that month, where the four native regiments must have already arrived. The main body of the Affghan army was then beleaguering our troops in Cabul, and their attention was fully occupied in that direction. The Khyberees had not then entirely declared against us, or closed the pass, and the fort of Ali Musjid was still in our hands. It is, therefore, most reasonable to expect that the four native corps, aided by a troop of British horse artillery, and commanded by an able, energetic officer like Sir Harry Smith, would have found little difficulty in forcing their way to Ali Musjid, in the centre of the pass, and thence advancing to Jelalabad, which they could have reached by the end of December or the early days of January, 1842. Reinforced by these troops, Sir Robert Sale, instead of remaining shut up in Jelalabad, would have found himself in a position to move out, and, resuming offensive operations, to advance for the relief of Cabul. Intelligence of this forward movement must in the meantime have reached our troops at the capital, raised their hearts, and, in all human probability, have prevented the negotiations which resulted in the disastrous retreat of our army, which, it must be remembered, did not commence until the 6th of January, 1842, and which ended in the annihilation of the entire force. Time is everything on these occasions, and an opportunity once gone is lost for ever.

Disappointed in his endeavours to secure the aid of our own artillery, Sir George Clerk lost no time in addressing himself to procure the loan of some guns from the Sikh durbar, and sent off his assistant, Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Lawrence, to Peshawur, to take command of them when supplied.

Four guns were furnished by the durbar, neither well equipped nor efficiently manned. Aided by these, an attempt was made early in January, by the four infantry corps already alluded to, and commanded by the senior officer of the troops, Colonel Wyld, to force their way to Jelalabad. But it was too late: invaluable time had been lost; the Khyber was fully defended; the spirits of our men were disheartened by news of the disastrous events at Cabul; the attempt failed, and the fort of Ali Musjid had to be evacuated. Thus Clerk's and Lawrence's almost superhuman efforts to save the Cabul garrison and British honour were baffled; the Khyber remained unforced, and the Jelalabad garrison unrelieved, until four months later in the year, when General Pollock was able, not without great difficulty, as the flower of Affghanistan was then opposed to him, to force his way through the pass and advance on Jelalabad.

The reason given by the Government for recalling the troop of horse artillery, when already far advanced on its way across the Punjaub, was dread of the Sikh durbar, whose aspect was then considered to be threatening, and the deficiency of artillery on the line of the Sutlej. But the Political Agent was the best, indeed the only competent judge, of the temper of the Sikhs. He had the durbar completely under his influence, and knowing perfectly how to manage them, he confidently assured the Government that the Sikhs were ready to co-operate with us actively and zealously in pushing our troops across their territory. But alas, what were considered safer counsels prevailed, and the energetic measures thwarted, which, had they been followed up, would, in all probability, under Providence, have averted one of the most serious reverses which has ever befallen us in the East.

CHAPTER V.

DISASTROUS TIDINGS FROM CABUL—NOTE FROM SIR ROBERT SALE, ANNOUNCING DESTRUCTION OF CABUL FORCE—LORD ELLENBOROUGH SUCCEEDS LORD AUCKLAND AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

DURING the whole of December, 1841, January and February, 1842, expresses follow each other into Agra like the messengers to Job—each the bearer of more disastrous intelligence than his predecessor. It was my duty to receive and open the despatches as they came in from Sir George Clerk on the frontier, *en route* to the Governor-General in Calcutta, and bring them to the Governor for perusal, before passing them on to their destination. Sometimes Sir George merely forwarded translations of native intelligence which had reached him; at others, he passed on the original little letters, which had passed through the enemy's posts concealed in quills, in the soles of the messengers' shoes, and by other devices of one kind or another, so as to escape detection. One night, in the end of January, I was awakened by an express, and, on opening the despatch, I found it to contain a short note from Major Eldred Pottinger, at Cabul, giving the terrible details of the murder of Sir W. MacNaghten and Captain Trevor, and of the imprisonment of Colonel (now General Sir) George Lawrence; and ending with an exposition

of the almost hopeless and desperate circumstances of the force unless immediately relieved. Other communications—some more hopeful, some equally or more gloomy—followed, until, at length, a little letter from Major Pottinger notified that a convention had been entered into with the Affghans, under which the British were bound to evacuate Affghanistan, giving up the most of their guns, all the treasure in the chest at Cabul, and making over some officers as hostages—among them General Sir George Lawrence.

In forwarding this communication, Sir Robert Sale intimated his resolution not to obey the instructions he had received from the authorities at Cabul, to vacate his post at Jelalabad; and Sir George Clerk, in transmitting both the letters, expressed his hope "that the British Government might be absolved from the disadvantageous and humiliating consequences of such a capitulation, by the Affghans violating its terms."

Grieved and depressed as, of course, we all felt at our troops having to evacuate their position and to retreat, it never entered into any one's contemplation that the force under General Elphinstone could fail to make good its way to Jelalabad, whether the Affghans kept faith or not. For days, therefore, after the receipt of the intelligence that the evacuation was certainly to take place on a fixed date, we expected the information every hour to reach us of the retreating force having formed a junction with General Sale. Days, however, passed away without any tidings, and gloom and doubt began to prevail. At last, one forenoon, just as the Governor was about to close his despatches for the home Government by the out-going mail from Bombay, an

express arrived. On opening the packet I found it to contain a small note from General Sir Robert Sale, giving the awful intelligence that "a single officer, Dr. Brydone, had that day arrived in Jelalabad, wounded and half dead from fatigue and privation." Dr. Brydone, although in this deplorable condition, was able to give so clear an account of all that had happened, that General Sale was led to the conviction that the Cabul force was annihilated, and he stated that he entertained no hope of ever seeing another man of them alive.

None of our party at Agra could bring ourselves to believe in the utter annihilation of so vast a multitude, consisting of fighting men, women, children, and followers composed the Cabul force; and each day we buoyed ourselves up by the hope that by the evening, perhaps, we should receive intelligence of some of the fugitives having reached Jelalabad in safety, or that some of the force had returned to Cabul, and occupied its citadel. But it was not to be; and at last we also became as hopeless as General Sale had represented himself to be. I can never forget that sad and trying period, and the sickening despair which crept over our hearts, as days and weeks passed away and brought no favourable tidings.

But what was our state of mind or our anxiety, when compared with that of our countrymen shut up in Jelalabad?

I afterwards heard from some of the bravest among that "illustrious garrison" that their feelings of gloom and depression were almost beyond endurance, unable as they were to render any effectual assistance or even to ascertain the truth of what had occurred in the retreat. By day,

parties of horse were sent out from the fortress to proceed as far as was possible on the Cabul road, in the hopes of picking up stragglers, but they returned evening after evening bringing none. For many nights blue lights were burnt and rockets sent up, and the bugles sounded at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of some poor fugitive, and directing them to a place of safety. But all in vain; and at last the wailing notes of the bugle, so ineffectually sounding every now and then through the darkness, and breaking the stillness of the night, were found to have such a depressing effect on the mass of the garrison that the practice was obliged to be discontinued. Happily, soon after, the attention and energies of the officers and men were fully occupied in taking measures for their own defence, as the enemy, having now no force to contend with in Cabul, crowded to Jelalabad, and besieged the fortress. How nobly the garrison defended themselves and maintained the honour of their country until relieved by General Pollock, on the 16 April, 1842, are matters of history well known to all.

Previous to the General's successful advance through the Khyber, the most despondiñg feelings were entertained in the highest quarters as regards the position of our still remaining garrison in Affghanistan, both at Jelalabad and Candahar. The then Governor-General, Lord Auckland, distinctly informed General Pollock that he was not to advance into the country beyond the Khyber Pass, but to confine himself to such measures as might ensure the safe withdrawal of the garrison shut up in Jelalabad. In these feelings of despondency neither General Pollock, Sir George

Clerk, nor the Governor of Agra shared. They were all of opinion that a return to Peshawur, after having relieved the Jelalabad garrison, without inflicting some signal punishment on the Afghans, would have a very bad effect, both far and near, and compromise our safety in India; and they failed not, especially Sir George Clerk, to give free expression to their sentiments in their dispatches to the Government in Calcutta.

In the meantime, Lord Auckland was relieved by Lord Ellenborough; and certainly no Governor-General ever was called upon to enter upon the office, at all times the most arduous and responsible under the Crown, at a period of more imminent peril or more general despondency. His lordship well knew, as indeed did most of us who were behind the scenes, that the native infantry corps with General Pollock at Peshawur were not to be depended upon, and that it was nothing but the unflinching courage and devoted zeal of their officers that kept them together and forced them to advance. The Governor-General also knew well the dangers which menaced us in the rear. In our own provinces, Bundelkund was then in commotion, requiring troops in the field, and Scindiah's at that time unbroken army, with a splendid artillery and clouds of cavalry, were within a few days' march of Agra, and might at any moment advance into our territory. Besides this, it is not too much to say, that the Sikh durbar, with its splendid army, now that Runjeet Singh had died, was alone kept faithful to its engagements to us by the astonishing influence exercised over the chiefs and people by Sir George Clerk.

Almost immediately after Lord Ellenborough's assumption of the Government, the intelligence of the capture of Ghuznee, and destruction of our garrison there, and of a check received by our troops in attempting to relieve Candahar from Scinde, had been received, and added to the already existing gloom. A Governor-General has to take his measures on all occasions with, as it were, a halter round his neck. *He is the only really responsible man in India*, and he is bound to act after a calm and deliberate view of the general military, political, and financial position of the empire at large. We know *now*, if we did not fully appreciate at that time the dangers which surrounded our position in India in 1842–43. With due advertence to these, I cannot but think that the Governor-General exercised a wise discretion in ultimately coming to the conclusion that the safest course for the general interest of the vast empire placed under his charge was to instruct Generals Pollock and Nott to withdraw into easy and certain communication with India, giving them the option as best acquainted with the temper of their troops and the difficulties they had to contend with, of doing so, either by Nott's advancing from Candahar to meet General Pollock at Cabul, recapturing Ghuznee *en route*, or by his retiring through the passes from Candahar into Scinde, while General Pollock should fall back on Peshawur from Jelalabad, and so return to Hindustan. Both generals concurred in the propriety of mutually advancing on Cabul, and after having reoccupied that position, retiring on India through the Khyber.

The successful operations of both generals, resulting in

the recapture of Ghuznee and Cabul and the release of our prisoners, are all matters of history. When I look back to that time, and the dangers that encompassed us, more than sufficient not only to overwhelm our forces beyond the Indus, but to annihilate our power in India itself, I can regard our safety as owing only to the signal and marked interposition of Almighty God in our behalf; and to Him be ascribed all the praise.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S INTERVIEW WITH AMEER DOST MAHOMED KHAN—SIKH MISSION ARRIVES WITH PRESENTS FOR THE QUEEN —ARMY OF RESERVE AT FEROZEPORE—GATES OF SOMNATH.

WHILE Nott was advancing from Candahar, and Pollock from Jelalabad, to form a junction at Cabul, the Governor-General thought it expedient to proceed in person to Simla to be in immediate communication at such a critical juncture with the Political Agent and the Commander-in-Chief. At this time I was transferred as Under-secretary from the Government of Agra to that of India. In the month of October, after the news of the successful progress of our arms in Affghanistan had been received, the Governor-General left Simla, and joined his camp at the foot of the hills, near Pinjore, a country-seat of the Maharajah of Puttialah. Thence we proceeded to Loodianah, where we were to meet an embassy from the Sikh durbar, and where the Governor-General intended to hold an interview with Dost Mahomed, and permit him to return to resume his throne and kingdom in Affghanistan. On reaching Loodianah, a durbar was ordered for the reception of the Dost. It was my duty to ride out with an escort to receive

the party. I met them a short distance from camp, and conducted them to the Governor-General's state tent.

I never witnessed a more striking scene than the presentation to his Excellency of the old Ameer, a complete patriarch in his appearance, with snowy, white flowing beard, and surrounded by six sons, all remarkably fine-looking men. Lord Ellenborough received the Dost with much kindness of manner, showing evidently that he sympathised with the old king in his peculiar circumstances of humiliation. The Dost's manner, as well as that of his sons, was calm and dignified. Few remarks were made, of course, on the past, and the conversation related chiefly to the future and the Dost's approaching journey through the Punjaub towards his own dominions. Just before parting, the Ameer, addressing the Governor-General in Persian, observed,—"I have seen a great deal of your Government since I came to India. Your forts, your arsenals, your ships, all are admirable. I have been down to Calcutta, and have been astonished with your wealth, your palaces, your marts and your Mint; but to me the most wonderful thing of all is, that so wise and wealthy a nation could ever have entertained the project of occupying such a country as Cabul, where there is nothing but rocks and stones." "It was by no wish or order of mine," the Governor-General replied, and dismissed his guest to take possession of his ancient kingdom, wishing him a long life and prosperous reign, after so many vicissitudes. The Ameer came to the durbar as a state prisoner, and received no marks of honour; he returned from it as a restored king, with all the respect due to royalty, the troops on duty presenting arms, and the Artillery firing a royal salute.

His long undisturbed reign since then, proves how incorrect was the information which led our Government to adopt Shah Soojah's cause, and the supposition that the Dost was hated and abhorred by his subjects, who would willingly aid in his deposition.

The day following the Ameer's interview, Sir George Clerk and I proceeded as a deputation on the part of the Governor-General, to meet the embassy from the Lahore durbar, which was encamped on the banks of the Sutlej, and conduct them to his lordship's presence. We proceeded as far as the old and then partially ruined fort of Loodianah, and there remained to await their advance. To have proceeded a yard beyond this point would have been derogatory to the dignity of the British Government, and in the eyes of the Sikhs a proof of weakness on our part, and dread of the power of the Khalsa. It was, however, the great object of the mission to draw us beyond this point, and thus lead us to acknowledge their right to greater marks of deference than had been paid to any mission which had ever previously waited on any preceding Governor-General. With this view, horseman after horseman was despatched to us, to tell us that the sirdars were waiting for us about two miles beyond the fort. They were sent back to say that the sirdars should hurry on, as we also were waiting to conduct them to the durbar at the usual point of meeting on former occasions. Then a horseman would dash up to say, "the sirdars were coming on, would not we go to meet them?" then another to report that they "had come to within half a mile of us, we would surely now go on so far to welcome them;" and

to deceive us, a cloud of horsemen were seen dashing about, and a cavalcade of elephants advancing in our front. But it was not a time to lower the prestige of the British Government in the smallest degree, or show that the Punjaub was in our eyes any more important than it had been prior to our Cabul reverses, and not an inch would we advance. Four hours we waited patiently, and by this time the horsemen and elephants had vanished from our front, showing that they were a mere decoy to get us beyond our fixed limit; and once in motion, they hoped they would have induced us to proceed beyond where they were assembled and up to the sirdars' tents, which *the embassy had never quitted.* Finding further delay useless, we returned and reported the state of things to the Governor-General, who was justly incensed, and addressed a dignified remonstrance to the durbar at Lahore, pointing out the impropriety of the conduct of the embassy, and distinctly refusing to receive any of the persons who had composed it on any subsequent occasion. The durbar in consequence recalled this mission, and sent another, consisting of the then heir apparent, Purtaub Koonwur, the celebrated Rajah Dhian Singh, of Jummoo, and Fakeer Azeezoodeen, the Talleyrand of the Punjaub, to meet Lord Ellenborough at Ferozepore.

A large army of reserve had, by the orders of the Governor-General, been by this time collected at Ferozepore, under the immediate command of Sir Jasper Nicolls. It was deemed very important that this army should be assembled immediately on the frontier, to secure the unmolested passage of our troops across the

Punjaub from Peshawur, which the Sikh soldiery, then beginning to be turbulent, might otherwise have possibly menaced. On the Governor-General reaching Ferozepore, we were informed that the embassy from Lahore had already arrived on the right bank of the Sutlej, bringing costly presents for her Majesty the Queen. I was ordered to proceed to their camp, and conduct the embassy to the British side of the river.

Accordingly, I crossed the river, and found the young Prince Purtaub Koonwur, a boy about twelve years old, in a beautiful shawl tent, pitched in the middle of an artificial garden, formed of flowering shrubs and orange-trees, which his followers had with wonderful taste and promptness constructed for his Highness on the bare sands of the Sutlej. The Prince being heir apparent to an independent throne, on going up and paying him my compliments, I waved round his head, as the usual sign of acknowledged sovereignty, a silk bag, containing one hundred gold mohurs, and then handed it to Fakeer Azeezoodeen as my offering. After some words of conversation and compliments, we rose and mounted our elephants to proceed in state across the Sutlej, here a deep, wide, and rapid stream. Each elephant had a boat for himself, in which we all embarked; my boat was first shoved off, and no sooner had it left the bank than it began to sink under the huge animal's weight. Comprehending the state of the case, the elephant immediately backed over the side, plunging the two servants sitting behind me in their scarlet state liveries right under water, and just wetting myself; and after a few struggles regained the bank. Had the

accident happened to the prince, or any members of the mission, as the boats were British, they might have taken offence at the want of due caution in supplying boats of insufficient size, and imagined it a sort of retaliation for the ill-conduct of the preceding mission. However, we all took the precaution of dismounting and crossing in a boat, while the elephants waded and swam across. Of the party which crossed over that afternoon, Major Cunninghame, assistant political agent, the Prince Purtaub Koonwur, Rajahs Dhian and Heerah Singh, Fakeer Azeezoodeen, and myself, I am the sole survivor. Purtaub Singh and Rajah Dhian Singh, and his son Heerah, were murdered, and their bodies cut in pieces by opposing parties at Lahore a few months subsequently; Major Cunninghame died from exposure and hard service during the first Sikh war; and the old Fakeer expired as the mutinous army marched from Lahore in 1845 to invade our territories, expostulating with his last breath against their madness, and prophesying that the days of the Khalsa were numbered. This embassy fully made up by their almost obsequious courtesy for the insolence of their predecessors. The presents they brought for her Majesty were rare and costly, and were subsequently forwarded to England under charge of Colonel Fraser, C.B., who distinguished himself, as has been described, at Purwan Durrah, and who was afterwards one of the illustrious garrison of Jelalabad.

Our army returning from Affghanistan had now approached the Sutlej, over which a bridge of boats had been thrown for their passage. The Governor-General arranged that the Jelalabad garrison should have the precedence and cross

one day in advance of the rest of the troops. The army of reserve was directed to move down to the bridge of boats on the day fixed for their passage, in order to receive and present arms to the illustrious garrison as they marched past. The Governor-General proceeded in state to the bridge, accompanied by all his staff. His lordship took up his position upon a raised platform to the left of the bridge, from whence he descended to speak to and congratulate each commanding officer as he passed at the head of his men. The first persons who crossed were Lady Sale and her daughter, mounted on elephants. Then came Sir Robert Sale at the head of the column, and all rapidly passed over, each regiment cheering as they set foot upon Indian soil. It is impossible to describe the feelings of interest and deep emotion with which we watched that small body of men, each arm headed by its well-known leader—Seaton, Broadfoot, Mayne, Abbott—all of whom had, under the most trying circumstances, so nobly upheld the name and honour of our country. The armies of Generals Pollock and Nott crossed the Sutlej some days after, and in front of the latter were borne, on a triumphal car, the famous gates of Somnath. I went to see the gates the evening of their arrival, and examined them closely; they appeared of an immense age, and of veritable sandal-wood, as I satisfied myself by picking out a loose piece of the carved work, which on being rubbed emitted the peculiar and delicious odour of that wood.

CHAPTER VII.

RECEPTION OF SIKH CHIEFS—ARRIVAL OF CAMP AT DELHI—REVIEW FOR CHIEFS OF RAJPOOTANA—VISIT TO EMPEROR—PROCEED TO AGRA—AND GAUGUPTA—AFFAIRS OF GWALIOR—RETURN TO AGRA.

AFTER a series of reviews, for the edification of the Sikhs, the grand army broke up, the several divisions marching in different directions to their final destinations. One brigade escorted the Governor-General to Delhi, where the rajahs and chiefs of Rajpootana and Central India had been directed to meet his lordship with the Political Agent, Colonel Sutherland.

As we marched through the Sikh protected states, the chiefs of that tract, with the Maharajah of Puttialah and the late lamented Maharajah, his son, then a youth, were received in durbar at a place called *Somanah*. For height of stature, commanding presence, noble bearing, and for splendour and perfect taste in the dress and equipments of themselves and followers, I have never seen anything in my varied experience which could vie with these two chiefs and their feudal retainers. Each stalwart baron, as he strode up to the Governor-General, tendered to his acceptance either a silver model of the key of his feudal castle, or a

bow, both being the tokens in that part of the country of fealty and submission to the paramount power. The Governor-General made the assembled chiefs a speech, which I recollect being very concisely, but with evidently striking effect, translated thus to the assembly by the agent: "Listen, my brothers," he said, "the Lord Sahib's meaning is this, *justice—justice to all, sure and ample, and security in their hereditary possessions for all.*" A loud hum of pleasure and confidence passed through the assembly, and was the only response they made.

At *Semanah* Mr. Thomason joined the camp as chief secretary to Government, on Sir Herbert Maddock's elevation to the supreme council, and I resumed my old position as his immediate assistant.

As soon as the camp arrived at Delhi, the Government durbar records were produced, in order that reference should be made to the etiquette followed as regarded the Emperor, on those previous rare occasions in which Governor-Generals had visited the imperial city. It was found that although the relative position of the Governor-General and the Emperor did not admit of their exchanging visits, yet that a deputation had been sent on the part of the Governor-General to ask after the health of his Majesty, and tender him a "Nuzur" of a certain amount of gold mohurs, which in reality amounted to an expression of submission and fealty on the part of the British Government to the Great Moghul, and an acknowledgment of holding our Indian possessions as his feudatory. As, however, this had been the usual practice, no question was raised as to its propriety; and therefore, without any previous intimation

to the Governor-General of what was about to be done, Mr. Thomason and myself, accompanied by Colonel Broadfoot, proceeded to the palace on elephants, each being provided with a silk bag full of gold mohurs for presentation to the King. We were required to proceed without any shoes into the immediate presence—such having been in all ages in India the usual mark of respect on the part of an inferior on approaching a superior. On this occasion we compromised the matter by putting short worsted cashmere socks over our boots, and thus entered the hall of audience. On a curtain being drawn aside, we saw the old King, then apparently a very feeble old man above seventy years of age, seated on his throne, which was elevated so as to have the royal person, as he sat cross-legged, on a level with our faces. We made a low obeisance to the Emperor, and on approaching the throne, each in succession presented his bag of gold mohurs, and inquired after his Majesty's health and prosperity. I confess to a feeling of awe and solemnity passing over me as I stepped up and addressed this representative of a long line of kings and of a once powerful empire, and presented my Nuzur to his Majesty's acceptance, which was remarkable as being the last that was ever offered on the part of a British subject to the imperial house of Timour. The King simply received it, and ordered us to be robed in dresses of honour, and to have turbans bound round our heads. This was done in due form; we made our obeisance to the King, and departed. We remounted our elephants, and were paraded through the chief streets of Delhi as "those whom the King delighted to honour." The ridiculous transformation we had all three

undergone, clad in these robes of tinsel tissue, drove all feelings of solemnity and respect out of my mind. I contrived to get ahead of my party, and stripping off my own finery as I sat on the howdah, made my way to the Governor-General's tent, to beg his lordship to come and see the chief secretary and Colonel Broadfoot as they arrived in camp, and before dismounting from their elephants, as these two estimable gentlemen looked as if they had gone suddenly mad, and decked themselves out in a manner worthy of "Madge Wildfire." The Governor-General begged me to explain what we had been doing, and on my informing him, his lordship's indignation and surprise were extreme; and then, for the first time, I myself became alive to the impropriety of an act which, in reality, made Queen Victoria, in Eastern estimation at least, hold her Indian possessions as a mere feudatory and vassal of the imperial house of Delhi.

The Governor-General immediately issued instructions, forbidding the presentation in future to the King of any offerings by British subjects, and directed me to ascertain the average annual amount of gifts received by his Majesty for the past ten years, in order that an equivalent amount should be added to the royal stipend from the British treasury in future. The Governor-General's measure was without doubt right and politic. The misfortune was that it had not been adopted years before.

The durbar for the reception of the chiefs of Rajpootana was splendid and imposing in the extreme. It was no easy matter, however, for the agent, Colonel Sutherland, and myself, who had the conduct of it, to induce these high and

mighty personages and their followers to submit to all the forms and etiquette requisite to maintain the Governor-General's dignity on these receptions. I remember having considerable trouble with one of them, the Nawab of Tonk, who demanded, not only for himself but some fifty of his followers, the privilege of entering the presence of the Governor-General wearing their boots. "He was a free-booter," he declared, "and the son of a freebooter, and neither he nor his followers, nor their ancestors, had ever taken off their boots for any dignitary living, and they never would." At last, after many discussions, it was agreed that the Nawab alone should have the privilege, not his followers. This potentate was the descendant of the notorious freebooter and mercenary leader, Ameer Khan; who, starting in life from Rohilcund with six horsemen and sixty foot followers, went into Rajpootana, and after deeds and exploits atrocious even in India, carved out for himself the principality of Tonk, yielding some 150,000*l.* a year, which in the troublous period of our war with the Pindarees, we were glad to guarantee to him by treaty, on condition of his delivering up his guns, disbanding some of his army, and remaining neutral.

The troops forming our escort, as well as the Delhi garrison, were reviewed for the entertainment of these chiefs. The force was exceedingly well manœuvred by General Menteith Douglas, who was in command, and the review was most successful. As we were riding off the ground, Lord Ellenborough remarked that "it was a sight which would keep Rajpootana quiet for the next twenty years," and his lordship was right, for during our late

troubles in 1857 these chiefs remained for the most part loyal and their states tranquil.

After a stay of some days we marched from Delhi to Agra, where the Governor-General proposed to spend the hot season. But by the middle of May his lordship found it desirable to rejoin his council, and we accordingly proceeded by land to Allahabad, and thence by steam down the Ganges to Calcutta, which we reached about the close of June, 1843. Scarely had we got settled there than it became probable we should have speedily to retrace our steps, from the threatening aspect of political affairs in the North-west. Thus it always is in India, in my experience, when one cloud disperses another as dark and ominous succeeds. No sooner had the flames of war been extinguished in Affghanistan and Scinde, which had by this time become a British province, than they threatened to light up again in the neighbouring dominions of Scindia, the capital of which, Gwalior, was only a few marches from the seat of the North-west government, Agra.

Scindia's family was one of those which from small beginnings had rapidly risen to power and dominion during the decadence of the Delhi empire. The head and ancestor of the family, Ranagee Scindia, had been a menial servant in the employment of the Peshwas.

This Ranagee, having great influence with his master, procured from him estates in Central India yielding some 70,000*l.* a year. He was succeeded in these estates by his second son, Madhogee Scindia, a man of great talent and energy, who raised a large army, and placing it under the command of French officers introduced into it the European

system of discipline. By its means he acquired complete ascendancy over the Peshwa and the Emperor of Delhi, and reconquered for himself the possessions which the Mahrattas had lost after the disastrous battle of Paneeput. Madhogee Scindia was, in 1783, recognized by the British Government as an independent prince. He died in 1794, and was succeeded by an adopted son, Dawlut Rao Scindia. This potentate joined the general confederacy against the British Government in 1803. He was attacked and his power completely broken at the battles of Assye, Arghaum, and Ahmednuggur, by the Duke of Wellington, on one side of his dominions; and by the victories of Delhi, Deig, and Laswaree, by Lord Lake, on the other. Scindia then sued for peace; and the Duke of Wellington, on the part of the British Government, concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with him in 1804. After this Scindia gave us no trouble until 1817, when he was suspected of siding with the Pindarees against us; and the Governor-General, Lord Hastings, gave him the choice of either co-operating with our troops against the common enemy, or being himself coerced. Scindia adopted the former alternative; and a new treaty was formed with him. By its terms he agreed to maintain a certain number of auxiliary troops, to be paid from revenues of certain assigned districts, and which were to be commanded by British officers of the Company's service. This force was the origin of what afterwards became the Gwalior Contingent, which in the rebellion in 1857 very nearly defeated our troops at Cawnpore, and required the immediate presence of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Clyde, and the main army to dislodge and

disperse them. Maharajah Dawlut Rao Scindia died in 1827, and was succeeded by an adopted son, who, dying in February, 1843, without issue, his widow, the Tara Baiee, with the permission of the British Government, adopted as his successor Bhageerut Rao, a boy then about eight years of age. The child's maternal uncle, the "Mamoo Sahib," as he was called, was appointed regent during his minority by the Tara Baiee, in communication and with the approval of the British Government. This arrangement had not been long in force when the intrigues inseparable from a native Indian court commenced and assumed a very serious and complicated character. Scindia's old brigades, although dispersed and broken up by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lake, had soon after recovered their organization and numbers. Since the close of the Pindaree war in 1817 these troops had not been regularly employed, and had seen no fighting except in making raids and forays on their neighbours. "Fulness of bread and abundance of idleness" had converted this force into a vast mutinous army, of whom their own officers and rulers were afraid. These troops never allowed any reduction to take place in their body, nor any vacancies to remain unfilled. They were scattered all over Scindia's wide dominions in forts and garrisons; but now that these intrigues commenced at Gwalior, they began to concentrate at the capital, until some 40,000 men of all arms, with a powerful artillery, were assembled there upon our immediate frontier. Acting under the influence of the troops, the Queen, Tara Baiee, expelled the regent from office and appointed in his place the Dada Khas-jee-wallah, a man of infamous character.

The Dada conducted the administration in a spirit of manifest hostility to the British Government; by his connivance the troops dismissed all their officers who were known to favour British interests; and they became so unruly as to endanger the safety of our own provinces and of the states of Central India dependent upon our Government. This was a state of things too dangerous to be permitted, and compelled the Governor-General to interfere for the protection of the general interests of India. The necessity of immediate action to secure improved relations with a power situated in the vicinity of our own territories, like Gwalior, was forced upon Lord Ellenborough by the events then occurring in the Punjaub. Ever since the demise of Runjeet Singh, the army there were becoming more and more unmanageable; and at this time there were collected at Lahore, within three marches of the Sutlej, our boundary, a mutinous army of 70,000 men, under no discipline or control, and with a superb force of cavalry and artillery attached to them. Lord Ellenborough, with a statesman's prescience, saw that it was imperatively necessary to secure the safety of our rear without delay, by reducing the power of the Gwalior durbar before the storm broke upon us in our front, which we saw was fast gathering in the Punjaub. He accordingly ordered two armies to assemble, one at Cawnpore, and the other at Agra. But though these ample preparations were made, his lordship was determined to use every effort to accomplish his designs by negotiation, and therefore he thought it necessary to proceed in person from Calcutta to join the army at Agra, assembled there under the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVANCE FROM AGRA TO GWALIOR—CROSS CHUMBUL RIVER—BATTLE OF MAHARAJPORE.

THE Governor-General arrived at Agra early in December, 1843, and resolved on moving forward the troops with as little delay as possible towards Gwalior, so as to secure the unopposed passage of the Chumbul River, which the Mahratta army would probably defend should the durbar refuse to accede to his lordship's demands. These demands were, that the obnoxious minister should be removed from office; the mutinous army reduced in numbers, and subjected to proper discipline; and the auxiliary force increased under British officers to an extent which would give us some assurance of tranquillity in Scindia's dominions, and safety to our allies and our own frontier.

As our force advanced from Agra to Gwalior, the second division of the army, under Sir John Grey, advanced towards the same point from Cawnpore. We were soon after leaving Agra joined by some of the leading chiefs from Gwalior, and long and fruitless negotiations were entered into. The efforts of the chiefs were mainly directed to induce the Governor-General to delay his advance, but his lord-

ship was fortunately resolute, and would not be persuaded to halt a day. We were thus enabled to cross the Chumbul without opposition, an operation which, had that river, with its precipitous banks, been defended, could not have been effected without heavy loss.

As soon as the river was crossed, the Gwalior durbar and army, seeing we were really in earnest, deposed and sent into our camp the obnoxious minister, who was passed on to Agra. Still the other demands of the Governor-General were not acceded to, and the British troops continued to advance. The Mahratta chiefs remained in camp until the 26th December, and up to that day it was not certain whether all might not be yet amicably arranged; after that date, however, it was clear negotiation was at an end, and we received secret intelligence that one army had been despatched from the capital to oppose Sir John Grey's force, while another was advancing to meet ours.

Upon the 28th December it was ascertained that this latter army was in our neighbourhood, and it was pretty certain that a battle must take place the following day. Of course it was now impossible, had it been at all desirable, that the Governor-General should at this critical juncture leave the army. The country in our rear, between us and the Chumbul, was unsafe to traverse without a large escort, and none of sufficient strength could be spared. But even had the road been open, the Governor-General might at any moment receive overtures from the enemy, which his lordship alone could dispose of at the moment and on the spot; his place, therefore, was with the army. As, however, it was of the first importance that the head of the Government

should not be exposed to any unnecessary risk, Sir Frederick Currie, chief secretary to Government, and Colonel Durand, the Governor-General's private secretary, waited on the Commander-in-Chief, on the evening of the 28th, to inquire what was the best position for the Governor-General to take up during the action which would no doubt take place the following day. His Excellency replied that the army was to be formed into three divisions; that on the left was to be held in reserve, under the command of General Sir John Littler; all three columns were to march parallel with each other, with about a mile between each. The centre division, and that on the extreme right, were to advance in front of the enemy's supposed position at Chanda, from which his Excellency expected they would be easily driven: the cavalry division, with the horse artillery, would then probably be sufficient to disperse them and complete the victory; it was not, therefore, likely that the reserve would be called upon to act, or even be under fire. The Governor-General, therefore, ought to accompany this reserve division.

On my return into camp I was informed by Sir Frederick of the arrangements made for the Governor-General the following day, and that as his lordship had allowed all his aide-de-camps to volunteer to serve on the staff of different commanding officers, only he, Sir Frederick, Colonel Durand, and myself, would be with his lordship.

The night before a general action is always a serious and a solemn occasion; and the camp was very soon unusually still and silent. We were all early astir, and the Governor-General before dawn had joined the reserve division which we were to accompany. It consisted of her Majesty's 39th

Regiment, that superb corps, which, having fought at Plassey, bears on its colours the motto "Primus in Indis," the 56th N. I., and a light field battery. We marched long before daybreak of the 29th December, and to avoid the dust Lord Ellenborough, Sir Frederick Currie, General Sleeman, the political agent, Colonel Durand, and I, rode some way in front of the column; and ahead of us again General Stuart, the military secretary to Government, proceeded on an elephant, as he could not ride on horseback. As we advanced the sun rose immediately in our front, dazzling our eyes so that we could see nothing distinctly. Suddenly a heavy gun was fired, aimed evidently at General Stuart's elephant. It was immediately followed by several others in quick succession, and one shot better aimed than the rest hit an elephant of General Sleeman's, at a short distance from us, just grazing his ear. We could still see nothing in our front but high crops, as the sun was in our eyes, and the morning was very hazy.

It was evident that something was wrong, and Sir John Littler halted the column, and deployed into line. It was fortunate for our small party, who were so much in advance, that General Stuart was not, like the rest of us, on horseback, as his elephant attracted the attention of the enemy, and induced them to open fire from a distance, thus giving us timely warning of their vicinity. Had we all been on horseback, we should most certainly have gone on, nothing the wiser, until we had come within grape range, when the enemy, without our even seeing them, might have opened fire, and the Governor-General and the most of us might have been killed or wounded. Soon after we halted, the enemy still

firing upon us, their line became visible as the sun rose higher and the mist cleared off, and it was then apparent that the whole Mahratta army was before us, having changed their position the previous night, while the two main divisions of our force who were intended to fight the action, were far away to our right. At this juncture, I happened to be a little to the right of our line, when Sir Richmond Shakespear came galloping down from the Commander-in-Chief, and asked me, as the first man he met, where General Littler was. I pointed him out, and Sir Richmond delivered the order to advance at once, and take the guns in front. Off went the thirty-ninth, followed by the fifty-sixth Native Infantry, and both corps were in a few minutes engaged in severe and bloody conflict with the enemy. The thirty-ninth drove the Mahrattas from their guns, which were planted in different parts of the open fields among the half-standing crops, and on into the village of Maharajpore. There a severe struggle took place, in which General Valiant's division was able to take an active part, capturing several guns. The enemy was soon driven out of the village, which was fired, and were pursued by our troops, who advanced on their main position at Chanda, which was soon taken.

In the meantime the Governor-General and his party had advanced some way in rear of General Littler's division as it pressed forwards. At length it was deemed more prudent to halt, which we did a short distance from the burning village, at a spot where some wounded men were collected and a field hospital had been established. A few soldiers of the thirty-ninth had been left as a hospital guard, and we had as escort

a few irregular cavalry troopers and some Affghans. While halted in this spot with the battle raging immediately in front, we were joined by Lady Gough, her daughter, now Lady Grant, and Lady Smith, wife of Sir Harry, on their elephants. These ladies had been directed to follow in the rear of General Littler's division as the safest place, but when it had to go unexpectedly into action, they had no better resource than to join the Governor-General's small party as likely to afford them some protection. Situated as we were at this time, we could see nothing but the flames of the burning village and the smoke from the guns. We knew, however, from the roar of the guns and the rattle of the musketry becoming less loud, that our troops were advancing and gradually driving the enemy before them. Suddenly our attention was directed to a cloud of dust approaching us from the rear, and a cry was raised that it was the Mahratta cavalry advancing to take our troops in rear. An immediate order was given to form square, but the number of effective soldiers was altogether insufficient for the purpose. It was an anxious moment, for we were only of sufficient numbers to attract attention, but totally unable to make any successful defence against any attack which might be made upon us by any considerable body of the enemy. Fortunately, however, the cloud of dust turned to the right, and passed rapidly away from us, and whether they were a portion of the enemy's cavalry or not, we did not ascertain.

Shortly afterwards, a party of the 16th Lancers rode up, escorting some wounded officers in doolies. On going up to one and lifting the curtain, I was grieved to find it contained Colonel Fitzroy Somerset, the Governor-General's

military secretary, who had been desperately wounded in several places in a vain endeavour to rescue General Churchill from a party of the enemy who were about to despatch him as he lay wounded on the ground. Somerset, who, though exhausted by loss of blood, was sensible, said to me, smiling,—"Look what a nice figure they have made of me." By this time the firing in our front had become irregular and far less heavy, and soon after entirely ceased. Presently Captain Macdonald, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, rode up to report that the enemy had been driven from their position, and were in full retreat towards Gwalior. Sir Patrick Grant followed him almost immediately with a request from the Commander-in-Chief that the Governor-General would advance and join him in the enemy's entrenched camp at Chanda. He accordingly advanced, passing on the way many of the enemy's guns left standing in the fields. As we went on, I noticed Sir Richmond Shakespear standing under a tree, where was laid the body of an officer covered with a sheet. On going up, I was grieved to find it was that of Colonel Saunders, military secretary to Government. He, Sir Richmond, Colonel (now General) Gough, and myself had dined together the previous evening, and none was more eager for the fight than poor Saunders. He had been shot through the heart, and looked as if he were asleep. Soon afterwards we joined Lord Gough and his staff, and hearty were our mutual congratulations on the victory achieved; which, however, had cost us more than 800 men in killed and wounded, but, in the moment of victory, the cost is not much taken into account.

CHAPTER IX.

MEETING OF SCINDIA WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—ADVANCE TO GWALIOR — SUBSEQUENT ARRANGEMENTS — LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S ADMINISTRATION.

We had scarcely been an hour in the enemy's position when a number of explosions of gunpowder occurred, causing considerable loss of life among the native soldiers and camp followers.

The Mahrattas had for security' sake buried in the ground in earthen jars their spare powder, never, of course, expecting to be driven from their entrenched position. Our sepoys and camp followers, in ignorance of this, commenced lighting fires to cook in the immediate vicinity of these buried stores, sometimes immediately above them, and these numerous explosions were the result. I happened to be sitting conversing with General Littler as he reclined in his palanquin, having received a contusion by a piece of grape in the ankle, when I noticed an upheavement of the ground close to us. I called out to the general to run, which we both did in time to escape the danger; but a shower of dust and small stones fell over us, without, however, doing us any injury.

It was determined that the Governor-General should remain in the position of "Chanda," with one division of the army, for that night, while the remainder was to advance with the Commander-in-Chief towards Gwalior, following up the Mahratta army.

Upon the afternoon of the 30th December, poor Saunders and General Churchill, who had died of his wounds during the night, were buried in the same grave. To me it was a most solemn and impressive scene, as I had never before seen the dead committed uncoffined to the earth, and clothed in their usual dress, only covered each with a sheet wound round them. In the afternoon of the same day, a message arrived in camp, bringing a despatch from General Gray, with the cheering intelligence that his division had on the 29th also won a victory at "Punniar" over the Gwalior troops opposed to them.

The defeat of both her armies brought the Maharanee, the "Tara Baiee," and her advisers, to their senses, and they lost no time in sending messengers to the Governor-General, offering to come into camp, and to submit to any terms his lordship might impose. It was fortunate that Lord Ellenborough was on the spot, and able to conduct the negotiations in person. Had it been otherwise, delays must have occurred, and the Gwalior troops would have had time to recover heart, and probably have held that strong fortress against us, which would have cost much time and many lives to reduce.

Intimation was sent back to the Tara Baiee and her advisers in reply, that the Governor-General, although highly displeased with the Gwalior durbar, and the opposi-

tion shown by the army, would, nevertheless, not object to receive her highness and her son, the young rajah.

Accordingly, the next day, the 31st December, information was sent in, that the Queen and her son were in the immediate neighbourhood of our camp, and desirous to come in and deliver themselves up. I was directed to go out to meet them, and conduct them to the Governor-General; and accordingly started with a small escort of troopers of the Governor-General's body-guard for that purpose. After proceeding about a couple of miles beyond our pickets, I came upon the party halted in a small patch of jungle. The Maharanee was in a palanquin, and the boy rajah on an elephant, in the arms of one of his chiefs. They were accompanied by a small escort of foot soldiers and sowars, and by the Maharanee's female body-guard, consisting of some twenty or thirty Mahratta girls, mounted astride on bare-backed horses.

The whole party were in a state of great alarm, but after a few words of encouragement, they started to accompany me to the camp. The Governor-General received the boy Scindia and the chiefs who accompanied him in full durbar, but as a suppliant, without any ceremony or any salute. A separate adjoining tent was prepared for the Maharanee, in which she and her attendants remained during the conference. This tent had been handsomely fitted up with a very handsome French looking-glass, and a variety of glass and porcelain vases and other ornaments from among the durbar stores, to amuse her highness and keep her in good humour. The Mahratta chief who carried Scindia in his arms walked right up to the Governor-

General, and placing the child in his lordship's arms for a moment, said: "He is now your Highness's child. You are his father and protector, and he looks to you for everything." After a few words of conversation, Lord Ellenborough retired with the chiefs into a private tent, and then informed them of the terms on which he was prepared to make peace with the durbar. As each separate proposal was discussed, one of the chiefs went to the Maharanee's tent, and informing her highness of its purport, came back with her reply. While the discussion was in progress, I had occasion to leave the tent to fetch some document required for reference. By mistake I missed the way, and ran into the Maharanee's tent. A Mahratta seated at the door caught my leg as I passed, and stopped me. I had just a glance of the interior, and saw the Tara Baiee with bare head and face gazing at herself in the looking-glass with much self-complacency, while her maids stood behind her. It was evident that the party were much at their ease, and enjoying themselves greatly. When the conference was ended, as it was to his lordship's satisfaction, I was told to intimate to the chiefs that the different articles in the Maharanee's tent were intended for her acceptance; and I then reconducted the party beyond the pickets to the spot I had previously met them.

On the 1st January, 1844, the camp marched to Gwalior. In consequence of the energy of the Governor-General's proceedings, no opposition was shown, and the fort and citadel made over to our troops. Upon the 13th January, a new treaty was entered into, by which Scindia was restored to his throne, and the disbandment of his

mutinous army effected. Numbers of the soldiers were enlisted into the new contingent raised under the terms of the treaty. The remainder received their arrears of pay, with a gratuity of three months' pay, and retired to their homes.

Thus were the famous battalions of Scindia, which had long been a terror to their neighbours, and a source of continual anxiety to our Government, effectually broken up and rendered comparatively innocuous, while the greater portion of the splendid artillery of the state passed into our hands, and such arrangements made for the future government of the country as were most likely to secure the integrity of the Gwalior state, and bind it by feelings of gratitude to our Government. For all these measures, on which, under Providence, our safety in the subsequent war with the Sikhs mainly depended, we are indebted to the wise, firm, and generous policy of Lord Ellenborough.

All being now arranged at Gwalior, the Governor-General returned to Calcutta, reaching the Presidency in the end of February, 1844.

On assuming charge of the Government from Lord Auckland, his lordship had found the country, as has been already described, in circumstances, politically and financially, of the greatest peril. Under his wise and energetic government, his lordship had extricated the state from its critical position, had recalled our armies within our own territories, had crushed the power of the Mahrattas, and had placed our finances on a satisfactory footing. He, therefore, made over his charge to his successor, Lord Hardinge, not only flourishing internally, but to all appear-

ance externally secure, except from the one great danger which had long menaced us, the mutinous Sikh army congregated in the Punjaub, and which the feeble Government then existing in that country was apparently totally unable to command or restrain.

CHAPTER X.

RISE OF THE SIKH POWER—TREATY WITH RUNJEET SINGH—AFFAIRS AT LAHORE—LORD HARDINGE'S MEASURES FOR STRENGTHENING OUR FRONTIER.

THE religious sect of the Sikhs, which had increased with a large and powerful nation, was founded in the end of the 15th century, by a devotee named Nanuk. For nearly a century the sect attracted little notice, but as their numbers went on increasing, Mahomedan bigotry was aroused, and they were subjected to severe persecution. In consequence, Goroo Govind, the tenth spiritual head, formed the Sikhs in A.D. 1675, into a religious commonwealth for mutual defence. All distinctions of caste were abolished, a certain dress was prescribed, and each male was a soldier from his birth, bound always to go armed, and thus from harmless devotees the sect gradually assumed the character of a nation of dangerous fanatics. They were divided into twelve clans called Messals, each presided over by a chief. At the head of one of the least important of these clans in the year 1792 was the famous Runjeet Singh, then seventeen years old.

In the year 1778, the then King of Cabul, Shah Zeman,

invaded the Punjaub with the avowed intention of marching into Hindustan. On his army crossing the Jhelum, Shah Zeman's artillery was swamped, and as his Majesty was forced to return hurriedly to Affghanistan, he was unable to attempt its recovery.

Runjeet Singh, who, with his clan, had made their submission to the Shah, offered to undertake the recovery of the guns, ostensibly to return them to the owner, but in reality to secure them for himself. Out of twelve guns swamped, eight were recovered and retained by Runjeet, and the possession of this ordnance proved the commencement of his power. He immediately commenced encroaching on the power of the other clans, and extended his influence over such of them as occupied the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna rivers.

In our war with the Mahrattas in 1803, the Government of the time had been anxious to conciliate the Sikh chiefs living on the left bank of the Sutlej, and promised to guarantee them in their possessions, provided they either aided us or remained neutral. Among these was the chief of Puttialah, who thus became our ally. Runjeet Singh, in 1808, endeavoured to bring this chief under his power, and our Government, in virtue of our engagement, considered it necessary to interfere for his protection. Lord Metcalfe, then Resident at Delhi, was deputed to Runjeet's camp to require him to relinquish his attempts against Puttialah, and confine himself within the territories already acquired by him on our side of the river.

Runjeet very unwillingly acceded to our demands, and a treaty was entered into with him, by which he bound himself

to maintain no more troops in his cis-Sutlej possessions than were absolutely necessary to carry on the internal duties of administration, while we pledged ourselves never to concern ourselves with the Rajah's subjects in that quarter.

Runjeet Singh rigidly adhered to the obligations of this treaty during his lifetime. In 1839 he died, and was succeeded by his son, Khurruck Singh, who was again succeeded by his son, Nao Nihal Singh, who was almost immediately killed—whether by accident or design it never appeared—by stones falling upon him while standing under an arched gateway, watching his father's obsequies. Shere Singh, a putative son of Runjeet's, succeeded, but was soon cut off by assassination, with the rest of his family. Then the present Dhuleep Singh, another son of Runjeet, and quite a child, was proclaimed ruler, and acknowledged as such by the British Government. His mother, the Ranee Chundah, aided by her brother, "Jowallah Purshad," and by her minister, "Rajah Lall Singh," formed the regency on behalf of the minor Rajah. The real rulers of the country were, however, at this time, the army, consisting of above 100,000 men, with a powerful artillery. The soldiery was represented by delegates from each branch of the force, termed "Punches," who attended the durbars, and enforced compliance with all their demands for increase of pay and constant largesses. These "Punches," and the troops they represented, became a constant source of terror and alarm to the regency and the leading chiefs of the State, whose great object it became to compass their overthrow, which the chiefs knew well could only be accomplished by bringing the army into

collision with the forces of the British Government. With this view the troops were constantly inflamed by representations of the insidious designs of the British Government, and its intention speedily to annex the Sikh cis-Sutlej territories, and they were earnestly exhorted to be in constant readiness to advance and repel the invaders.

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Hardinge assumed the government in 1844. His lordship was, however, confidently told by those whose opinions were supposed to be most worthy of attention, that notwithstanding their threatening appearance, the Sikh army would never have the temerity to cross the Sutlej in any force to invade our territory. Notwithstanding, however, all opinions to the contrary, Lord Hardinge, feeling that the danger was imminent, commenced, from the moment of entering on his office, taking measures for reinforcing our frontier stations of Agra, Meerut, Delhi, Ferozepore, Loodianah, and Umballah, by sending up troops of all arms in the most unostentatious manner possible, and, as it were, in the course of the annual reliefs. By these measures, the force on the frontier was, by the hot season of 1845, treble that Lord Hardinge had found it on assuming the government the previous year. And it was not a moment too soon, for by this time the Sikh army had thrown off all control, and was in a most excited and dangerous condition. They had murdered Jowallah Purshad, the Maharanee's brother, who was now left with Rajah Lall Singh as her sole adviser, and both felt that their only chance of safety was by employing the troops immediately in active operations against the British.

With this view the previous rumours were sedulously re-

vived of British aggression on the Sikh cis-Sutlej states, and it was further reported that we intended invading the Punjaub itself, and to effect this had procured from Bombay boats for bridging the Sutlej. The soldiery, in consequence of these rumours, became clamorous to be led across the Sutlej, and the booty they should bring back from the sack of Delhi, Muttra, Benares, and Patna, formed the chief topic of discussion among them. In the meantime the Governor-General, who had left Calcutta in September, had reached Agra, and was proceeding by Delhi towards Umballah. The political agents on the frontier, with two exceptions, Major Nicholson and Mr. Cust, were still strongly of opinion that the Sikh army would never invade British territory, and that their threats and vapourings could come to nothing. Suddenly, however, on the 26th of November, intelligence reached our camp, then some marches beyond Kurnaul, from the political agent, Major Broadfoot, that the main body had advanced from Lahore on the 23rd towards the Sutlej. He at the same time expressed his confident opinion that the advance was all a sham, and that the army had no real intention of leaving Lahore. He, therefore, deprecated as highly impolitic, and only calculated to precipitate the collision it was so desirable to avoid, the measure which had been already taken by the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Gough), of ordering the advance to Umballah of the troops stationed at Meerut. The agent, therefore, earnestly requested that the orders for the march of these troops might be countermanded by the Governor-General himself. It happened to fall to my duty to carry in this despatch to the Governor-General, who quietly read it, and

then directed me to spread out before him the map of the North-West Provinces, and point him out Delhi. I at once did so, remarking that Delhi was now far in our rear, distant from the frontier, and that its importance, in a political point of view, had long passed away. "Never mind," replied his lordship. "I want to see all the roads leading to it, for I have just received a letter from the Duke of Wellington, in which he urges me most strongly to look after Delhi, reinforce its garrison, and watch all roads leading to it, for the Sikhs would certainly make for it; and if it fell into their hands, the place would, from the prestige attending its name, become at once a rallying point for the disaffected all over India, and the result might be most disastrous."

How often, long afterwards, while a fugitive in the rebellion of 1857, and while Delhi had become actually the great rallying point of the disaffected and the focus of the rebellion, have I pondered over these prognostications of the illustrious Duke, and admired his prescience, while humiliated by my own presumption and ignorance in holding a different opinion. The result was that Delhi was strongly reinforced, and its safety well cared for, by the measures taken by Sir John Lawrence, then holding the office of magistrate of the place. Major Broadfoot, the political agent, joined the camp the same evening, and by his representations induced the Governor-General to countermand the advance of the Meerut division, which accordingly retrograded, after having proceeded some marches on their way towards the frontier.

CHAPTER XI.

ADVANCE OF THE SIKH ARMY—BATTLES OF MOODKEE AND FEROZE-SHUHUR—SIEGE TRAIN ENTRENCHED AT PEIJOA—ORDERED TO PROCEED TO PUTTIALAH—AFFAIR AT BUDDEEWAL.

Some days later, I was suddenly called to rejoin my family left at Agra. Although my presence there was urgently required, I was very reluctant to leave the camp at such a time. Before taking any measures for leaving, therefore, I consulted Major Broadfoot as to the probability of the Sikhs crossing the Sutlej at that time. He ridiculed the idea as quite chimerical, and hoped the Governor-General would, on reaching Umballah, go off into the "Teraiee" jungles, to shoot tigers, as his remaining on the frontier was very impolitic, and would not fail to alarm the Sikhs, and lead them to think that an invasion of the Punjaub was really intended. Assured in this manner by our chief authority on Sikh affairs, and being myself, in concert with most others, of the same opinion, I left the camp, and arrived at Agra on the 3rd of December. Upon the 18th of the same month, I received a letter from Major Herries, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, dated 12th December, informing me that although some Sikh troops were then known to have

crossed the Sutlej, he, with others, was still of Broadfoot's opinion, that no collision would occur between them and our forces that season. Poor fellow! just about the time I was perusing his letter, he was proving the incorrectness of these prognostications, for the action of Moodkee must have been raging, and he was himself one of the first who fell mortally wounded in that battle. It is not to be wondered at, that so much doubt and uncertainty attended the movements and ultimate intentions of the Sikh army, considering their mutinous condition, and the absence of any one controlling authority in the state, or any acknowledged leader, who could direct their movements in so formidable an enterprise as a war with the British. Ever since Runjeet's death, the threat of invasion had been so often repeated, that at last it came to be totally disregarded by our political officers at the frontier; and I believe there were at this time only two among them, Major Nicholson and Mr. Cust, who were of opinion that the present threatened invasion was anything more than an empty menace. These two officers stood alone in considering the danger very imminent, and the result proved that they were right

The actions of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur are matters of history. The Sikhs were the bravest and best disciplined enemy we had yet encountered, and never was an empire in greater peril, at any previous period, than at this time.

Major Herries's letter of the 12th December was the sole communication from the army which reached Agra for many days subsequent to these battles. The Sikh states in the rear of our army were up in arms, and communication

by post was cut off. My first intelligence of what had occurred was from a cloth-merchant of Agra, who came to tell me that he had received a letter from a friend at Delhi, written in cipher, telling him "to be watchful, as there had been a very great expenditure of white cloth on the Sutlej, and that the supply was supposed to be nearly exhausted;" meaning by "white cloth" our European troops. Rumours of the most alarming and disastrous character now began to circulate. It was reported that both the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief had been killed, our army annihilated, and the Sikhs in full march on Delhi. It was not till the 28th of December that I received authentic intelligence of what had actually occurred. We had, indeed, won two great victories, but at a sad cost of life. Many of my most intimate friends had fallen, and all the Governor-General's staff had been killed or wounded, except his own two most gallant sons, the present Viscount Hardinge and Colonel A. Hardinge, who, though greatly exposed in constant attendance on their father, had come out, like him, altogether unhurt; not even their horses having been wounded. My letters directed me on no account to attempt to rejoin the camp, unless in company with a body of troops, proceeding to the front, as the country was impassable for single travellers or small detachments. I was accordingly detained at Agra until a "siege-train," which had been called for, was ready for despatch from Delhi, under the command of Major-General Eckford. The convoy consisted of a squadron of native cavalry and the 6th Native Infantry, which mutinied in 1857, at Allahabad, killing many of its officers. This force was totally inadequate to defend a train of heavy

siege-guns and of ammunition, forming a line of several miles in length, while traversing a country which, notwithstanding our successes at Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur, was at this time completely hostile to us. The convoy, however, progressed very prosperously until we came to a place called Pehoa, in the heart of the disaffected country. Up to this time we were in complete ignorance of what was going on in our front, as all communication with the army was cut off, and no information could be gleaned from the people, who were silent and sullen.

While encamped at Pehoa, however, an incident occurred, which led us to believe that all was not right in our front. A silversmith of the town had been hired by one of General Eckford's servants to repair some articles belonging to his master. As the man was going away, after completing his work, he remarked significantly to the servant,—"You will get on very well to-morrow and the next, but on the 3rd day you will be attacked." The servant reported this to his master, who immediately came to my tent to inform me, and consult as to the best way of endeavouring to procure some reliable intelligence. I immediately proposed to send forward one of the "Meer Moonshees" of the Government, by name "Sheva Parshad," who was with me, in order to endeavour to pick up intelligence from the villages in our front. The moonshee started immediately, disguising himself as a Sikh traveller, and at dusk returned, having ridden up to the town of "Mullair Kotilah." Much to his surprise he had, close to that town, fallen in with six native camp-followers in a state of great exhaustion from fatigue, fasting, and terror. They repre-

sented themselves to have been attached to a European regiment, which they said had been attacked by the enemy and cut to pieces, they saving themselves by flight. Sheva Parshad had induced these men to accompany him back to our camp, but wisely left them beyond our pickets, as he feared they might spread their ill news in the camp, and cause a panic. I ordered him to bring the men straight to my tent, where the general joined me. When the men were brought in, we questioned them separately as to what had occurred. They could give but a very incoherent account, merely saying that the Queen's Regiment, to which they had been attached, was attacked by an overwhelming force, cut up and dispersed, and all the baggage plundered, and that several European soldiers were straggling about in the jungles. It was evident that something had gone wrong, but of what really had occurred it was impossible for us to form any accurate idea. There was, however, great reason to be on the alert, as it seemed by no means impossible that we might also be attacked, as predicted by the silversmith, and the general determined to halt at Pehoa, and entrench himself for the present. I kept the fugitives in my tent all night, and long before the dawn sent them beyond our pickets, so that they had no opportunity of communicating with any of the sepoys, and their tidings were known only to the general and myself. About midday there was a report that the enemy was advancing on our position, as a cloud of dust was seen approaching the camp. It turned out to be a false alarm, and that the dust was caused by a messenger, accompanied by some elephants and troopers of the Governor-General's body-guard from the camp at Feroze-

pore, conveying to me the Governor-General's instructions to proceed instantly to Puttialah to instal the young Maharajah on the throne, in the place of his father, who had suddenly and mysteriously died, it was feared by poison, on account of his steady adherence to British interests.

The principality of Puttialah was in consequence of this chief's death in a very excited and disturbed state, and it was considered of the greatest importance to secure the fidelity of his son and successor, as, should the state become hostile to us, the main army's communication with its rear, which passed chiefly through Puttialah territory, would be cut off, and the results might be very disastrous. I was instructed, therefore, to use my best endeavours to induce the young chief to continue to follow his father's example, and with his subjects remain faithful to British interests.

A letter from the Governor-General to the young Prince, and sunnud of investiture together with rich presents, were forwarded to me for presentation, and I was ordered to take two officers of the detachment with me as aides-de-camp, and Major Balderston and Major Reid, who were proceeding to join their respective regiments, offered to accompany me. My letters from head-quarters contained the rather startling intelligence that a large force of the enemy, under Sirdar "Runjore Singh," had crossed the Sutlej at Loodianah, with the object of cutting off the siege-train and stores of ammunition in progress to the front, and then to proceed on to take possession of Delhi. A division of our army had been sent off under General Sir Harry Smith to endeavour to intercept this force; but in the meantime General Eckford was recommended to be very cautious in his movements.

I lost no time in communicating this information to the general. It was clearly Runjore Singh's army to which the silversmith had alluded as likely to attack us, and the intelligence received during the night from the stragglers made it more than doubtful that a collision, with no good success on our side, had already occurred between the Sikhs and Sir Harry's troops. As by advancing from Pehoa General Eckford might be proceeding right into the lion's mouth, he determined to remain entrenched for the present at that place, and await further information or orders. It turned out, as ascertained afterwards, that the stragglers who had come into our camp, had escaped from Buddeewal, where Runjore Singh's force had made a partially successful attack on our troops, who had suffered severely and lost their baggage. It was most fortunate for our interests that Runjore Singh, instead of advancing directly on Delhi after this affair, remained stationary and entrenched himself on the Sutlej. Had he pushed southward, there is little doubt that he would have been joined by the country people, and reached Delhi unopposed, capturing our siege-train and ammunition *en route*, for the detachment in charge was too weak to make any effectual resistance to a large and well-equipped force.

The following morning, I left Pehoa *en route* for Puttialah. It was rather an anxious time, for news of Runjore Singh's success at Buddeewal had by this time spread over the country. The people were in a high state of excitement, and it was doubtful whether we should, with our small escort of troopers, be able to reach our destination unopposed. We, however, crossed the country, and reached

Puttialah without any let or hindrance, the only incident being that some abuse was addressed to us as we passed through the town to the quarters assigned to us—the townspeople calling us "Kaffirs," asserting that we were flying to Calcutta to our ships.

Immediately on my arrival, I had an interview with the young chief, and condoled with him on his father's sudden and unexpected death. It was then arranged, as time was pressing, that the formal installation should take place the next day. I was a good deal struck at this interview, by the sullen and reserved demeanour of the sirdars in immediate attendance on the chief; and it was clear to me, that whatever his own disposition towards us might be, that of his chiefs and people was by no means friendly. This was scarcely to be wondered at, for our prospects were not by any means cheering at the time. Our main army was known to be inactive in front of the Sikh position on the Sutlej, and, it was presumed, afraid to attack it; for, happily for us, the true reason, want of heavy artillery and small-arm ammunition, was not known to be the real cause of our inactivity. The force sent to intercept Runjore Singh had, it was also well known, met with a severe check at Buddeewal, and it was supposed that Runjore Singh was himself advancing on Delhi. The prestige of our arms had suffered greatly in native estimation by our disasters beyond the Indus, and it was deemed by no means unlikely that our army on the Sutlej might be destroyed in like manner as our forces had been annihilated in Affghanistan.

It was plain to me from the temper of the sirdars and people that I must do something more than merely place

the young chief on the throne, and deliver to him the usual sunnud of investiture, with the presents on the part of our Government; and that it was necessary at such a crisis to conciliate him and his people, and endeavour to bind them to our interests, by promising their chief, if he remained faithful, some more substantial marks of our favour.

CHAPTER XII

INSTALLATION OF THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH—MEASURES TAKEN TO CONFIRM HIS ATTACHMENT TO OUR CAUSE—REJOIN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—LORD HARDINGE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF FEROZESHUHUR.

THE morning after reaching Puttialah, while walking up and down the garden in which we were encamped, and meditating as to the course I should follow, in the absence of any definite instructions, I suddenly heard the sound of heavy guns from the direction of the Sutlej, and soon became confident that a battle was being fought in that direction, and as I hoped between Sir Harry Smith's force and that under Runjore Singh.

At the hour fixed for the investiture, we proceeded to the palace on elephants with as much state and parade as was practicable under the circumstances. We were received by the Prince, surrounded by the whole of the sirdars and chief men of the state assembled in durbar. After some conversation of a general nature, I produced the Governor-General's letter and the "sunnud," confirming the young Maharajah as his father's successor, and then invested him with the dress of honour, fixing in his turban the diamond

ornament, the emblem of chiefship. As soon as this ceremonial was over, the chiefs and retainers pressed forward to present their offerings, consisting of gold "mohurs," contained in muslin bags, first waving them round the chief's head, and then depositing them at his feet.

When all had presented their offerings, the Maharajah requested me to retire alone with him to a separate room, to which only his Vizier was admitted. When we were seated, he said in a very earnest tone, "You see how it is, none of my people are favourable to your Government; all wish to side with the Khalsa, and to forget old feuds. I am in a great difficulty, but my father just before his death, as his parting advice, urged me never to lose my hold of the skirt of the British Government. I want to follow his advice, but I am quite alone, and I don't know what may happen." In reply, I said that "his Highness must himself be well aware of the wisdom of his father's advice, for he knew the Sikh durbar was his hereditary enemy, and that if they were victorious in this war, which it was quite absurd to suppose they would be, they would certainly depose him, and incorporate Puttialah with their own territory, and so wipe off all old scores. From our Government, always true to its engagements, his Highness had, on the contrary, everything to expect, and he might feel assured, from the fact that no time had been lost in recognizing and installing him as his father's successor, of the Governor-General's anxiety to perpetuate and maintain the dignity and honour of the Puttialah State." I added that although I was not authorized to say so, I felt confident that if the Maharajah and his people remained steadfast to our interests, his Highness

would be rewarded by the enlargement of his territory, and by the bestowal upon him of some of the lands which would become British territory on the successful termination of the war. Finally, I said that I would take upon myself to promise, on the part of the Government, that if the Maharajah aided us by forwarding supplies, and keeping open our communications with the rear—that the present salute to which his Highness was entitled would be increased in future to such a number of guns as would not only raise his rank above all other chiefs of the cis-Sutlej states, his former compeers, but place him at once on a level with the great and ancient Rajahs of Hindustan."

My first assurances were, I remarked, received with no particular satisfaction, but on promising the increased salute, I saw, from the Maharajah's pleased expression, and that of his Vizier, that I had made a favourable impression, and that I might hope to gain my point with them both.

The Maharajah replied that he "quite agreed in what I had said, and that I might assure the Governor-General that he would exert himself, to the utmost of his power, in maintaining the fidelity of his chiefs and people to the British Government, to which he was himself as cordially attached as was his father."

With this assurance, after some conversation of a general nature, our interview ended, and we returned to the durbar, which shortly broke up after the usual ceremonies.

From that day until his recent lamented death, the Maharajah nobly fulfilled the assurances of fidelity and loyalty made at this very critical time. During the re-

mainder of the war, he rendered most efficient aid in furnishing supplies for the army, and keeping our communications open with the rear.

In the second Sikh war of 1848–49, his Highness rendered us valuable aid in men and money, and in the awful crisis of 1857, his fidelity remained unshaken, and his ready and efficient aid was of the most vital importance to us.

The day succeeding his installation, I took leave of the Maharajah, and proceeded with an escort of his horse to join the Governor-General at Ferozepore. When about thirty miles from that station, we received, for the first time, intelligence of Sir Harry's Smith's victory at Alleewal over Runjore Singh's army. It must have been the firing of artillery during the battle which I had heard while walking in the garden at Puttialah, and the news of the victory must have been known there that same night; it was never reported to us, so averse were the people to admit the fact of any success on our side. The siege-train was in consequence able to pursue its course unmolested to its destination, and all fear of the enemy getting into our rear and proceeding to Delhi was removed.

Thinking that we had now no further need of the large escort of Puttialah horse, I dismissed them, and with a few troopers of the body-guard pushed on rapidly for our camp. While galloping through the low jungle, my horse shied violently on passing a bush; on looking down I saw a bare-headed European soldier lying under it, as I thought, asleep. I pulled up, and saw that it was the dead body of a soldier of the 31st Regiment, who had been shot through

the chest. Shortly after we came upon many bodies of Sikhs, Hindustani sepoys and European soldiers lying about among the bushes, and we found that we were traversing the scene of the late battle of Moodkee. The dead bodies were strewed here and there all along the road until we reached the scene of the action of Ferozeshuhur. That battle-field presented an awful scene of havoc and slaughter. Neither side had been able to take efficient measures for the burial or removal of the dead, who lay just as they had fallen some three weeks before. Vultures and other birds of prey were collected in numbers, and so gorged that they scarcely noticed us or moved out of our way. It was easy to trace by the heaps of dead men and horses where the struggle had been most severe. The centre of the Sikhs' entrenched position was heaped up with bodies of our soldiers and of the enemy, mixed up with the carcases of animals and fragments of tents and gun-carriages. The scene was one calculated to impress the mind most deeply with the horrors of war. In the afternoon I joined the Governor-General in his camp at Sobraon, and reported my proceedings at Puttialah, which were approved by his lordship. In the evening Lord Hardinge gave me a most interesting account of the battle of Ferozeshuhur. The fire was even more terrible, he said, than that at Albuera, for the Sikhs had guns in position of treble the calibre ever used in European warfare. As soon as darkness had closed in on the evening of the 21st, and the firing on both sides had ceased, the wearied soldiery lay down to sleep; his lordship then, as he informed me, went from regiment to regiment, lying down on the ground for a

short time with each, "to feel their pulse," as he said. Finding the men all in good heart, notwithstanding the terrible struggle in which they had been engaged and the heavy losses sustained, Lord Hardinge made up his mind to retain his position, and recommence the action on the following morning, rejecting the many suggestions made to him to retreat on Ferozepore. While lying down along with the men of one regiment, a solitary heavy gun from the enemy was every now and then fired from their entrenchment directly in front. His lordship, annoyed at the repeated discharges, sprung up, saying,—"My men, this won't do, we must silence that gun; it won't allow me to get any sleep," and ordered the regiment to form up to attack it. The regiment happened to be the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, which instantly sprang up to obey the order; but the Governor-General, thinking them too weak for the duty, thinned as their ranks had been by the day's battle, in which they had suffered most severely, called on the next regiment to charge and silence the gun. This happened to be the 80th, of which his own nephew and military secretary, Colonel, now General Wood, was lieutenant-colonel. This regiment, with the Fusiliers in support, advanced straight on the gun, took, spiked, and overthrew it, returning in a few minutes with the greatest order to their position, where the men lay down to rest as before. The 80th had several men killed and wounded in the operation; among the latter was Colonel Wood, who was severely wounded in the thigh.

Lord Hardinge told me he considered that this brilliant and successful attack, made in the middle of the night and in darkness, was the turning-point of this battle. From

that moment the Sikhs, he thought, began to lose heart, and commenced abandoning their position, thinking it useless to continue a struggle with soldiers so brave and so highly disciplined as the English. Next morning, when our troops were about to recommence the attack, it was found that the Sikhs had in a great measure abandoned the field, and were retreating to Sobraon on the left bank of the Sutlej, where a large body of fresh troops was assembled, but who, happily for us, had not advanced to reinforce their brethren at Ferozeshuhur. Had they advanced during the night, the result must have been very disastrous for us, as our European regiments were much reduced in numbers, and our ammunition, both for artillery and small arms, almost expended. It was inexplicable at the time to us why this fresh army had failed to advance and reinforce their comrades. Subsequently at Lahore, however, I was informed that their leaders had restrained the men on the pretext that the day was inauspicious for a battle, it by no means being the intention of the regency that their troops should be successful, but, on the contrary, be destroyed by the British, so as to get rid of them for ever.

The Sikh position of Sobraon, to which their army had retired from the field of Ferozeshuhur, was one of great strength. The soldiers had one and all joined in constructing the earthworks in front of a bridge of boats which they had thrown across the Sutlej so as to secure a passage to their own side of the river. From an advanced post in front of our army, called Rhodawallah, to which I rode out the morning after I rejoined the camp, the soldiers were to be seen, thick as bees, hard at work strengthening their de-

fences. At this time, had the Sikhs advanced out of their lines to attack us, we must, from the insufficiency of our supplies of ammunition for all arms, have retreated. Their experience of Moodkee, however, made the Sikhs cautious of encountering our army in the open field; and, fortunately for us, they remained quietly working and completing their defences, until our siege train and ample supplies of ammunition had been brought up. Some days after my return to head-quarters, Sir Harry Smith, with his division, rejoined the army. On congratulating my old friend on his victory of Alleewal, which had probably preserved my neck on my shoulders, he replied: "Any man can win a battle, but it takes a general to retreat, and I can tell you I never was so hard pressed in all my long career, or had my skill so severely tasked, as in the Buddeewal affair; but, thanks to Cureton and the cavalry, we got out of it in a masterly manner. You should rather congratulate me on that brilliant affair." Sir Harry mentioned to me at the same time a curious incident respecting his dog, a large and handsome Newfoundland, which getting separated from his master in the confusion of Buddeewal, made his way back to the head-quarters' camp, a distance of some seventy miles, and entering the tent of Colonel Barr, his master's deputy, lay down under his bed. The exhausted state of the dog and his sudden appearance was the first intimation which reached the main army that something untoward had occurred to the division detached under Sir Harry. This animal was subsequently my property, and, although of considerable size and great strength, was carried off by a leopard from my side, while walking one evening in a forest near Simla.

As soon as the siege and ammunition trains had arrived, preparations were commenced for an immediate attack on the Sikh entrenchment. In the meantime the Governor-General had returned to Ferozepore, where his large camp was established, and where all the civil business of the government was carried on. While there, emissaries from Rajah Lall Singh arrived, and gave us valuable information respecting the enemy's position. From the intelligence thus received, it was determined to attack the entrenchment on its extreme right, where Lall Singh reported the defences to be low and weak. Sir Robert Dick's division was directed to commence the attack at this point. Sir Walter Gilbert's division was ordered to be in its immediate support on the right, and Sir Harry Smith's division to be again close to Gilbert's right to support him. The assault was fixed for the morning of the 10th February, and the Governor-General left Ferozepore on the 9th for the immediate scene of action. Early on the morning of the 10th the action commenced by a terrific fire from our heavy guns, which had been moved into position on the previous night. When this fire had continued for some time, Dick's division advanced and found the defences weak and easily surmountable, as Lall Singh's emissaries had reported. The 10th Queen's regiment, under its gallant Colonel, Franks, marched in, totally unopposed, with their firelocks at their shoulders, and the whole division had penetrated some way before they were discovered by the Sikhs, who at once turned upon them their whole force. The division, overpowered by numbers, was driven back, and Sir Robert Dick himself mortally wounded. Gilbert

was ordered up to support the retiring troops, but instead of being close to Dick, his division had been posted some distance off, and in front of the very centre of the Sikh position. Gilbert's troops immediately advanced, but finding the centre of the works, from their height, perfectly impracticable, were driven back with very heavy loss. Sir Harry Smith's division, instead of being near the right of Gilbert, was on the extreme left of the Sikh position. It also advanced on the works in its front, and was driven back with great loss. By this time the attention of the Sikhs was so taken up by repelling the attacks on their centre and left, that they had withdrawn the chief part of their force to those points, and Dick's division effected an entrance, driving the enemy before them. Gilbert's and Smith's divisions renewed their attacks, which were also ultimately successful. The Sikhs made a gallant and desperate resistance, but were driven towards the river and their bridge of boats, which, as soon as the action had become general, their leaders, Rajah Lall Singh and Tej Singh, had, by previous consent, broken down, taking the precaution first to retire across it themselves, their object being to effect, as far as possible, the annihilation of the feared and detested army. They fully succeeded in their purpose, for the retreating masses, finding the bridge broken, and having no means of escape, were driven into the river, and shot down or drowned as they strove to cross, until the stream became actually choked with the dead. As soon as the Governor-General saw that the action was decided in our favour, he sent his military secretary, Colonel, now Major-General Wood, to order Sir John Grey's reserve division,

stationed at Attaree, to cross the Sutlej, and take up a position on the right bank. Many remonstrances against this movement were made to the Governor-General as rash and dangerous in the extreme, as our loss in the morning's battle was very heavy; but his lordship, happily for our interests, remained unshaken, and determined to follow up the victory of Sobraon by an immediate advance of the whole army into the Punjaub and on to the capital, Lahore. In the afternoon of the 10th, when the action was completely over, and not a Sikh remained on our side of the river, the Governor-General returned to his camp at Ferozepore. That night, when writing letters from his dictation in his tent, I remember in reply to some earnest remonstrance against the supposed folly and rashness of crossing our army at once into the Punjaub, his lordship saying, "Depend upon it I am right, for the safest and wisest course, when you have knocked the wind out of your enemy, is to go right at his heart at once before he has time to recover." Soon after leaving his lordship's tent about eleven P. M. that night, I received a pencil note from Colonel Fraser, brigade major with Grey's force, informing me of the division having safely crossed the river and occupied the high ground of "Kussoor," on the road to Lahore, without opposition, just as some of the enemy's troops were advancing upon it, who, on seeing our men, immediately retired. His lordship had retired to sleep, but as I thought the news so good and cheering, I deemed it best to rouse and inform him; thus for once violating his repeated injunction, "Never wake me for good news, for good news will always keep, but come to me immediately and wake me up, if you have bad,

as immediate measures may be requisite." There can be no doubt that to Lord Hardinge's inflexible determination and genius we owe the advance of this division, which was the coup of the war, in consequence of which the rest of the army was able a few days later to cross the river unopposed,—a movement which, with the very diminished number of European troops at our disposal, could not have been successfully attempted had the passage been opposed. The rapidity of the Governor-General's movements, however, paralyzed the enemy, and they neither attempted to attack our army on its crossing the Sutlej or to oppose our advance to Lahore.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAHARAJAH GOLAB SINGH ARRIVES IN CAMP—HIS HISTORY—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

Upon the 11th the main body of our army commenced crossing the bridge of boats near Ferozepore, which had been completed as soon as the victory of Sobraon had been decided. Within three days the whole force was assembled at "Kussoor" and ready to advance on the capital. At Kussoor Rajah Golab Singh arrived in our camp with overtures from the Maharanee, on the part of herself and her son Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, offering to come in and make their submission to the Governor-General.

This was the first occasion of my meeting this remarkable man, and, though well knowing him to be one of the most cruel and treacherous of mankind, I could not help being most favourably impressed by his courteous and pleasing manner and address. Golab Singh was one of three brothers, inhabitants of the hill district of Jummoo, which Runjeet Singh had incorporated with his own territory. Early in the century their father, who cultivated a few acres of land, borrowed a little money to fit out his two eldest sons,

Dhian and Golab Singh, as troopers in Runjeet's service, with whom they soon became favourites, and were attached immediately to his person. Golab Singh had been sent by Runjeet, in 1809, to quell some disturbances in his native district, which he did so effectually that he was rewarded by the government of the country, which he retained until the death of Runjeet Singh; and then, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the Punjaub, he became an almost independent prince, still, however, acknowledging nominal fealty to the durbar, and maintaining a body of troops ostensibly for its service. When the Sikhs were defeated at Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur and Alleewal, the army lost all confidence in Rajahs Lall, Tej Singh, and their other leaders, whom they accused of conspiring with the British Government for their destruction, and invited Golab Singh to place himself at their head. The Rajah promised compliance, and arrived in due time at Lahore with a large body of his own hill troops, in whom he could place implicit reliance. He persuaded the durbar to allow him to garrison the fortress of Lahore with these men, while the Sikhs then occupying it were ordered to proceed to join their brethren on the Sutlej. Golab Singh's object was the same as that of the Maharanee and her advisers, to get rid of the mutinous army, which none of them could hope to control, and with whom their lives were not safe from hour to hour. With this view, Golab urged the army not to attempt attacking the British until he joined them, and this he evaded doing, on one pretext or another, knowing full well that in due time the British would attack and capture the position at Sobraon. When

the Sikhs were defeated and driven across the Sutlej, Golab Singh, in concert with the Maharanee, determined to enter into negotiations with the Governor-General, and with this view arrived in our camp. The Rajah hoped to prevent, by negotiation, our advance on Lahore, but to this the Governor-General would not consent, as there was still an army of 40,000 Sikhs, with a powerful artillery, in our immediate neighhourhood, and it was doubtful whether this force might not attack us, if we showed any hesitation in our advance. When we had reached the second camping ground, after leaving Kussoor, information was brought that Maharajah Dhuleep Singh had come up to within some miles of our picquets, and was anxious to come in and make his submission. I was directed to go out to receive his Highness, which I did, escorted by a few troopers of the body-guard. After proceeding about three miles beyond our picquets, I met the Maharajah, then a mere child, seated with Rajah Golab Singh, on an elephant, with a few attendants and no state. The party had left Lahore secretly in the night, their intentions being unknown to the army, who would, had they received the least intimation of their intention, have certainly taken measures to intercept them on the way. They, however, escaped notice and arrived safely in camp.

The Governor-General had previously made up his mind with respect to the policy he intended to follow.

Annexation of the country was with the force at our disposal perfectly out of the question, had it been in other respects politic or desirable. This, in Lord Hardinge's opinion, it could not be, as the Punjaub would never,

he felt assured, repay the cost of its administration, and that of the large force which would be required to garrison it, and which being no longer available for the protection of our old territory, would have to be replaced by fresh masses of troops. His lordship therefore determined, on receiving the Maharajah's submission, to promise his Highness the restoration of his kingdom on condition of the Sikhs paying an indemnity for the expenses of the war, ceding to us the Jullundhur Doab, and disbanding the greater number of its mutinous army. These demands were duly discussed at this interview with Maharajah Golab Singh, and were agreed to by him without hesitation. After a long discussion, in which of course Dhuleep Singh was too young to take any part, the meeting broke up. The Maharajah, on his arrival, had been received as a mere suppliant for clemency without ceremony or salute. On his departure he was regarded as a Sovereign Prince restored to his kingdom, and entitled to all due marks of honour and respect. With this view, the Governor-General had directed that the siege guns should be brought up during the conference, close to the reception tent, in order to fire a royal salute on the departure of the Maharajah. His lordship had previously directed me, in conducting the party back, to pass close to these guns, and give Rajah Golab Singh an opportunity of seeing them, as the sight would not fail to make a salutary impression upon him. Accordingly, I contrived to halt the procession for some moments close to these enormous guns, each drawn by two elephants, and as they thundered forth the salute, I thought I could detect, in Golab Singh's countenance, a look of

anxiety as he regarded, with evident wonder, their number and size.

The day following, the army advanced towards Lahore, in battle array, as, notwithstanding the amicable negotiations of the preceding day, Golab Singh had fairly warned us that he could not control the army, about 40,000 men, which was in our neighbourhood, and which might at any moment attack us on the line of march. The Governor-General travelled in his carriage, as he was lame in consequence of a fall from his horse. Sir Henry Lawrence, the political agent, Sir Frederick Currie, the chief secretary, and myself, in order to avoid the stifling dust, rode on with a small escort, ahead of the troops, and pushed on rapidly until we were close under the walls of Lahore; we halted and sat under the shade of an old gateway, under the silent and apparently deserted walls, until our army began to arrive.

I never witnessed a more beautiful or imposing sight than that of this large force advancing in a line extending for several miles to take up its position. There was no dust, and the morning sun was shining full on their arms, accoutrements, and flying banners. Soon the different camps were pitched, each division taking up its assigned position. In the afternoon of the same day Sir Frederick Currie, Sir Henry Lawrence, and myself were deputed by the Governor-General to place Dhuleep Singh on his restored throne. The procession was a grand one, and the scene very impressive. We were mounted on elephants, and during our passage from the camp to the citadel my elephant happened to be next to that of Rajah Golab Singh, with whom I was earnestly conversing, when suddenly a

matchlock was fired from the wall of the city under which we were at the moment passing. I never saw a man more visibly alarmed and excited than Golab Singh was for the moment. The locality was associated in his mind with scenes of bloodshed and murder, and it was evident to me that he anticipated some treachery, of which this might be the signal. He abruptly broke off the conversation, and gave a hurried order to some of his attendants walking by the elephant's side, and in an incredibly short space of time a number of his own immediate followers crowded round his elephant, forming a strong body-guard. All, however, went off quietly, and we entered the citadel without molestation, and with due ceremonial the kingdom of Runjeet, somewhat shorn of its greatness and power, was restored to his successor, Dhuleep Singh.

While at Lahore, Sir Charles Napier joined the Governor-General, having been summoned from Scinde to take Lord Hardinge's place as second in command of the army; and shortly after his arrival a review of the troops was ordered in his honour. Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Charles rode along the line, receiving the salutes of the different corps as they passed. When the Governor-General came opposite the 50th Regiment, which formed part of Sir Harry Smith's division, and had been conspicuous for its dash in all four battles, and was consequently reduced to half its strength, with very few officers surviving, Lord Hardinge stopped and called out, "Fiftieth, here is your old colonel," pointing to Sir Charles, "who led you at Corunna, and was desperately wounded at your head." The regiment instantly cheered, and we all pressed up, hoping to hear Sir Charles,

who, sat on his horse bare-headed before the regiment, address the men. Several minutes elapsed, however, and as he remained perfectly silent, the Governor-General passed on. In the evening there was a great dinner, and on Sir Charles's health being drunk, he got up and explained his silence that morning "when we might," he remarked, "justly have expected to hear him address his old regiment. Until that moment he had been," he said, "under the impression that his heart was as hard as the sole of his boot; but when he saw his beloved old regiment, which he had never met since Corunna, so reduced in numbers, and with its colours so torn and riddled with shot, past associations so crowded upon him that he felt quite overcome, and utterly unable to utter a word."

The next day there was a grand durbar in the palace, where the Maharajah and all his nobles received the Governor-General, to render thanks for his clemency and the restoration of the kingdom. The vast Hall of Audience was crowded with British officers and Sikh chiefs, the former sitting in tiers on one side. During the durbar Lord Hardinge asked to see the famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor. Golab Singh went to fetch it, and presented it to the Governor-General. After inspecting and admiring it, his lordship told me to take it round, and show this wonderful and priceless jewel to the English officers. I did so, never, however, letting it out of my hands until some friend on the back benches begged me to let him see it for a moment, when I handed it up to him. Instead of returning it to me, he passed it on to the next officer, and so it went on from one to the other. I could only trace its progress by watch-

ing the eyes and hands of the crowd of officers, and in vain I implored its return. For above twenty minutes Rajah Golab Singh and I watched it in its progress in the greatest alarm, lest it might be lost in the crowd. At last, to our infinite relief, after it had passed through the hands of some hundreds of officers, I got possession of it close to the door of the hall, and I gladly handed it over to its keeper, the Rajah.

Our army remained at Lahore until the peaceable termination of our negotiations. The kingdom of Cashmere, which the Punjaub Government could not retain, and which it was not the Governor-General's policy to annex, was made over in undisputed sovereignty to Rajah Golab Singh in return for his exertions at this critical time. No doubt both parties were under great obligations to this extraordinary man, and he had well earned his reward. Through his influence the Sikh troops were disbanded without coercion, bringing in their arms and artillery to an appointed place, where they were received by our troops. The Jullundhur Doab was without opposition ceded and made over to our officers, Sir John Lawrence, then collector and magistrate of Delhi, being appointed commissioner of the new province. The indemnity was also paid up. The duty of receiving it devolved upon Colonel Johnstone, one of the Governor-General's staff, and myself. The coffers of the state had been long impoverished, and did not afford sufficient money to pay more than half the amount, so we agreed to receive the equivalent by weight in gold and silver bullion. The result was that we were immediately surrounded by heaps of "barbaric pearl and gold, the

wealth of Ormus and of Inde." Jewels and ornaments of all kinds, vessels of gold and silver of various sizes and uses, just such as I could fancy must have adorned Belshazzar's feast, came pouring in upon us, each Sikh as he deposited his costly burden salaaming to it and walking away without deigning to notice us the receivers. This work occupied us many days, and the valuation of the different coinages and of the various articles cost infinite wrangling and trouble. When all was completed, and the new regency installed, our army was about to march away to our own provinces, when the new ministry demurred to remaining in power, unless a British force were left in Lahore for their support. The Governor-General, though most reluctant to comply with this demand, at length consented as a temporary measure for a certain fixed period. Lord Hardinge sent for me one morning while this measure was under discussion, and told me that Sir Charles Napier had strongly dissuaded him from leaving a British garrison in Lahore, assuring him that if the troops were left thus isolated there would be another Cabul disaster; but if his lordship considered the step a necessary and imperative one, in that case, he, Sir Charles, would volunteer to remain and to take the command. Lord Hardinge was much struck with the chivalrous generosity of Sir Charles offering to give up his government in Scinde for so comparatively unimportant a post; and his lordship told me that he did not think it would be necessary to accept his generous offer; but that if it was determined that Sir Charles should assume the command, his lordship would wish me to remain with him. It was finally arranged, however, that Sir John Littler, with a division of the army

and with the present Sir George MacGregor as the Governor-General's agent, should remain at Lahore to maintain by their presence and influence the new ministry in power. When these troops had been located in positions in the city which appeared to the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Charles Napier, quite secure, the rest of the army broke up, and departed to its quarters in our Provinces. Sir Charles Napier returned to Scinde, and the Governor-General marched through the newly acquired Jullundhur Doab to Simla, which we duly reached in the end of March, 1846.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEASURES FOR OPENING DIRECT COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA—RUSSIAN OVERLAND TRADE WITH CHINA—LORD HARDINGE ENTERS INTO A NEW TREATY WITH THE SIKHS—RESIGNS HIS GOVERNMENT.

WHILE at Simla my attention was much drawn to the importance and advantage to be derived from opening a direct overland commercial intercourse between China and India, thereby diverting into our own provinces much of that valuable and extensive trade which Russia was known to carry on with Thibet and the northern provinces of the Chinese empire. In former times, the commerce with Asia beyond the Caspian was deemed of so much importance that the English Government granted the exclusive privilege of conducting it to the British factory at St. Petersburg, a proceeding which was protested against by the Levant and East Indian companies as interfering with their interests: the Caspian Sea, as they maintained, coming within the limits of their charter. In later years, however, this trade had not attracted much interest, and Russia was left to monopolize the whole. Her attention had been systematically directed for many years to absorbing the commerce of the whole of Central

and Northern Asia, including China. It was becoming to her what India and her other colonies are to Great Britain, and to secure its monopoly had been the main object in view, in pushing her conquests eastward, and advancing her posts to and beyond the Caspian. Russia appears to have foreseen what in all probability will occur, unless British energy and capital interfere to prevent it, that the result of steam navigation in the Danube and the Black and Caspian Seas, as well as the formation of railways in the countries adjoining them, will ultimately have the effect of bringing back the trade of Europe with Asia into its original channels, to the abandonment of the tedious and circuitous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. Once let commerce follow this direct overland channel, and the intercourse of Europe with Asia will become entirely independent of Great Britain as a maritime state. Passing almost entirely through the dominions of Russia, disturbances in Europe would not affect it nor interfere with its progress, while it would add an amount of wealth and power to that country almost incalculable.

Our position of supremacy and influence in India, however, and our holding that country from the sea to the mountains, ought, with common energy, to enable us to secure a great portion of this trade. Our position also in the Red Sea and Mediterranean would enable us to secure a great portion of the commerce following that line, in which event the influence of Great Britain, as a great naval and maritime power, would be increased rather than diminished. The events which followed the overthrow of the Sikh power in 1845–46, and the influence of the

British Government being thereby extended to Cashmere, Thibet, and the countries immediately on the frontier of China, appeared to me to offer peculiar advantages for acquiring a commercial footing in Northern China, and thereby diverting into our own provinces of Hindustan much of the valuable commerce which, skirting the countries subordinate to our influence, passed on to the marts on the Russian frontier. I accordingly brought the subject to Lord Hardinge's notice, who immediately took it up warmly, and determined to use his best endeavours to secure the consent of the Chinese Government to opening a direct commercial overland intercourse with India. With this view, the Government addressed a communication to her Majesty's plenipotentiary in China, then Sir John Davis, requesting him to enter into negotiation with the imperial authorities at Pekin on the subject of opening the trade; and to use his influence also in inducing that Government to despatch commissioners to the frontier to meet a deputation of our officers whom it was the desire of the Governor-General to send to Ladakh, a central point, where both parties might mutually deliberate and determine on the best means of opening the trade. In due time, a reply was received from Sir John Davis of a very satisfactory character. The imperial authorities, through his interposition, had entered cordially into the views of the Government of India, and consented to despatch a deputation to their frontier. No time was lost by the Governor-General on the receipt of this intelligence in deputing commissioners to Ladakh to meet the Chinese deputies. They were instructed, by the issue of

proclamations and other means, to make known to the inhabitants, as they passed along, the advantages of a direct trade with India. They were required to direct their attention to develope the commerce, by ascertaining the wants and tastes of the people, and to acquaint themselves with the produce of those countries which would be most suitable for European markets. Further, they were recommended to fix upon convénient posts at or near the frontier for establishing fairs—a mode of conducting trade congenial to the tastes and habits of the people of Chinese Tartary, and suitable to their peculiar climate. In short, the commissioners were requested to take all measures which might appear to them, as their local experience advanced, best calculated to promote the important views of the Indian Government. The officers selected for the duty were Colonel (now Major-General) Cunningham and Mr. Vans Agnew, of the Civil Service.

During the hot season of 1846 all remained tranquil at Lahore, so that Sir John Littler, in command there, was able to visit Simla once or twice during that period, to confer with the Governor-General. I remember, on one occasion, when walking with Lord Hardinge and Sir John, a conversation occurring between them, which appeared to me illustrative of his lordship's readiness and quickness of resource in all military matters. Lord Hardinge happened to ask Sir John where all the thousands of muskets were stored, which we had taken from the Sikhs, when they were disarmed at Lahore. "They are all in the citadel," replied Sir John, "and many an anxious thought and watchful hour they cause me; as, on any outbreak

occurring, they might fall into the hands of the Sikhs." "I will tell you what to do to make them harmless," said Lord Hardinge: "order down a party of soldiers, each man with a screw-driver and his haversack, and let them take off half the lock from each musket and carry them away. The muskets are thus not rendered unserviceable, but are quite useless if they fall into the enemy's hands."

In the cold weather of 1846, the Governor-General proceeded to visit the newly acquired province, the Jullundhur Doab, and thence to a place named Bheyrowall, on the Beas river, and there held a meeting with the Sikh Regency, when a new treaty between the Punjaub and the British Government was agreed upon. Under its terms a British Commissioner was appointed to reside permanently at Lahore, to watch over the administration of the State; and it was further determined to maintain a force of British troops there for his support. Sir Henry Lawrence was nominated to this important post. From the Beas river we marched to Puttialah, where Lord Hardinge visited the Maharajah, as a mark of his esteem and consideration for the loyal services rendered by that chief during the late war. We returned to Simla in the following March, and remained there until October, 1847, when Lord Hardinge proceeded to Calcutta, in order to make over the Government to his successor, Lord Dalhousie, and return home.

CHAPTER XV.

APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT OF HILL STATES — MEASURES FOR ESTABLISHING SCHOOLS IN THE HILLS — SUCCESS OF SYSTEM ADOPTED.

As my health had already suffered greatly by a residence in Calcutta, I was induced at this time to leave the secretariat, and was appointed, by the Governor-General, before his departure, superintendent of "Hill States," the station of Simla being my head-quarters. The mountainous tract between the Sutlej and the Jumna rivers, over which I was now called upon to preside, contained four principalities and thirty petty chiefships. All these states had in 1811 been conquered by the Nepaulese; and when war broke out between Nepaul and the British Government, it became an object to drive the invaders from these hill tracts, and reinstate the former rajahs and chiefs in their hereditary possessions. Accordingly, in 1814, Sir David Ochterlony advanced into the Hills with a considerable British force, and at the same time issued a proclamation to the several chiefs, offering to confirm them in their hereditary possessions, and protect them from future aggression, on condition of their co-operating strenuously with our forces in the expulsion of the Goorkhas. The call was cordially responded to, many of

the chiefs joined Ochterlony's standard; others assisted in various ways; and, after some severe fighting, the enemy was driven out, and the chiefs restored. A political superintendent, with two or three assistants, was from that time stationed in the Hills, to watch over the interest of the chiefs and people, and manage the British districts scattered through the Hills, which from time to time have escheated to the crown by the failure of male heirs.

One of my first objects, on entering on my new charge, in December, 1847, was to endeavour to introduce into these Hill districts some system of vernacular education. I found the people totally ignorant and barbarous; no schools of any description were in operation, and indeed none had ever existed up to that time. The only persons, with rare exceptions, able to read and write were adventurers from the plains, who came up seeking employment as writers and accountants. It is customary, on the occasion of any chief or one of his immediate followers visiting the political agent, to present an offering, termed a "nuzzur," of money, or of the products of their respective districts, as a mark of respect to the British representative; and it would be a breach of etiquette highly offensive to their feelings, if their presents were not accepted. It struck me that, instead of spending the amount thus received in the purchase of return presents, as had been the custom heretofore, it would be of greater advantage to form the whole of these offerings into a fund for the establishment of a central school at Simla, and district schools, one in each chiefship; and so return the chiefs substantial compensation for their gifts by affording them the means of educating their people.

My proposal was cordially assented to by my immediate superior, Sir Fred. Currie, then officiating chief commissioner at Lahore. Having thus secured the means for supporting schools, the next thing was to procure teachers to preside over them; not a Hill man was fit for the duty, none being able to read or write, except a few individuals employed in our public offices, or one or two in immediate attendance on the chiefs, to carry on their necessary business. To supply this want, the first thing was to establish a training school; and with this view a duly qualified teacher was procured from Dr. Duff's institution in Calcutta, able to train masters of a superior description to those generally to be met with in Indian village schools, and instruct them in the manner of teaching found most successful in parish schools in England. I felt that with a rude and ignorant people, who were perfectly apathetic on the subject of the instruction of their children, it was necessary, in order to induce them to permit their children to attend the schools, that these institutions should be of as superior a description as we could make them, and that the instruction conveyed in them should not only be interesting, but of practical, substantial, and immediate utility, so as to raise a feeling in favour of education in the minds of the parents, and place the advantages to be derived therefrom in a new and striking light.

Before the training school could be set agoing, it was necessary to prepare and print elementary school-books in the Hill dialect, for none were in existence of any kind. There appeared to me to be no reason why the books found most useful for children in Great Britain and Ireland might

not be equally fitted for the minds of Asiatics, who are no less intelligent or capable of receiving sound practical instruction. With this view, a complete series of the books published by the Irish Education Society were procured, and some of these were modified and altered to suit local circumstances, translated into the Hill dialect, and finally printed at a private lithographic press, under my own superintendence; and the result showed that the books were in every respect most suitable for the purpose. By the time a sufficient number of books were ready for use, several teachers had been trained and were ready to take charge of district schools; of which several were established in eligible localities.

It was necessary to make the education afforded in these schools at first entirely *gratuitous*, for it was vain to hope that the people would incur the least expense in the instruction of their children, as they were perfectly careless on the subject. As, however, the teaching was to be had for nothing, the parents showed no disinclination to allow their children to attend the schools, and the number of pupils soon surpassed my most sanguine expectations. These children were instructed in reading, writing, ciphering, and geography, through the medium of their own vernacular language. The education was purely secular, but the great principles of duty were set before the children; lessons of truth, justice, prudence, and industry; and hatred of lying, dishonesty, dissension, and dissipation were inculcated. The children were trained to habits of reflection and the exercise of the judgment; and the endeavour kept in view throughout, was, to give the whole course of instruction a practical tendency,

with the view of enabling the pupils to bring to the performance of the common duties of their daily lives exercised and disciplined faculties.

A boarding-house was attached to the Central Simla School, in which accommodation was afforded to the best boys, who were drafted in from the district schools from time to time, in order that they might avail themselves of the superior description of education there procurable. The head master of the Central School, having been instructed by Dr. Duff, was, although not a Christian, certainly not a Hindoo, and was anxious to use the Bible as a class-book. He had my permission, accordingly, to read the Scriptures with any boy who expressed a wish to study them. But the attempt did not answer, and, in my humble opinion, it never will. Spiritual things can only be properly taught by spiritual men, and to expect that any good will come from making our Bible a school-book, to be taught by heathens, Mahomedans, or others than Christians, is, I consider, a mischievous delusion.

The system of education thus experimentally introduced worked very efficiently; so much so, that Mr. Thomason, the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, who saw it in operation, introduced it with some few modifications into the provinces under his government. Many, also, of the school-books translated and printed for our Simla schools, were re-adapted and printed to suit the people of the plains, and are now in daily use in these schools. At this moment the Simla system, with no material variation, is in full operation in the Benares province, under the able superintendence of Sheva Purshad, my former moonshee and zealous coadjutor in

all schemes for the improvement of the people in the Hills; and there are more than 50,000 boys now receiving instruction, of a sound and practical kind, under his general superintendence. It appears to me that this system, which has been found well adapted for the North-West Provinces, might with advantage be extended all over our territory. Our Government, peculiarly situated as it is, in India, ought, I have always considered, to restrict itself to giving to its subjects a simple elementary education in their own vernacular dialects; disconnecting itself entirely from all superior systems of education, whether in universities, colleges, or schools; and confining itself to aiding by liberal grants all educational Christian institutions, whether conducted by missionaries or undertaken by private enterprise. It appears to me that the direct duty in this respect of our Government ceases when it supplies its subjects in India with the means of acquiring a sound vernacular elementary education. It ought not, as a Christian Government, to offer any education of a higher description, which is not of a decidedly Christian character. Supplying the means of a superior description of education should be left to missionary establishments and to private enterprise, aided by money grants from the State, provided they be Christian. Such of our native subjects as might be desirous of securing superior education to that furnished in the Government elementary schools, should be directed to missionary and private establishments, to which they might resort or not at their own discretion, the Government distinctly informing them that it must confine its direct efforts to founding and supporting elementary schools. Government might, thus at a comparatively

little cost, set in motion all over India a system of national education capable of unlimited expansion, simple in its working and practical in its character. A comprehensive measure of national education of this sort on the part of the State, having for its view the spread of intelligence among the humbler classes of its subjects, would be regarded with favour by the people, as evincing a real and practical solicitude for their well-being; and the instruction afforded, being of itself of substantial utility, would be sure to raise the popular estimate in its favour. The thousands of children who would thus be simultaneously educated all over India, of all castes and creeds, would in a few years themselves become *the nation*. They would form, as it were, a powerful educated caste in themselves, and be able by their numbers, influence, and mutual support, to overthrow those barriers which caste prejudices now oppose to all real improvement. The natives who are now being educated, although willing themselves to throw off the shackles of caste, are numerically too few and too scattered and disunited to act in a body, or to contend effectually with popular prejudices and customs which are the great bar to the evangelization of India, to which alone we can look for any real or lasting improvement

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND SIKH WAR — ANNEXATION OF PUNJAUB — SIR CHARLES NAPIER AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF — ENFORCED LABOUR — SIMLA AND THIBET ROAD.

In 1849-50, the second Sikh war broke out, and there was, in consequence, not much time or inclination to attend to schools while that very serious struggle continued. The two British regiments and one of Goorkhas garrisoning the Simla hills, were, on the commencement of hostilities, withdrawn to join the army in the Punjaub. Large bands of the enemy were in movement in the districts across the Sutlej, immediately opposite to those under my charge; and it was highly probable that marauding bands might cross at some of the fords or bridges on the Sutlej, and plunder our districts, and even Simla itself. To prevent this as far as possible, I caused bodies of retainers and followers of the different chiefs to occupy each ford and bridge on the Sutlej, and to be prepared to cut down any of the latter—Sungahs, as they are called—by which the enemy might attempt to cross. I was myself employed in continually riding from point to point along the line of the river forming the boundary of my charge, visiting these posts, and seeing that their defenders were on the alert.

The bridges would, no doubt, have been demolished according to my orders had any force attempted to cross by them; but I do not think that the fords would have been defended for one moment had any considerable body of the enemy attempted to force their way. Happily, the attempt was never made. A large body of the enemy, indeed, was at one time advancing, so far as my information could be depended upon, straight towards one of the fords where the Sutlej debouches into the plains. I was stationed at the place with the chief of the district, the Rajah of Hindoor, and his men, fully expecting the enemy to appear, when, to my great comfort, I received a note from Sir John Lawrence, then the commissioner of the Jullundhur Doab, informing me that the detachment of regular troops under his orders had fallen in with the enemy, and, after a severe action, had totally dispersed them the previous day. Had the enemy effected a crossing at this point, they might have sacked and burnt with the greatest ease, and with complete impunity, Simla and the other Hill stations of Kussowlie and Subathoo, then full of the wives and families of officers serving with the army in the Punjaub, in addition to the usual fixed residents. Soon after our anxieties were completely removed by Lord Gough's brilliant action of Guzerat, which brought the Punjaub to Lord Dalhousie's feet, who annexed the kingdom, and incorporated it with British India. On the termination of the war, the Ranee Chunda, the prime mover in all the late disturbances in that unhappy kingdom, was sent a state prisoner to the fortress of Chunar, on the Ganges, near Benares, whence she soon after effected her escape into Nepaul. Her son,

Dhuleep Singh, was sent to Futtehghur to reside, whence he subsequently removed to England. Lord Dalhousie, as soon as all arrangements consequent on the annexation of the country were completed, came up to Simla for the hot weather of 1850, when he was joined by Sir Charles Napier, who had succeeded Lord Gough as Commander-in-Chief.

During the previous two years of my incumbency as superintendent of these states, my attention had been much directed to the extreme misery and hardship inflicted upon the poor inhabitants of the Hills, by having to serve as forced porters for the conveyance of the baggage of Government establishments, regiments, and private individuals travelling to and from the plains and the different Hill stations. The men hitherto plying for hire of their own free will as porters were quite inadequate, as the stations became more resorted to, for even the wants of private parties, while for the public service 15,000 or 20,000 men had on more than one occasion to be collected together from great distances and for very inadequate remuneration. The hardship was increased as the men might be detained, unavoidably, weeks from their homes, and that in seed-time or harvest, when their presence there was most required. There seemed to me but one way of remedying this sad state of things, and that was by the construction of a road from the plains to Simla and the other stations, which might be practicable for wheeled carriages and beasts of burden, and so substitute animal carriage for human porterage. With this view one of my assistants and myself were endeavouring to lay out a new line of road, and had

marked by flags a considerable part of it, when I was called to proceed to meet the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier, and accompany his Excellency from the plains to Simla. As we rode along the old road the flags attracted the attention of his Excellency's military secretary, Colonel Pitt Kennedy, one of the first engineers of the age. The object in view, when explained to him, seemed to his large and benevolent mind, to be of the highest importance, and he immediately offered to survey and lay out a line of road suited for wheel carriages. I was most thankful to accept his offer in substitution of my own crude and imperfect attempt. Some labourers were shortly after placed at Colonel Kennedy's disposal, and in a very short time, but after great labour and trouble, and with much personal risk, he succeeded in laying out a line by which Simla could be reached from the plains by a gradual and easy ascent the whole way. The line being thus laid out, the next thing was to induce the Government to accede to its construction; but all my proposals for this purpose were looked on very coldly, and I almost despaired of success. At length Colonel Kennedy suggested that I should place all the prisoners in my gaol, only ninety in number, at his disposal, in order that he might open out by their means a mile of road on his new principle, parallel with a very steep and tortuous portion of the way leading to Lord Dalhousie's country residence, which might attract his lordship's attention on passing and repassing—Colonel Kennedy was convinced that the Governor-General's practical mind would not fail to notice the experimental portion, and acknowledge its superiority over the old system, and perhaps be led in consequence

to sanction the proposed new road being constructed on the same principle. The prisoners were accordingly made over to Colonel Kennedy, who placing them under the orders of some sapper privates acting as non-commissioned officers, opened out a piece of perfectly level road superseding one of the worst ascents and descents in the Governor-General's daily journeys. The result was as the colonel expected: his lordship was so pleased with the experiment that he sanctioned the construction of the road to the plains on the same principle, and directed it to be immediately commenced.

The ninety convicts continued under Colonel Kennedy's orders, who employed them in constructing a new road to the Governor-General's country residence at Mahassoo. By their aid alone, in the course of a few months, a tunnel was constructed through a hill of almost solid rock of above two hundred feet in length, capable of admitting two horsemen abreast. This, to the best of my knowledge, was the first tunnel ever constructed and opened for traffic in India. While employed upon its construction and that of the road, no casualty or accident occurred among the convicts, who all enjoyed excellent health, and none escaped from custody.

It appears to me that a system which proved so efficient on a small scale, but which is capable of unlimited extension, might with great advantage be extended to all the rest of India, and that all our convicts, who must amount to about 50,000 men, instead of being, as now, shut up in unprofitable idleness in central or district gaols, might with advantage be employed in opening out great works of irrigation and important lines of road and railway. It is scarcely possible to

estimate the extent of the improvement which might result from so large a body of men being employed continually from year to year in the construction of public works of utility. By their means in due time the country might be opened up to commerce without any further cost to the State than the maintenance of convicts, which must be incurred under any circumstances. I would gladly see the whole of the convicts in India, undergoing sentences above three months' duration, made over by the civil power to the Public Works Department, and placed in gangs of from 5,000 to 8,000, under the orders of an officer of engineers, who would be vested with magisterial powers for the adjudication and punishment of any offences the convicts might commit while so employed. Under the chief engineer subordinate engineer officers should be employed, each in charge of two or four gangs, these gangs to consist of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men, to be again under the immediate superintendence of sapper privates acting as non-commissioned officers.

By this means, the labour of the convicts would be profitably and skilfully employed for the public benefit, not only of India, but of England. The prisoners themselves, instead of being as now a dangerous encumbrance to the State, which they must ever remain when shut up in central prisons, would, from being continually employed under engineers, become themselves skilled labourers, masons, and artificers, which hired labourers scarcely ever become, as they are so constantly liable to change. A regiment of Sikhs or other native corps placed under the orders of the officer of engineers in command, would effectually guard

10,000 convicts employed on public works. The convicts and their guards might safely be encamped all the year round in thatched tents close to their works, and marched from district to district wherever their services might be wanted. This scheme would also have the advantage of enabling the Government to do away with our present expensive gaols and central prisons, which are little dreaded by our criminals as places of punishment, and also to get rid of the multitude of corrupt and useless guards now kept up for their custody.

Central gaols are, in my opinion, a great evil. By their means the mutineers and rebels were able immediately to spread, in 1857, the contagion of rebellion far and wide, into the most remote depths of the country; for the released convicts, in the first instance, invariably made for their homes, raising the country as they passed through, being living proofs in themselves that the Government was at an end. The very same thing would occur again if another outbreak were to take place at any time, and with similar success. Convicts employed, on the other hand, under military officers and guarded by disciplined soldiers, could never be dangerous, nor be turned into ready and willing instruments for producing anarchy and confusion, as in 1857.

To return to the subject of the Simla road. As soon as the Governor-General had formally sanctioned its construction, the work was set about with the greatest earnestness. Colonel MacMurdo and the other officers on his Excellency Sir Charles Napier's staff, placed themselves as volunteer assistants under Colonel Kennedy, and were each assigned

a section of the road, with a fixed number of sappers as non-commissioned officers under them, each in charge of a gang of labourers. By this means, all was scientific, skilful work; no man's labour was misdirected, and not a spadeful of earth was wasted! and the road was opened up in an incredibly short space of time for loaded animals and travellers.

Colonel Kennedy left Simla and returned to England before the line was wide enough for carts. The work was carried on, however, and completed under his most energetic and able successor, Major Briggs, and now, instead of human porterage, waggon trains, drawn by bullocks or horses, ply for the conveyance of goods and baggage between the plains and Simla; and enforced labour on this line is a thing of the past. There is nothing I look back to with greater pleasure in the whole course of my long service, than having been, in some measure, instrumental in relieving the Hill people from this enforced labour, which was nothing short of an insupportable and fearful system of serfdom.

The second Sikh war had totally defeated all the previous plans of Government for opening, through the commissioners previously mentioned as deputed to the frontier, an overland commercial intercourse with Thibet and China. The officers forming the commission were, on the breaking out of the war, recalled for other duties, and one of them, Vans Agnew, was shortly after treacherously murdered at Mooltan —one of the many Bengal civilians who have nobly fallen at their post in the pursuance of their public duty. Shortly after the conclusion of the second Sikh campaign and the annexation of the Punjaub, intelligence reached the Government that a Chinese deputation was in progress to the

frontier, and Lord Dalhousie despatched a new commission to Ladakh from Simla to meet and confer with them. So much time, however, unavoidably elapsed before these officers could reach Ladakh, that, in the meantime, the patience of the Chinese deputies was exhausted, and they had returned home.

Fearful that the important subject would now be forgotten or abandoned, I laid it before Colonel Kennedy some months previously to his leaving the Hills, and submitted to him whether a line of road similar to that in course of construction from the plains to Simla might not be carried on to the frontier of Thibet, and thence to Ladakh, a place which, from its centrical situation between Cashmere and India on the south, and the Chinese provinces on the north, was eminently adapted for an emporium of trade. This line was evidently superior, if it could be made, to that leading to the Russian marts, on the Caspian, by which the trade was then passing. This latter line was most circuitous, requiring many months to accomplish the journey going and returning; and from the insecurity of life and property in the country through which it passed, exceedingly hazardous. It was, besides, very expensive, from the levy of customs' duties and of black-mail, as the price of protection by the petty governments along its course; while, from the constant changes and deterioration of the coinage, no secure markets were afforded to the trader.

The proposed route to Ladakh, on the other hand, was direct and short, leading through countries perfectly tranquil, where complete protection was afforded to the merchant, where no imposts were levied, and where the standard of

coinage remained unaltered. The articles also which were chiefly in demand for the Chinese markets—cotton goods, broadcloth, and hardware—could be supplied cheaper and more abundantly from Great Britain by this route than by Russia through its marts. It was therefore to be presumed, that if facilities were given, such as the opening of this road, commerce, which invariably follows what tends to its own safety and interest, would speedily abandon the old for the new and improved route. That the trade had already a tendency to pass down by this way into our provinces was clear from the vast number of loaded sheep carrying a limited though valuable trade, which annually crossed the passes, by roads impracticable for other animals, into the plains of Hindsutan. Colonel Kennedy fully concurred in all my views, and regarding the subject as one of imperial importance, offered, with his usual zeal and energy, his services to the Governor-General to engineer and commence the line. His proposals were sanctioned by Lord Dalhousie; the road was surveyed and laid out by Colonel Kennedy and Major Briggs conjointly, and was open for traffic to a considerable distance when the works were interrupted by the unfortunate events of 1857. Since then I fear they have been discontinued, but, I trust, only to be recommenced; for the attention of the Government of India has been anew directed to the opening of an overland commerce with China.

In the present position of our relations with the Government of China it is probable that any proposals we make for opening lines of trade would be at once acceded to; and if so, there seems little reason to doubt that by opening up

this road to Ladakh and other commercial lines into our territories, we have it in our own power, by a politic and most legitimate use of our position and influence, to secure a vast outlet for British commerce; while at the same time, and which seems no unimportant object, we should seriously diminish the power and importance of Russia in Central and Northern Asia, and even withdraw from her many of the motives to extend her influence eastward, so far as these are connected with trade and commerce.

Besides these considerations, now that railways are being rapidly constructed between the southern and northern parts of India, the province of Kunawur, with its lovely climate, equal to any in the world, and beyond the influence of the tropical rains, would, if the Thibet road be energetically carried on, be placed within easy reach of invalids and travellers, and might be turned into a sanatorium for our British troops, and thus many hundreds of valuable lives might probably be saved annually. The Kunawur Valley, in addition to its surpassing climate, possesses scenery sublime beyond description, and the valley, itself beautiful, is covered with vineyards producing some of the finest grapes in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—MEET WITH GENERAL MACQUEEN AT SUEZ ON MY RETURN TO INDIA—APPOINTMENT AS COLLECTOR AND MAGISTRATE OF BUDAON—TWO PATRIARCHS.

In the winter of 1852 I went home on furlough, after an absence of above fifteen years. I returned to India in November, 1854, and at Suez I met my friend and former travelling companion, General MacQueen, also returning to India. But how different was the scene from that of seventeen years before, when we both had acted as pioneers of this now crowded highway of nations. Instead of the miserable Buggala, on which we two solitary Europeans embarked, and the single box of mails we picked up at Mocha, there was the splendid first-class screw steamer, with above 300 passengers on board, and with 700 boxes of mails for India and other parts of the world.

On my arrival in India, as there were, unfortunately for me, no vacancies in the political or secretariat departments of the State, in which I had previously served, I was forced to enter, for the first time, the judicial and revenue branch of the Service, though, of course, at a great disadvantage. I was first appointed magistrate and collector of Benares, and was in the autumn of 1855

transferred in that capacity to the district of Budaon in Rohilcund. This district lies on the left bank of the Ganges, and is inhabited by a mixed population of Hindoos and Mahomedans. During the cold weather of 1855-56 and 1856-57, I traversed its entire length and breadth, and satisfied myself that while the district was itself extremely fertile, and cultivated "like a watered garden," the people were miserably poor and in a very discontented and excitable condition, chiefly in consequence of the reckless system then prevailing, of selling landed properties for the most trivial debts by the orders of our civil courts. In 1856 I brought the subject to the notice of the Government, expressing my fears of ultimate serious consequences to the peace of the country. In England we guard against the heedless sale of landed tenures, and the consequent dislocation of society, by requiring that the sales be sanctioned by the highest court in the land, and that the creditor should not be the purchaser. In Ireland also, in order to effect the sale of encumbered estates, we constructed a special tribunal for the duty. It is in India alone where the feudal feeling is so powerful, and the ties which bind the people to their hereditary holdings are so strong, that these salutary precautions have been neglected. I shall have, however, occasion to revert to this subject hereafter, when treating of the causes which, in my opinion, led to the rebellion.

One day, in January, 1857, when marching through the northern part of my district, I rode up to a beautiful village within sight of the snowy range of the Himalaya, and situated on high sandy soil. My wife and child were following behind in the carriage, and while waiting till they

overtook me, I entered into conversation with some of the villagers, Mahomedans, who were employed, as I thought, repairing the tomb of some local saint. On asking them, "What holy man lies buried here?" an old, white-bearded villager replied that the grave was empty, that it was a new tomb which they were making for his father. "Your father?" I replied. "You are an old man yourself, and your father must have been many years dead and buried." "No, he is alive, though very weak," was the answer. "He is 125 years old, and he was anxious that we should commence making his grave, as he feels he has not long to live." On my expressing my incredulity at any man having arrived at so great an age, another villager stepped forward and said, "Yes, his father is 125 years old, but he is not the oldest man in our village; we have another much older than him, 150 years old, and able yet to go about at his daily occupation. Would you like to see him?" On replying, "Certainly," a boy was sent to fetch the patriarch, who in a few minutes appeared leaning on the shoulder of the messenger. He was a tall, gaunt man, not much bent, and his beard only grizzled, and with no look of very extreme old age about him. On asking him what was his age, he said, "I am somewhat above 150 years old." On my expressing my doubts, several old men with snow-white beards, among the villagers, a crowd of whom had by this time assembled, came forward, assuring me that it was so, and that when they were children, they regarded this man even then as of great age, and the patriarch of the village. By this time, the carriage had come up, and the villagers begged that the old man might be permitted to take my little child in

his arms to bless her. I of course consented, and on my placing her in his arms, he very solemnly said, "May your years be more than mine," and returned her to me. I then entered into conversation with this, perhaps, the oldest man upon the face of the earth, asking him what he had seen, and the chief events he remembered during his long pilgrimage. He told me he had been born and lived in the village, and never had gone much beyond it; that he remembered well when the country was all jungle, and when the inhabitants could not stir as far from the village as we were then standing without the dread of "Kuzzacks" —mounted robbers—coming upon them, and the villagers in these times had to carry their weapons to their fields, ready to fight in their own defence. "Now," he said, "look around you; nothing is to be seen but one garden of cultivation, and all is peace." The country was not long to remain so, however, for in a very few months this patriarch, if he survived, might have seen the scenes of his early years acted over again; for this village lay just in the track of the bands of rebels, as they passed from the Doab into Rohilcund.

The other patriarch of 125 was bed-ridden, but much more intelligent than his older friend, whose extreme old age he confirmed by saying, that when he was quite a child, "Mahomed Khan"—which was his name—was a full-grown man, and had married a second time. I begged this man, whose name was "Ahmed Khan," to give me the history of his life, which I caused to be taken down in writing as he narrated it. He stated he was 125 years old, and had been born in this village in the reign of the Emperor Mahomed

Shah, in whose army his father held a post. He was seven years old when Nadir Shah sacked Delhi, and he well remembered having been taken over the city by his father when Nadir left with his army, and all he remembered seeing alive was a cat. "Nadir's visit to Hindosthan," he said, "occurred in this way: Some time before that event, an Affghan officer employed in the Deccan came to Delhi to pay his respects to the Emperor. He happened to have a long red beard, and the courtiers, on his entering the hall of audience, began jeering him, saying,—'What next—here we have now a red-haired baboon come to durbar?' The officer, greatly exasperated, answered,—'I will tell you what next—that before a year is over, I will fill Delhi itself, as well as the palace, with red-faced baboons like me.' He then left the durbar in great wrath, and sent off a messenger to Nadir Shah with a letter stating,—'You are wanted here, for all are old women now in Delhi.' Nadir answered the summons, and on his arrival massacred the people, and plundered the city, for no one had strength to resist him." Ahmed Khan further went on to tell me that, on his father's death, he had succeeded to his post in the imperial army, and was, when about thirty years of age, present at the battle of Paneeput, where he was wounded; that great battle where the Mahrattas were completely defeated by the Emperor. The battle, he said, first began with artillery and musketry, but soon the two armies closed with each other and fought with swords, spears, and daggers, and at last they chased the Mahrattas as far as Muttra. He had seen, he said, "the empire of the Affghans, of the Mahrattas, that of Delhi, and that of the

Sikhs pass away, and now the British reigned supreme." In a few months the old soldier, if he survived, might have seen that power also shaken, and the temporary restoration of the empire whose servant he had been "in his hot and ardent youth," as he called it. I have no reason to doubt the truth of these men's statements: my meeting with them was quite casual, in a remote part of a remote district, and their stories were quite unpremeditated. I found on going to my tent that morning, and consulting Elphinstone's history, that Ahmed Khan's assertion of his extreme age was apparently quite correct, for as the sack of Delhi occurred in 1738, and he was, according to his statement, seven years old then, he must have been fully 125 in 1857, when I met him. His description of the battle of Paneeput also exactly corresponded with that recorded in Elphinstone. His statement of his age was further corroborated by his assertion that he was about thirty years old at that battle, which having been fought in 1761, would just make him 125 years old, or a little more, in 1857.

At the request of Lord Dalhousie, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, the evidence of all the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood was taken, who confirmed the fact of the extreme old age of these individuals. These two men, who had thus attained to so extreme an old age, had, I discovered, spent their lives very differently. Mahomed Khan, the elder, had always been an agriculturist; had never drank any spirits or wine, but lived chiefly on milk and vegetable diet, seldom tasting flesh, and had never smoked either opium or tobacco. Ahmed Khan, the younger of the two, on the other hand, had, until old age,

been in courts and camps, and had lived freely and luxuriously, eating flesh, and drinking all sorts of liquor, and smoking tobacco.

No two men could have therefore lived in all respects more differently; and no conclusion could therefore be arrived at, as to which system was most conducive to health and longevity.

No sooner had I finished my tour of the district, and settled down with my family in the station of Budaon, in the month of April, for the hot season, than the threatening clouds of rebellion began to gather around, and at last the storm broke upon us with such fury, that it is nothing short of a miracle that any of us were left alive. What occurred to myself and my family at that fearful crisis, will be seen from the following statement of my personal adventures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES DURING THE INDIAN REBELLION IN ROHILCUND, FUTTEHGHUR, AND OUDE.

Kussowrah, left bank of the Ramgungah, about 12 miles N.E. of Futtehghur, July 27th, 1857.

THIS day, for the first time since the first of June, I have writing materials at my disposal. I shall therefore endeavour to record, as correctly as I can from memory, a narrative of the events that have occurred to me since that sad day, the first of June, when it pleased God that I should become a wanderer and a fugitive. I must premise that shortly after the outbreak and massacre at Meerut, about the 19th May, so far as I can recollect, the spirit of disorder began to show itself in the Budaon district in Rohilcund, of which I was magistrate and collector—the infection having spread from the tracts on the right bank of the Ganges, which were by that time in open rebellion. Bands of marauders sprang up, as it were by magic, and commenced plundering on the roads, and sacking and burning villages.

In consequence of a warning I received from Misr

Byjenath of Bareilly,* I became alarmed for the safety of my wife and child, and despatched them to a place of security, Nynee Tal, which station they reached safely; but they did not start one moment too soon, for they passed through Bareilly after that station had been deserted by all the European ladies and children, and just the day week before the mutiny and massacre occurred there. Since the 28th of May I have heard nothing of them, and it is now very doubtful whether I may ever do so, or see them again in this world.

As soon as the disturbance began I doubled the police force in my district, horse and foot, on my own responsibility; but notwithstanding my endeavours to maintain the peace, the disorders daily increased. In the Etah district across the Ganges, immediately opposite to Budaon, they had reached a most alarming height; all our communications had been cut off with Agra, Calcutta, and the South; the runners being unable to convey the mails along the chief lines of road. In the district of Moradabad, immediately adjoining Budaon to the north, the sepoys of the regiment broke open the jail and let out a great number of the prisoners.

I was informed of this fact by a short note from Campbell, the joint magistrate, telling me to look out for myself, as

* The safety of my wife and child was mainly, under Providence, due, as I afterwards ascertained, to my excellent friend Rajah Byjenath of Bareilly, who himself, at very considerable risk, came out two stages on the Budaon road to meet them, accompanied them through the town of Bareilly, and never left them until they were in safety beyond the then disturbed portion of the district of Bareilly. See Appendix: Rajah Byjenath's "Narrative."

among the liberated convicts was a notorious villain, Khan,* who was under sentence of transportation for an attempt to murder Court, joint magistrate of] and in which he very nearly succeeded, having him for life. I had succeeded in apprehending t creant, who had eluded our police force for more t years, and in bringing him to justice; he was cons highly exasperated with me, and, as Campbell i me, had started at once towards my station v intention of murdering me.

This intelligence did not tend much to imp position, which already was by no means a pleas I was the sole European officer in charge of the with a lawless population of nearly 1,100,000 sou entire management and responsibility rested on my sole assistant was a Mahomedan deputy-colle only joined the station early in the month, and of course, devolve no duty upon him. The European officers were at Bareilly, some thirty mil from Budaon.

On Monday, the 25th of May, I received information that the Mahomedans of the town of who were on that day assembled for prayers on occ the Eed festival, were to rise at noon and crea which would probably have resulted in the plu destruction of the place. I at once summoned t influential inhabitants of that persuasion to me.

* Nujjoo Khan afterwards become a rebel leader of note, 1858 killed in resisting a party of our police who had been apprehend him and his followers.

my house. They immediately came, many of them very fierce and insolent, and all in a most excited state. Soon after they were seated and I had commenced talking with them, I saw Wuzeer Singh, a Sikh peon, and one of my personal guards, come up quietly behind me, with my revolver in his belt and my gun in his hand, and station himself immediately behind my chair. In the tumult and excitement, and where all were armed, his entrance was unnoticed, but his quiet and determined demeanour made me for the first time feel an assurance that he was a man I could depend upon in any difficulty or danger. This Wuzeer Singh, whose tried fidelity, courage, and devotion make me regard him as Paul did Onesimus, "not now so much as a servant as a brother beloved," deserves some notice from me here.

He is an inhabitant of Nowshera near Umritzur in the Punjaub, and was originally a sepoy, belonging to the Sikh company of the 29th Regiment of N. I. (the corps which mutinied at Shajehanpore, and murdered all its officers and all the Europeans in the church at that place). While on detachment duty at Saharunpore, some years previous, he was converted to Christianity by the Protestant missionaries at that place; but was never baptized.* In December, 1856, he came to Budaon from

* Wuzeer Singh was baptized at Benares on the 16th of last March by the Rev. James Kennedy. He has received a life pension from the Government of India for his faithful services during the rebellion, and also the grant of the village of Rodamow, in Oude, in the attack on which place by our troops in 1858 General Hope and many of the 42nd Highlanders were killed. They are all buried in one of Wuzeer Singh's gardens.

Shajehanpore, where his regiment was quartered, with the rest of his company, to form the guard over my treasury. There happened to be several native Christians at Budaon, and he attended service with them every Sunday at my house. When the detachment was relieved, and returned to head-quarters in April, 1857, Wuzeer Singh, wishing to join himself to this company of Christians, retired from the regiment, and came back to Budaón early in May, when I gave him service as an orderly on my personal guard as magistrate; he was therefore only a few days with me before the occurrences to which I have alluded took place, at the Eed festival. His devotion then and subsequently, therefore, does him the more honour, springing as it did from a sense of duty to his immediate superior, and not from any feelings of attachment to a master after a service extending over a long period of time.

To return to my visitors. By degrees they calmed down, and by leading them into conversation, and reasoning with them, and above all playing off one party against another —knowing as I did that a bitter animosity existed between several of them—I managed to occupy their attention until the time fixed for the rising had passed. The plots, which I do not doubt were premeditated, were for the time defeated, and the day, to my infinite relief (ah, what a long one it was!) passed off quietly. I think I never wished more in my life for some one of my own countrymen to talk to, than during these miserable days between the 20th and 27th of May. I had every reason to distrust the sepoys forming my Treasury Guard, who belonged to the 68th Regiment N. I., at Bareilly; and it was by no means

comfortable to sit in the close vicinity of these gentlemen, who at any moment might break out into open mutiny and murder me. My police were little more to be depended on, and I felt my isolation greatly. It was, therefore, with no small joy, that while sitting at my solitary dinner on the 27th May, I saw my cousin Alfred Phillipps, magistrate of Etah, ride up to the house, escorted by about a dozen horsemen, some belonging to different regiments of irregular horse, others common police sowars.

He gave a most deplorable account of the state of things in his district, and had himself, with his men, had an affair with a body of rebels in the town of Khasgunj, in which he killed no less than three men with his own hand. He had come across the Ganges, with the view of going to Bareilly to procure some military aid to put down the disturbances. I was forced to disabuse him of this hope, informing him that I had already myself more than once applied for aid in vain, as none could be spared.

Up to the 30th, matters went on from bad to worse, the disorder being considerably aggravated by the impossibility of my leaving the station to proceed to the immediate scene of disturbance, as I had no officer to whom I could make over charge of the treasury. On the afternoon of Saturday the 30th, I learnt that the important town of Bhilsea was about to be attacked by the rebels, and I at once sent off an express to the commissioner at Bareilly, entreating him to send me some aid; as my police, the old establishment as well as the new levies, were quite unable to meet the crisis, or at all events would not exert themselves.

On Sunday, May 31st, I assembled, for the last time

probably on earth, my little congregation at Budaon.* Just as I closed the Hindustani service in the afternoon, a man rushed in with a note from Etah for Phillipps, written by one of his native officers, saying that Bramley, the joint magistrate of Futtehghur, was to be at Puttealee, the head-quarters of the Etah district, the next day, with two regiments to restore the peace.

We were both overjoyed at this intelligence and were full of plans, how Phillipps should first punish the rebels in his district, and then come over to aid me, in setting mine in order.

Shortly after, about 9 P. M., I received from the Commissioner an express, in reply to my earnest appeal for aid, informing me that a company of native infantry, under a European officer, was to start on that day from Bareilly to my assistance. I immediately took measures for sending our carts to bring in the men the last half of the way, so that they might be moved at once to Bhilsea, the point threatened; and thus arrive there fresh and unfatigued. I next sent off a horseman with a note to the commanding officer of the detachment informing him of these arrangements, and begging him to press on as speedily as possible. I then retired to rest, happy and thankful. Phillipps, equally happy in the prospect of having assistance suited to the emergency, was to start at three in the morning to return to Etah.

* It is a most remarkable thing that no single individual among the native Christians who were assembled on this occasion met with a violent death. They were all obliged to fly, but after enduring great hardships for many months, were all rescued by the efforts of Mr. Wilson, C.B., B.C.S.

About half-past two I got up in order to wake him, when just as I was leaving my room, a chuprassee rushed up to me, saying that the horseman I had sent off to meet the detachment had just returned with the terrible intelligence that the road from Bareilly up to within eight miles of Budaon was covered with convicts escaped from gaol—the sepoys forming the Bareilly garrison having on Sunday forenoon broken out into open mutiny, massacred the Europeans, fired the station, and broken open the great central gaol, which contained nearly four thousand of the most desperate characters in India. He further stated that a detachment of the mutineers were in full march to Budaon, to join the Treasury guard there, and plunder and burn the station. This was indeed terrible news, and the excited manner of the sowar and the condition of his panting horse, showed that the tale was too true, and that he had ridden for his life to give me the intelligence.

I at once woke up Phillipps and communicated to him the disastrous intelligence. He called for his horse and followers, and in ten minutes after dashed off at full gallop, in order to get to the Ghauts across the Ganges before the convicts or mutineers could reach it, and prevent his return to the scene of his duty. I most bitterly regret that I did not follow his example, and thus make my escape from Budaon, where I could do no good, and endeavour to reach the hills, which I then might have succeeded in doing. I thought it, however, my duty not to desert my post, but stick to the ship as long as she floated I went into my room and prayed earnestly that God would protect and guide me, and enable me to do my

duty. I then summoned my kotwal, and arranged with him as best we could, for maintaining as long as possible the peace and the safety of the town. My great object was to prevent the gangs of escaped convicts, the most desperate characters in the country, from entering the place; and in this I was happily successful. It was, however, quite hopeless to expect to defend the station against the mutineers; who, on their arrival, would be at once joined by the 100 men forming the Treasury Guard. I could, therefore, only hope, and it scarcely amounted to a hope, to keep things quiet until the mutineers might arrive from Bareilly.

About 10 A. M., I was joined by Mr. Donald and son, indigo planters in the district; who, having had their lives threatened at their residence in Ooghannee, had come into the station for protection. Mr. Gibson, a patrol in the Customs Department—temporarily on duty in the interior of the district, also sought safety in my house—as did Mr. Stewart, one of my clerks, with his wife and family. They were under the impression that I could protect them, whereas the fact was, that the number of Europeans congregated together, by attracting attention, seriously increased our mutual danger, and at the same time greatly impeded my movements.

I was satisfied that as long as I was alone I could provide for my own safety, having numbers of friends in the district able and anxious to protect and shelter me; but they were unwilling in any way to compromise their own safety by granting an asylum to the others: more especially as some of the party were at feud with the people of the

district, in consequence of having purchased estates, sold under harsh circumstances, by decrees of our civil courts.

To the large number of these sales during the past twelve or fifteen years, and the operation of our revenue system, which has had the result of destroying the gentry of the country and breaking up the village communities, I attribute solely the disorganization of this and the neighbouring districts in these provinces.

By fraud or chicanery, a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence have been alienated, either wholly or in part, and have been purchased by new men—chiefly traders or Government officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietary of these alienated estates were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, who were ready and willing to join their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover their lost position and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaon district were thus still in existence, but in the position of tenants, not proprietors. None of the men who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I

had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy.

For more than a year previous to the outbreak, I had been publicly representing to superior authority the great abuse of the power of the civil courts, and the reckless manner in which they decreed the sale of rights and interests connected with the soil, in satisfaction of petty debts, and the dangerous dislocation of society which was in consequence being produced. I then pointed out that, although the old families were being displaced fast, we could not destroy the memory of the past, or dissolve the ancient connection between them and their people; and I said distinctly, that in event of any insurrection occurring, we should find this great and influential body, through whom we can alone hope to control and keep under the millions forming the rural classes, ranged against us on the side of the enemy, with their hereditary retainers and followers rallying around them, in spite of our attempts to separate their interests. My warnings were unheeded, and I was treated as an alarmist, who, having hitherto only served in the political department of the State, and being totally inexperienced in revenue matters, could give no sound opinion on the subject. Little did I think at the time that my fears and forebodings were so soon to be realized.

The leaders and promoters of this great rebellion, whoever they may have been, knew well the inflammable con-

dition, from these causes, of the rural society in the North Western Provinces, and they therefore sent among them the chupatties, as a kind of fiery cross, to call them to action. These cakes passed with the most amazing rapidity over the length and breadth of the land. Where they came from originally it is impossible to say, but I believe Barrackpore was the starting point, where large masses of mutinous sepoys were congregated. The chupatties entered my district from the adjoining one of Shajehanpore; a village watchman of that place giving to the watchman of the nearest Budaon village two of the cakes, with an injunction to make six fresh ones, retain two for his own, and give the others to the watchman of the next village, who would follow the same course, and continue the manufacture and distribution. I truly believe that the rural population of all classes, among whom these cakes spread, were as ignorant as I was myself of their real object; but it was clear they were a secret sign to be on the alert, and the minds of the people were through them kept watchful and excited. As soon as the disturbances broke out at Meerut and Delhi, the cakes explained themselves, and the people at once perceived what was expected of them.

In Budaon the mass of the population rose in a body, and the entire district became a scene of anarchy and confusion. The ancient proprietary body took the opportunity of murdering or expelling the auction purchasers, and resumed possession of their hereditary estates. The danger now is, that this vast mass of our subjects, who are numbered by tens of thousands, and who are the real thews and sinews of the country, will never consent to the restoration

of a Government to power which they consider treated them with harshness; whose system tended to depress and dispossess them, and whose first measures after the return of tranquillity they consider must be to put back the auction purchasers and evict them. I feel convinced that no amount of force will restore us to power, unless at the same time some measures be taken for undoing the evils of the past, and coming to some compromise, by which the old families may be reinstated, and their sympathies and interests enlisted on our behalf, while those of the auction purchasers are also duly cared for. I am fully satisfied that the rural classes would never have joined in rebelling with the sepoys, whom they hated, had not these causes of discontent already existed. They evinced no sympathy whatever about the cartridges, or flour said to be made of human bones, and could not *then* have been acted upon by any cry of their religion being in danger. It is questions involving their rights and interests in the soil and hereditary holdings, invariably termed by them as "jan see azeez," "*dearer than life*," which excite them to a dangerous degree.

To return to my narrative, of events on the fatal 1st of June. About noon, I collected all my guests into the drawing-room, and we all joined in hearty prayers to God for his mercy and protection in our desperate circumstances. I trust that we were heard; but what has been the fate of all those present, except myself and Mr. Gibson, I know not. I then earnestly advised the two Donalds, Mr. Gibson, and the Stewarts, to leave me and make for the hills, while there was yet time, pointing out that our safety was far

more endangered by remaining together and attracting attention than by separating. My own duty was clear, to remain at my post as long as any semblance of order could be maintained; they were under no such obligation, and had only to consult their own safety. All my arguments and entreaties, however, were in vain. They were quite paralysed, and seemed to feel that their only hope was in sticking close to the magistrate for protection. The day, which was a very hot one, wore on most gloomily. Every moment reports of one complexion or another were being brought to me of risings in the town, the defection of individuals in the police, and of the near approach of a large body of mutineers from Bareilly to murder me, plunder the treasury, and break open the gaol.

About four P.M., the native officer of the sepoy guard over the treasury, composed of 100 men of the 68th Native Infantry, which corps had mutinied at Bareilly the previous day, came to report all right. I took him aside, and inquired the real state of affairs. He denied, with the most solemn oaths any person of his persuasion could take, all knowledge of the Bareilly mutiny; asserting that no intimation had come to the guard from their comrades at Bareilly, and that, as long as Colonel Troup lived, he was confident the regiment would remain loyal. He then informed me that the guard were much alarmed in consequence of the excited state of the town, fearing they might be attacked by overwhelming numbers of budmashes, who would then sack the treasury, and he begged me earnestly to come down and join the guard, who would thereby be quite reassured. The man's earnest and respectful manner quite deceived

me. I thought, if ever any one spoke truth, it is this person. I at once, therefore, expressed my willingness to go, and told him to start, and I would follow presently. I then ordered my buggy, and was about stepping into it to drive off, when Wuzeer Singh came and implored me not to go, saying he knew these fellows well, and that they meant mischief. I took his advice, and sent off my buggy.

I regard this incident with deep thankfulness, as one of the many marked interpositions of Almighty care in preserving my life, which have occurred within the past two months. Had I placed myself in the hands of the guard, they would immediately have murdered me, for I subsequently ascertained that a messenger from the regiment at Bareilly had reached the guard about four in the morning, to inform them of what had occurred there, and prepare them for the advance of a body of mutineers to Budaon in the evening. The guard waited for my expected arrival at the kutcherry for above an hour and a half, and then finding that I was not coming, they would be restrained no longer, but broke out into open mutiny. A party of them might easily have been sent to my house to seize and destroy me, but not a man would consent to leave the immediate neighbourhood of the treasury, lest the plundering should commence in their absence, and they should lose their share of the spoil.

Their first act was to break open the gaol, distant about 100 yards from the treasury, and release some 300 prisoners who were confined within. A tumultuous noise and shouting about six P.M. announced to me that the work of destruction had begun; at the same moment information

was brought me that the mutineers from Bareilly were entering the station, and that all my police had thrown away their badges and joined them. The released prisoners then came shouting and yelling close up to my house. I felt my work was then over; that the ship had sunk under me, and that it was now time to try and provide for my own safety. My horse, a small grey Cabul galloway belonging to my wife and constantly ridden by her, on whose speed and endurance I knew I could depend, had been standing all day saddled. I at once mounted him, and rode slowly away from the house, followed by the Messrs. Donald and Gibson.

The town, then full of mutineers, lay between us and the road to Moradabad, by which I had hoped to escape to the hills; I was therefore anxious to give the mutineers time to get to the treasury, which I knew would be their first point, and then endeavour to make a circuit round, and thus fall into the Moradabad road. When I had gone some hundred yards from the house I was met by the chief of Shikoopora, a Mahomedan gentleman of family and influence, who used frequently to visit me. He dissuaded me from attempting to get round the town, as the roads were crowded with sepoys and released convicts. He begged me to come and take refuge in his house, about three miles off, and in a different direction from that I had intended taking. This I readily consented to do, as I hoped that I could remain concealed with him until the mutineers had abandoned the [illegible] when I would have returned, and endeavoured to [illegible]ay duties and restore some degree of order. The [illegible]n at the same time said he would grant an asylon to

me alone, but not to the others of my party. I, however, thought I might be able to induce him to abandon this resolution, and retain us all, and I therefore took no notice at the time. We then turned and accompanied the sheikh. We had to return past my house, and, though scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since leaving it, I found the work of plundering it had already commenced, and that my own chuprassies were busily employed appropriating my property. The first man I saw was one of my own orderlies, and who had been a favourite of mine, with my dress-sword on him. Of course I was in no position to resent his conduct, or even notice it.

I was now obliged to leave poor Mr. Stewart, my clerk, and his family. They were in sad distress, for they had neglected my warning in the morning to effect their escape while it was possible, and now it was apparently too late, their only conveyance being a buggy which could proceed only by regular roads, and these were all blocked up by the mutineers and rebels. There was nothing for them but to hide in the fields; and all I could do for them, in my own desperate circumstances, was to consign them to the care of an influential man in the city who had promised to look after to see and I hope has done so; what has become of them, however, I know not; but as they were East Indians and however as dark as the natives, I trust they managed to escape, and are now alive.*

* I subsequently ascertained that the whole family escaped, and after great hardships, were among the number of those rescued by the efforts of Mr. Wilson, C.B., C.S.

My heart was indeed heavy in finally leaving that peaceful happy home, where, for the past eighteen months, we had enjoyed much rational happiness and blessed tranquillity. When I look back to that time in my present circumstances of peril, it appears like the days of heaven upon the earth. One of my private servants, an Afghan named Sooltan Mahomed Khan, accompanied me, and also Wuzeer Singh; who alone, of all the police establishment at Budaon, remained faithful to his salt. I had with me one change of clothes, which I entrusted to my groom; but he disappeared immediately, and I never saw him again, so I was reduced to those on my back. I took with me also a little Testament, and darling May's purse, intended for my birthday presents, and which had just reached me from home: these, with my watch and revolver, and 150 rupees divided between Sooltan Mahomed and Wuzeer Singh, who carried them round their waists, were all the worldly goods I possessed; and with them I went forth for the first time in my life without a home or a roof to cover me, and like the patriarch, not knowing whither I went.

We crossed the Yar Wuffardar river, which ran just below my house, and, after about an hour's riding, reached Shikooporah, without notice or molestation. Scarcely had we dismounted from our horses and entered the village court, than one of the sheikh's brothers came up to us, and respectfully stated that it would be impossible for me, to remain with safety there, as our numbers would certainly attract attention, and bring down upon us the mutineers; we must therefore at once leave, and go on to a village of his, about eighteen miles distant on the left bank

Ganges. I was deeply mortified at this, and the consequent frustration of my hope of being able to lie close until the mutineers should decamp, and then return to the station. I therefore remonstrated strongly with the chief on his want of hospitality; but he remained quite firm, assuring me that while he was quite ready to shelter me alone, he would not grant an asylum to my companions. As they would not leave me, and I would not desert them, there was nothing for it but to comply with the sheikh's wishes, and start for the village further on. Fortunate it was for me that I did so.

I humbly regard this as another marked interposition of a merciful God to save my life; for shortly after we left Shikooporah, a body of Irregular Horse, who had accompanied the infantry portion of the mutineers from Bareilly (an event wholly unexpected by me, as the corps to which they belonged was considered staunch and loyal), beat up my temporary hiding place, and would have assuredly murdered me had they found me there, as they expected.

Kussowrah, 28th July.

I resume my writing, but with a lighter heart; for this morning, blessed be God, I have received tidings on which I can depend (the first since the 25th of May) of the safety of my beloved wife and child at Nynee Tal. Information was brought to me in the morning by some of the people in this village (in which we are now living, under the protection of Hurdeo Buksh, an influential zemindar of Oude), that a stranger had arrived in the night and was making inquiries

for me. He was suspected to be a spy from the rebels at Futtehghur or elsewhere, and his movements were being closely watched. I told my informant that I thought no harm could come of this man being brought before me. He was accordingly summoned, and turned out to be a common Kahar, or palkee bearer. I was in native dress, and he did not seem at first to recognize me; but at last said, "You are the sahib I have often seen in kutcherry at Budaon. I am a servant of Misr Byjenath's,* the Bareilly banker, and he has sent me to ascertain if the report which had reached him that you were alive, and in hiding, is true, and to inform you (if I could find you) that the 'mem sahib' and the child are both well at Nynee Tal, and quite safe, and want for nothing, as my master has taken care to have them supplied with necessary funds." Oh, what a load was lifted off my heart, by the tidings.

This is the first messenger who has reached us from the outer world since the 13th of June. He informs me that poor Mr. Stewart, my clerk, and his family, are as yet safe and in hiding near Budaon; that Khan Bahadur Khan is in power at Bareilly, and has assumed the government of Rohilcund; that poor Hay, Robertson, and Raikes, were

* Misr Byjenath, for his eminently loyal and devoted services, rendered at the risk of his life to our Government, received the title of Rajah and some valuable estates from the Viceroy, Lord Canning. Byjenath was imprisoned and tortured by Bahadur Khan, the rebel governor of Rohilcund. No treatment, however severe, dismayed this undaunted old gentleman, and, although imprisoned himself, with his brave son, "Gunga Purshad," he never ceased his efforts to aid, by money and supplies, the English at Nynee Tal, and the native Christians hiding in Rohilcund. His own narrative in the Appendix relates the sufferings they underwent.

among those massacred at Bareilly on the 31st May; and that he had himself seen their dead bodies dragged through the city; but that several Europeans had escaped to Nynee Tal, among them the Commissioner Alexander and Colonel Troup.

The messenger, whose name was Khan Singh, had been ten days coming from Bareilly, owing to the inundations, the rains being peculiarly heavy—a most fortunate thing for us, as it prevents bands of mutineers and rebels wandering about the country. He informs us that our troops are at Delhi, and all is going on well there; that there is daily fighting, and that Agra and Meerut are still safe. Khan Singh wished at once to return to his master with the news respecting me, and I gave him a little letter, enclosed in a quill, for my wife, which he promised to convey safely to Nynee Tal. I have great hopes that he will be able to do so, as the piece of quill is not an inch long, and can be easily hidden in the mouth in case of challenge. He left us on his return in the evening.

I must now resume the narrative of my proceedings on the night of 1st June, after leaving Shikooporah. We were accompanied by one of the sheikhs, and travelled through byways and fields, leaving the high-road at some distance to our left, in case of pursuit. We passed through a number of villages, literally swarming with men armed with swords and iron-bound lathees. They were silent and not disrespectful, seeing us accompanied by the sheikh, whose tenantry they all were. He was, however, obliged to take the precaution to send men ahead to each village as we approached it, to prepare the people for our coming, and prevent any attack

upon us. As we travelled on I looked back and saw a bright gleam of light in the sky, which I knew full well was from the burning bungalows in poor Budaon; all the property I possessed adding to the blaze.

We reached our destination about 12 P.M. It was a miserable village called Kukorah, but containing one better sort of house, in which the sheikh resided when he visited the place on business. We were sent up to the roof of this house, to pass the night; and there commenced my sleeping in the open air, which, with one or two exceptions, I have been forced to do ever since. Before going to rest we all joined in prayer, thanking God for having so mercifully preserved us hitherto, and commending ourselves to His merciful protection for the future. Although weary and worn out with the events of the past 24 hours, I scarcely closed an eye. About 4 A.M. we were awoke by order of the sheikh, who recommended, indeed insisted, on our at once crossing the Ganges, to a place called Kadir Gunge in the Etah district, where we would be, he declared, quite safe; which we could not hope to be much longer in his village, as the Irregular Cavalry would soon be on our track. I consented, thinking that by joining Phillipps and Bramley at Puttealee, I might get aid from them, and return to Budaon, to attempt to restore order. I was, however, doomed to bitter disappointment, as the sequel will show.

We took leave of the sheikh about 5 A.M., and rode to the bank of the Ganges, where we found a boat and crossed to the opposite side. The right bank was lined with a large concourse of people, assembled to attack and plunder some

neighbouring village.* The crowd hailed us, and fired two or three shots at the boat, as we went down the centre of the stream; but the balls never came near us, and did no harm. We landed unmolested about a mile below this mob, and rode on to Kadir Gunge, a ruinous old fort, about two miles inland. The owner, a Mahomedan gentleman of some influence, received us very kindly, and assigned us a room, where we were sheltered from the heat, by this time become intense. His retainers, fully armed, were all assembled about the premises for the protection of the place, as a large body of marauders were assembled in the neighbourhood—others than those we saw on the river bank—and threatening an attack. At this time, as far as I could judge, this man was very well affected towards our Government, and was in high spirits; information having just reached him, that Phillipps, who was at Puttealee, only eight miles off, had been joined by Bramley, with a large body of horse, and that they would at once commence restoring order in the district. This was most cheering news for me. I sent off a messenger at once to Phillipps, informing him of the Budaon disaster, and saying we would join him in the evening. About 5 P.M. a reply was brought, and disheartening enough it was; saying that Bramley had only brought a few horsemen with him, and recommending me to join them immediately, as it was their intention to make at once for Agra. We thought it as well not to communicate this news to our

* These assemblages of several villages to attack some large one the people call "Pukars," and it is quite astonishing how soon multitudes collect for this lawless purpose, and how completely they do their work, almost rooting up, as it were, the place attacked.

host, and we left him immediately; reaching Puttealee about 7.

I found Bramley and Phillipps in very low spirits; and no wonder, for they informed me that news had just reached them that the body of horse which had been sent to their aid, consisting of Oude Locals from Lucknow, had the day before murdered their officers on the line of march, and proceeded in a body to Delhi; and that the guard with themselves, composed of sixty men from their homes on leave from different regiments, were not to be depended on, but were supposed to be in league with the Oude mutineers, and might rise and murder us at any moment.

We remained the 3rd and 4th at Puttealee with these fellows all round us, and very anxious. On the 5th, we got rid of the greater number of the troopers, by sending them nominally to guard a Tehseeldaree, some twenty miles off, in which there was a considerable sum of Government money. We heard afterwards, that immediately on reaching the place, these fellows seized the money, and then went off; some to their homes, some to join the mutineers.

A fine old Resseldar of Liptrot's Horse remained with us, and about twenty troopers, upon whose fidelity he said we could depend. I had frequent communications with this old officer (who, by the way, is now, I hear, in high favour with the Nawab of Futtehghur, and commanding some of his troops,) as to the causes of disaffection in the native army. He never mentioned the cartridges, or fear of outrages on their religion, as the causes, but ascribed them to the great dissatisfaction which existed at the acts of the Government, in the curtailment of furloughs and other privileges, the levy

en route to their homes, from sepoys, of tolls at Ghauts, and in Government Seraiees, from which payments they were formerly exempt, being treated as a privileged class; also the distance they had to serve from their homes.

On the afternoon of the 5th, an anonymous note was brought to Phillipps, stating that 200 mutinous sepoys were at a place some ten miles off, who intended coming to attack Puttealee the next morning, as they heard the district officers were assembled there, and had much treasure with them. This intelligence determined us at once to start for Agra, and preparations were made for leaving as soon as the moon rose, at 10 P.M.

I received, about the same time, a communication purporting to be from some of my friends in Budaon, stating that the mutineers had decamped from thence with the treasure, after firing the place and destroying all the buildings, and had gone back to Bareilly, and urging me strongly to return, as there was no longer any danger. I despatched a reply, saying that I was quite willing to do so, provided they would send me a sufficient force for my protection to the bank of the Ganges to conduct me to Budaon; and stating that I would remain at Puttealee till I heard it had arrived. I sent by the messenger also a note to my wife at Nynee Tal, telling her what had occurred, and that I was safe thus far.

Phillipps and Bramley, however, both urged me so strongly not to return to Budaon, but to accompany them, that I acceded to their representations, and gave up my intention. We set off; the sowars with the old resseldar led, a number of half-armed thakoors followed next, and we

ourselves brought up the rear. We feared that the sowars might prove treacherous on the way and attack us, so the thakoors were interposed between us and them, in order that if they *did* charge down upon us they must first pass through that body, and we should thus have warning of their intentions. We marched about four miles, when we thought that what we feared had actually occurred, and that we were at once to be attacked, for there was a sudden halt and a great noise and rushing about in the front. It was caused by one of the sowar's horses, a mad, vicious brute, which, having thrown his rider, came charging down upon us, and galloped back and forwards through the body of foot and horse, until he was stopped by a severe spear wound administered by a sowar whose horse he was attacking.

We marched without any other interruption all night, only halting once or twice to rest the men and horses. As the morning dawned we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of a small fort, about five miles from the Grand Trunk Road. Those inside threatened to fire upon us unless we halted and told who we were. The killahdar was one of our own zemindars; and after a parley with Bramley, with whom fortunately he was previously acquainted, he allowed us to enter the place and rest, while we sent out for information as to the road being clear in our front towards Mynpoory, for which place we were marching.

The messenger despatched for this purpose soon returned with the very alarming intelligence that there was a body of mutineers, horse and foot, on their way to Delhi, halting in our immediate vicinity, and completely blocking up the

road in our front. We immediately consulted together on what course to pursue; the zemindar insisting on our immediately removing from his fort, which he feared would be attacked by the mutineers, as soon as they heard of our being in it.

We at first thought of making an attempt to cross the road in front of this body, trusting to the speed of our horses to escape, if we were pursued. On consultation, however, this plan appeared too hazardous, and we determined to retrace our steps and remain in some village in the rear, until night fell; when we might hope to elude these troops, and escape past them to Agra through Mynpoory. As we approached the village where we thus intended remaining, we thought it best to send on a sowar to see if the place was clear; we ourselves halting in a small grove about a mile off, where we were hidden from observation. It was very fortunate that we took this precaution, for our messenger presently returned, telling us the village was occupied by 200 mutinous sepoys; the very party who we heard intended beating up our quarters at Puttealee, and who, changing their intention, had moved off in this direction.

This intelligence caused us entirely to alter our plans, and, striking through the jungles and by bypaths, to return to Puttealee. The sowars under the resseldar had by this time become very insolent in their bearing: probably in consequence of our having already dismissed our thakoor guards of infantry, who were quite knocked up with the night march. It became very desirable, therefore, to get rid of these fellows; Bramley accordingly called up the old resseldar and told him we no longer required his services, or

those of his men, and that they might return to Furruckabad, whence they had come, or go anywhere else they liked. The attitude of these fellows became at this moment most threatening; they seemed just wavering as to whether they would charge down upon and destroy us, or go off and leave us. They consulted together for a moment—one of breathless suspense to us—and then, to our great relief, suddenly turned about and rode off. We now went on, changing our direction as soon as we lost sight of the sowars, with the view of preventing their afterwards following our movements.

We marched from 6 o'clock in the morning until the afternoon, when, completely exhausted by the terrific heat and dust, we came upon a small hamlet. There an old soldier, a pensioner of our Government, who had served in Affghanistan, greatly commiserated our position, and in answer to our request for water brought us milk and chupatties, which were most acceptable in our fainting state. We rested here for an hour, and on going away I offered the old man a little money in return for his hospitality. He flatly refused to receive it, saying, with apparently real sorrow, "You are in far greater need than I am now, who have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungles; but if ever your raj is restored, remember me, and the little service I have been able to render you."

We promised to do so, and then left him. Still going through the jungle, we reached Puttealee, thoroughly tired out, at nightfall, having been in the saddle continuously since ten the previous night; more than twenty hours. Here Bramley and Phillipps determined to halt one day and rest

their horses, and then make a fresh attempt to reach Agra.

At this time we were under the impression that our safety was best consulted by separating from each other, instead of keeping together; and as I could not abandon the persons who accompanied me, but felt at the same time I had no right to add to Bramley and Phillipps' risk by imposing ourselves upon them, I determined to leave the latter to go on to Agra by themselves, and with my party to endeavour to get back to Budaon, and if possible push my way through that district to the hills. The two Messrs. Donalds, Mr. Gibson, and myself therefore started from Puttealee about 11 A.M. of the 7th June, to return to Kadir Gunge. Phillipps, as I was leaving him, said in so marked a manner, "I feel certain and confident that we shall meet again," * that I felt quite cheered about him and myself.

We passed unmolested through multitudes of men who were crossing the road, laden with the plunder of some large village they had attacked and sacked during the night. The men of all the villages through which we passed were collected in bodies at the entrance of each, and, while quite respectful, crowded round us, asked eagerly, "When will your raj return? When will your raj return?—in ten days or fifteen days? We are worn out and tired with this continual watching and being on the alert in case of being attacked, and we long for peace and quiet again."

* And so it turned out, we met afterwards in 1859 in Calcutta. Phillipps succeeded in reaching Agra in safety, and subsequently rendered excellent service as magistrate of that city during the rebellion, and behaved with great gallantry at the battle of Shah Gunj; as also did Mr. Bramley, who was severely wounded in the action.

We reached Kadir Gunge about four in the afternoon, and were civilly, but very coldly, received by the zemindar, our host of two days previous. Since then he had heard of the mutiny at Bareilly, and the conduct of the regiment coming up to Bramley's aid, and the intelligence had a marked effect on his demeanour. He, however, said he would secure a boat to take ourselves and our horses to the Budaon side of the river.

Shortly after we were seated, there was an alarm of an attack, and a general rush of all the retainers to the tower where the stand was to be made; after about an hour's anxious waiting, intelligence was brought that the body of men who had been threatening the attack had gone off to plunder some other place in the neighbourhood. They passed, in number several thousands, within half a mile of us.

As we were sitting inside the house, and just about to start to cross the river, a traveller from the Budaon side entered the court outside, and from which we could not be seen. He was asked the news, and gave a dismal account of the state of the roads along which he had passed; all the villages having been plundered, and many burnt. He then said that a large body of horse was the day before at Kukorah (the village we had slept in on the 1st of June, and the place we were then bound for), searching for the collector (myself), and that they were now in a village opposite Kadir Gunge. This news determined me to remain where I was until the next day, in order to get some information if possible from Budaon as to the state of the district, and whether I could pass through it with any chance of safety.

I accordingly sent off a note to a person I considered staunch in the town, and requested him to write an immediate reply. This I hoped would have reached us by the next morning, but no messenger returned. Wearily the day passed on until evening, when our host, who had been much displeased at our remaining so long with him, and had scarcely given us any food, came to say that the boat was ready to convey us to the other side of the Ganges, and that we *must* start at once.

There was no help for it, so we mounted and rode off; but on reaching the Ganges we found that the boat provided for us was too small to contain any one of our horses, and that we therefore could not cross. We in vain endeavoured to get another; and, much depressed, were at last forced to betake ourselves again to the zemindar. He was very rude on our arrival, but was at length pacified. He strongly urged us to abandon all thoughts of crossing the river into Budaon, and to go on to Furruckabad, which place was sixty miles off, the road being pretty clear, and the station still safe. He told us the reason why he felt certain that no mutiny had occurred there as yet was, that several of his people were prisoners in the gaol at that place, and had it been broken open, they would surely have come back to their homes in this village ere that time.

We were perfectly helpless, and determined to follow his advice. Doing so, has brought me indeed to this place of misery; but had I crossed into Budaon, what might not have been my fate?

Byjenath's messenger, Khan Singh, informed me that the letter written to Puttealee to induce me to return to

Budaon, was a trick of the sepoys to get me into their hands. They had therefore sent the horsemen to the bank of the river, in expectation of my crossing, to await my arrival and destroy me on landing. They had been greatly exasperated against me, and determined to have my life, in consequence of finding only one lakh and a half in my treasury instead of seven, as they were led to expect; they knew that the deficiency was caused by my having refused to receive their money from the zemindars, as I knew it would, in all probability, fall into the hands of the mutineers.

The zemindar gave us two footmen for guides, who conducted us through several villages where we were unmolested. At length, about midnight, I saw the guide who was immediately in front of me stop suddenly and make a sign to us to halt. We accordingly did so, and coming close up to us he silently pointed out a large body of men, apparently between two and three hundred, lying in a hollow among a few trees, a little to our left. We thought they were all asleep, and that we could escape their notice, when all at once they rose up as one man and came towards us. It was no use attempting to fly, for we should then have lost our guides, as we were mounted and they were on foot; so we stood fast. I told the guide to go forward to meet them, and explain who we were. He was a sharp fellow, for I heard him immediately saying we were "Sahibs," going to meet and bring back some troops who were coming up from Furruckabad to restore order. The villagers seemed quite satisfied with this information and let us pass. They were lying out about a mile from their village, as an advanced picquet, in expectation of an attack by one of those "Pukars"

I have already spoken of, with which they were threatened. They were much pleased to hear that there was a prospect of order being restored by troops, and it was not for us to undeceive them. After leaving them we passed through the village, which was full of men; but they never noticed or stopped us, as we had been allowed to pass through their picquets.

About 2 o'clock A.M., the guides left us, having put us in the straight road to Futtehghur, and we travelled on by ourselves. Just as the morning dawned, we were much surprised to see an encampment about a mile to the right of the road; apparently of a considerable body of men, from the number of tents, and their being disposed in regular lines. There were, however, no sentries, nor any signs of life, and we passed unchallenged. After travelling the entire night, with only one halt of ten minutes to water the horses, we arrived about 8 A.M. at a considerable Pathan village called Kaim Gunj, where there was a Government tehseeldaree.

We rode into the enclosure and summoned the tehseeldar, who appeared after a considerable delay; he was a frail old man, but, as we afterwards discovered, with a noble heart; for, under Providence, he was the chief instrument in saving our lives at this place. By the time he came a considerable crowd had assembled round us, and the tehseeldar seemed anxious to get us to leave the tehseeldaree, and go with him to the residence of Nawab "Ahmed Yar Khan," a native gentleman of influence and the chief proprietor in the place; who, he said, would be happy to receive us, and who could protect us, as his house

was situated within a walled garden. We accordingly removed to this place, distant about a mile from the tehseeldaree, and were at once led into the garden, and told to remain there until the Nawab could himself receive us. We sat down under the shade of the trees; for the heat was by this time intense. Presently the Nawab's brother, attended by three followers, all armed with double-barrelled guns, came to look at us. He was quite intoxicated with opium, and very insolent and excited in his manner. He questioned us as to who we were, and on my telling him that I was the Collector of Budaon, and that the others were indigo planters and a customs patrol, he turned to me and said, "You I know, and will protect you as you are a Government officer; as for these fellows, I know nothing of them, and will have nothing to do with them." I thought it highly probable that, infuriated as he was with drugs, he might shoot down my companions at once, and they themselves quite expected he would fire on them. Fortunately, however, at this juncture the Nawab himself appeared, and the brother was at once taken away.

The Nawab was kind and polite in his demeanour, but seemed most reluctant to allow us to enter his house. After much demur he admitted us on my representing that we were greatly fatigued, and suffering much from the heat of the sun, as the trees afforded us no sufficient shelter. I told him we had no wish to remain with him, but were most desirous to press on to Futtehghur, and hoped he would get us a boat to take ourselves and horses down the river to that place. He professed his readiness to help us, and sent off a messenger to the Nawab Doollah, a relation of his

(living at a place about eight miles off near the Ganges, called Shumshabad), who we were assured would order a boat to be in readiness for us by the afternoon. We were then conducted to the top of the house, and some food given to us. My two servants were not allowed to accompany us, but remained with the horses in the court-yard below.

As we were eating our breakfast, a messenger came in and whispered something to the Nawab, who was sitting with us. The communication produced an immediate change in his demeanour; he rose, saying we must at once start for Shumshabad, where the Nawab Doollah would receive us, and that he would himself furnish us with an escort of five horsemen under the orders of one of his relatives, by name Multan Khan, a fine powerful Pathan between forty and fifty years of age, who was also sitting with us. Before taking leave of him, the Nawab required me to give him a certificate that he had treated us well and given us an escort. This demand is almost invariably a prelude to treachery, as persons to whom such documents are granted always consider their possession must clear them from all blame, whatever may happen to the granters. I was, of course, forced to give the certificate. As we rode out of the gateway, Multan Khan whispered to me, "It is as well for us to go across the fields, and avoid all villages;" and he at once struck off at a rapid gallop.

After riding for about four miles, we halted, to allow the riding camel on which Mr. Gibson and Wuzeer Singh were mounted to come up, they, with Mr. Donald, senior, who was on horseback, having fallen considerably behind. On riding up, Mr. Donald said to me, "I have heard something which

will make your blood curdle. Wuzeer Singh informs me, he overheard the Nawab's people and our escort, before leaving Kaim Gunj, say that we were all to be killed as soon as we embarked on board the boat." I rode up to Mr. Gibson's camel and questioned Wuzeer Singh, who assured me that he believed, from what he had heard, it was their deliberate intention to murder us all. Of course I was much shocked; but what could we do? I merely said, in reply to Mr. Donald, that we were helpless, and must now go on with our escort, showing no doubt of their fidelity, and trust in God to protect us. After halting about ten minutes, we again set off at a gallop, Mooltan Khan leading, and shortly after arrived at the Nawab Doollah's. There we were received with great civility by the Nawab's head man, a Hindu, who was sitting transacting business in an open verandah, surrounded by a number of people.

Several messages immediately passed between the Nawab and this official, who at last went to speak to his master, in the interior of the house. I took the opportunity to send him my compliments, hoping that he was well, and would see and assist us in procuring a boat to take us to Futtehghur. The man soon returned, saying the Nawab would not see us (which I thought a very bad sign); but that we should have a boat as soon as it could be prepared. He then recommended my sending intimation of our coming to the kotwal of Futtehghur, and he wrote a purwannah, or order, for me to sign, and I pulled off my signet ring to seal it. Some of the party asked to be allowed to look at the ring, which was handed round the circle, duly inspected and civilly returned to me. It required a great effort to

maintain a composed and cheerful demeanour all this time; but we contrived to do so, and to converse with those present. After sitting about an hour, we were invited to adjourn to a bungalow of the Nawab's, built and furnished in the European style, to have some refreshment before starting in the boat. The Hindu Kardar, Multan Khan, and our escort, accompanied us to this bungalow, and sat down with us. I ate, fortunately for me, some hard eggs, which sustained me well during the next eighteen hours.

I was about to lie down, and try to get some rest, for I was sorely fatigued, when my suspicions were aroused by Multan Khan coming up and saying, "I pity you from my heart." I asked him why? He was explaining that no boat had been prepared for us, and that we could never hope to reach Futtehghur alive, from the state of the villages and roads, when Mr. Donald, junior, who was standing at the window, called out to me in much alarm, that there was a crowd of armed men collecting round the house, and pouring into the compound. The Kardar almost at the same moment came up to me, saying, "You must all leave this place at once; you will be all killed if you remain any longer. Return whence you came, and stick to the sowars who accompanied you from Kaim Gunj." Our horses were immediately ordered and we mounted. As I rode out of the enclosure, I looked round for my two servants, but the crowd was by this time so great that I could not see them. My second horse, ridden up to this time by my Affghan servant, was standing at the door, and we begged Mr. Gibson to mount him; but he being an indifferent horseman declined, and then got on his camel. Up to this

time, the crowd did not meddle with us, and opened a way for us to pass through.

Mr. Donald, junior, and I were riding in front, accompanied by Multan Khan, and had advanced about 200 yards from the house, when we observed a body of horsemen drawn up across the road, in a grove immediately in our front, and waiting for us. Multan Khan pulled up his horse, and bade us at once return to the house, as the only chance of saving our lives; for he said that neither himself nor any of his men would advance with us another yard. It was out of the question to attempt to get through this body by our four selves, and so we turned back to the house.

I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the enclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon us, with savage shouts and yells. How I escaped I know not, for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was going on behind me, I saw Mr. Donald, senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr. Gibson and striking at him with swords and sticks.

I now noticed Multan Khan and our escort galloping off, leaving us to our fate. My only chance was to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr. Donald, senior, to follow me, and drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They opened for me right and left, and I passed close to poor Mr. Gibson: I shall

never forget his look of agony, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians who were swarming round him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice I was on the point of shooting some of the fellows, but refrained; thinking that threatening them with my pistol was most likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them.

I soon got clear of the mob, and joined Multan Khan and the escort, who had by this time halted. Mr. Donald, senior, followed me almost immediately. His horse was severely wounded by a matchlock ball in the near hind leg, but he was himself untouched. His son also rode up soon after; he had escaped unwounded by riding through the town, and jumping his horse over a ravine where the fellows could not follow him. A man also joined us mounted on my second horse, a difficult animal to manage; he threw his rider almost immediately, then bolted, and was, as I imagined, lost.

Multan Khan and the others seemed by no means pleased that we had escaped, and were very threatening in their demeanour. I rode up to the former, and putting my hand on his shoulder, said to him,—"Have you a family and little children?" He answered by a nod. "And are they not dependent on you for their bread?" I asked. He replied, "Yes." "Well," I said, "so have I, and I am confident you are not the man to take my life and destroy their means of support." He looked at me for a moment, and then said, "I will save your life if I can: follow me."

He immediately turned and set off at a gallop, and we followed him.

One of the sowars, a scoundrel belonging to the Mehid, pore Contingent, and mounted on a poor horse, rode alongside of me, and said,—"Give me your horse; mine is good enough for you." I put him off by some civil answer; but he was much enraged at my refusal, and remonstrated with Multan Khan for not at once murdering us. Finding he could not persuade him or the other sowars to attack us, he struck off to a village through which we were to pass, in order to raise the villagers to intercept and murder us. This caused Multan Khan to take a long circuit through the fields to avoid the village.

We reached Kaim Gunj about four P.M., and were instantly told to ascend to the roof of the house and show ourselves to no one. We were almost immediately informed that poor Mr. Gibson, who had been with us a few hours before, had been cut in pieces by the mob. The Nawab visited us soon after our arrival, and seemed heartily sorry for what had occurred; attributing the attack made upon us, and very justly, to the treachery of the Nawab "Doollah" of Shumshabad. He then plainly told us, that he could afford us no protection; that the people believed that we were covered with rings and jewels, and that the very children would tear us in pieces, if they saw us, to plunder us. I told him that we had nothing with us. But he said the story that I had produced my signet ring to seal the purwannah at Shumshabad had got about, and they believed we were covered with jewels, and that nothing would persuade them to the contrary. He said he could only consent

to keep us in his house until nightfall, when we must quit it. I told him I would try and return by the way I had come, to my own district, where I thought friends would protect me. The Nawab said this was impossible, as I should be cut to pieces within the first mile.

I then said that we would try and make for Futtehghur. The Nawab allowed this was our best plan, but he at the same time declared his inability to get a guide to conduct us; alleging as the reason, that news had been received of the total destruction of our army before Delhi, and the death of the Commander-in-Chief, who had poisoned himself, though we gave out he had died of cholera. I represented that without a guide we must perish by the way; but he was immovable, saying he could not help us, for no one would consent to aid or conduct us. Mr. Donald senior's horse was reported quite unable to move from his wound, and it became necessary to supply his place. After much trouble, the Nawab procured for him in the bazaar, for fifty rupees, a miserable pony, quite unsuitable for so heavy a man to travel with at any pace.

After the Nawab left us, we all three joined in prayer, thanking God for our preservation in the midst of such great danger, and entreating Him mercifully to open a door of escape for us, or if not to prepare us for Himself. I then sent for the old tehseeldar, who had befriended us in the morning, and on his coming pointed out to him the hopelessness of our ever reaching Futtehghur if we had to keep to the main road and pass through the villages, and that, therefore, we must have a guide to lead us through by-paths and fields. I begged him earnestly to go to the Nawab,

and try and induce him to give us at least one horseman as a guide. He consented to go, but expressed himself very hopeless of a favourable result; saying, if he succeeded he would come back again, but if he failed he would not return, as it would be only painful for him to part from us again. I then took off my watch and ring, as I had little or no hope of surviving, and made them over to him, to give to the first European officer he might meet, for conveyance to my family; he then left me.

My two poor companions had been fast asleep during this conference, and I now lay down myself, and fell into a light slumber, in which I continued for about an hour, when I was awoke by the voice of the Nawab saying,—"He is asleep; don't let us rouse him: he is in need of rest." With inexpressible delight, I then heard the old lame tehseeldar shuffling up and saying,—"It is never too soon to waken up a man, if you have good news for him." I started up and called them both in, when the Nawab told me he had prevailed on two trusty men, connections of his own, to convey us safely to Futtehghur, and that we must start in two hours thereafter. He also gave me the satisfactory intelligence that my second horse had been recovered, and was in the stable, and of course available for Mr. Donald, senior.

He and the tehseeldar then left me, enjoining me to lie down and sleep, and promising to come back soon with native clothes in which to disguise us. They returned at the appointed time, accompanied by our friend Multan Khan. I then roused up my companions, and we were dressed in the Nawab's clothes; every article of our own

dress, down to our boots, being burnt in our presence, to destroy all traces of us in the house. I only contrived to save my Testament and my darling May's purse; from which, however, I had to cut off the silver rings and tassels, lest they should attract notice. I put these, with my ring and watch, which the old tehseeldar returned to me, in my waist-belt. The Testament I have still with me, and it has been my solace in many an hour of anguish and peril; but alas! the purse I dropped on the road, and never saw again. I weep now when I think of that loss, and am not ashamed to say so; for sorrow and anxiety such as ours make the heart very ready to overflow at any remembrance of those we love, and whom it is probable we may never again meet in this life.

When all were ready, and our turbans, the most difficult part of our costume to arrange, put on, we descended to the courtyard and there found our horses and the two guides ready. I mounted, but found to my dismay that my own saddle (an excellent Wilkinson and Kidd) had been removed, and replaced by a miserable article without any stuffing, which I feared might seriously injure my horse's back and render him unserviceable. A glance at one of the guides, a fine tall man mounted on a good-looking bay mare, showed me that he had appropriated it; but it was no time for remark, far less remonstrance. The Nawab dismissed us very kindly, saying to me, "You make a very good Pathan in this dress; but mind, never venture to speak, or you will be at once discovered; the other two may speak, for they are country born, and have the native accent."

We rode slowly and in profound silence, through the town of Kaim Gunj, in which no one was stirring. Immediately on getting beyond it, the guide on the bay mare set off at a gallop, and led us through fields and through by-lanes for several miles without a halt. We had not proceeded very far when my little horse, who, notwithstanding my having scarcely been off his back for the past week, was pulling hard, ran me under the branch of a tree, and knocked off the turban which had been arranged with so much care. I was hopeless of being able to put it on again, as none but a native can do this, and that only after the education of years; but happily I caught one end of it as it fell to the ground, and, tying a knot in my curb rein and taking it in my teeth, managed to guide my horse, while I contrived to replace my turban; though not in a way to escape detection, had we been stopped and examined.

After going about eight miles we halted to breathe our horses, and I took the opportunity of having some talk with our guide. He turned out to be a trooper of Cox's troop of Horse Artillery, on leave at his home in Kaim Gunj. He assured me that 6,000 rupees would not have induced him to guide us, or give us any aid, had it not been for the earnest solicitations of his near relation the Nawab, to which he at last yielded. He was a splendid horseman, and had many a fight with the mare, a most vicious brute; which I watched with intense and breathless interest, as on the result my safety mainly depended. For the first few miles she went on without a check, but afterwards, and when it was highly important for us to go at speed, the brute would suddenly stop, rear and plunge, and do every-

thing to get rid of her rider; but it was of no use. He stuck to the saddle as if he was glued to it, and at last he would force her on.

After riding about two hours, we approached two villages close to each other, and between which we had to pass. The one on the right was in flames, and surrounded by a band of marauders, who were busily engaged in plundering it. As we came on at full speed, the fellows caught sight of us, when within about a mile of the village. They raised a tremendous shout, and commenced rushing to a point where they hoped to be able to cut us off. *Then* we did ride for our lives; our guide leading us with admirable decision and sagacity. It was a most exciting race for about fifteen minutes. The shouts and yells of these miscreants, and the noise of the flaming villages, excited our horses to such a degree that they needed no urging to do their best. Both mine behaved nobly: Jan Baz, carrying his fourteen stone rider as if he was a feather, and my own little Cabulee tearing along and clearing every obstacle as if he enjoyed the fun.

The excitement was so great, that I quite forgot the danger for the moment; although for some time it was doubtful whether we could clear the mob or not: we just succeeded in doing so, with about two hundred yards to spare; and I shall never forget the yell of rage the fellows raised when they saw they had missed their prey. Happily they had no firearms, and we were therefore quite safe from them, after we had once got beyond them. Had Donald been mounted on the miserable pony he purchased, instead of my horse, we must all have perished; as he never could

have gone the pace, and we, of course, could not have deserted him: we must all have been cut to pieces. The recovery of my horse, and his being available for Donald to mount, when I thought him lost for ever, was but one of the many instances of God's merciful interference on our behalf to preserve our lives which I have thankfully to acknowledge.

About 4 A.M., as morning dawned, we neared Furrukabad, having ridden about twenty-four miles. Our guide pulled up at a faqueer's hut for a drink of water, asking at the same time the news. In the grey morning light the faqueer did not recognize us as Europeans, and told our conductor that all was as yet quiet in Furrukabad, the regiment still standing; that the station had been deserted by the Europeans, but the Collector Sahib Probyn was still at his post; and that the previous day a portion of the regiment had put down a serious mutiny in the gaol, killing many prisoners who were trying to make their escape. We were much comforted by this intelligence, and rode on with our guard to the public serai, in the town, where we dismounted without attracting any notice, and walked our own horses about, native fashion, to cool them. Our guide then left us, and went to the kotwallee for news, but soon returned, bringing a chuprassie with him to conduct us to the collector's house. We remounted, our guides continuing with us for a short way; suddenly they left us, and I have never seen or heard of them since. Right well did they do their duty to us; and I will do my best to requite them, if my life is spared through these troubles.*

* One evening, at Agra, in January, 1864, a man accosted me as I was walking home from Court. I did not recognize him at the moment, but,

We reached Probyn's house about 8 A.M., and as we entered, and received his hearty welcome, none of us could speak, from emotion; it took us some minutes ere we could explain to him whence we had come, and what had occurred to us by the way.

Probyn then gave us an account of matters at Futtehghur and elsewhere in his neighbourhood; which was far from cheering. He informed us that the 10th Regiment N. I., which formed the Futtehghur garrison, had already broken out into open mutiny, and threatened its officers, but had been temporarily brought back to its duty, and was then apparently staunch; though in his opinion, *not* to be depended on. The European residents, with the exception of the officers of the 10th Regiment and Major Robertson, in charge of the gun carriages manufactory, had in consequence of the state of the regiment, left Futtehghur; some of them had proceeded in boats to Cawnpore, and others, including Probyn's wife and children, were at a fort across the Ganges, in Oude, belonging to a zemindar of considerable influence named Hurdeo Buksh, who had offered to protect them.

Probyn urged us very strongly to join this party: we were, however, most desirous of proceeding down to Cawn-

on his explaining who he was, I saw he was the trooper who had guided us so well. I told him I was glad to see him, as I had repeatedly inquired after him, but without success. I gave him a present, and told him I would apply to Government for a reward for him, if on inquiring I found he had behaved loyally in the rebellion. I told him to come to me the following morning; but he never appeared again, and I know not what has become of him. He had probably been a leading rebel, and, fearing the result of inquiries about his career, thought it best to disappear.

pore by boat; and this plan we should no doubt have followed, but (most providentially for us) intelligence, which appeared to be authentic, reached Probyn during the day that the troops there had mutinied, burned the cantonments, and attacked the Europeans. We then wished to make for Agra; but Probyn declared this impracticable, from the state of the roads and the large bodies of mutineers passing up towards Delhi. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to follow Probyn's advice; and happily, for me at least, it was that I did so.

We remained this day, the 9th of June, at Futtehghur. While there, Colonel Smith, commanding the 10th N. I., and Major Vibart, of the 2nd Light Cavalry, called upon me; the latter, when on his way to join his own regiment at Cawnpore, had volunteered to remain with Colonel Smith, who gladly availed himself of the offer. Major Vibart had commanded the party of the 10th N. I. who the day before quelled the riot in the gaol; and he had received on that occasion a severe contusion under the left eye, from a brick-bat thrown by one of the prisoners. Both he and Smith seemed very sanguine that the regiment would remain faithful; more especially as news had just been received of a successful action against the mutineers near Delhi, by the Meerut troops under General Wilson.

We remained at Futtehghur until the afternoon of the 10th, when we crossed the Ganges and joined the party at Dhurumpore—Hurdeo Buksh's fort. The heat was most intense; the sun blistering my hands into a mass of pulp, but doing me no further harm. We found a large assemblage of people congregated in the fort; among them the

Judge of Futtehghur, Thornhill, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and my former assistant at Budaon, Robert Lowis, with their wives and children. This party had been already some days at Dhurumpore, and were very much dissatisfied with their position. I must say I thought very justly; for the fort was in so dilapidated a condition that successfully to defend it against any organized attack of the mutineers was quite hopeless. The accounts they had heard of the 10th N. I. putting down the outbreak at the gaol and returning to their duty, led them to believe that there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from that regiment, which would now continue staunch. They accordingly determined to abandon Dhurumpore, and return in a body to Futtehghur, notwithstanding Probyn's repeated remonstrances against the step, and his assurances, from the information he possessed, that the regiment was not to be depended on, and only remained true to its duty until such time as they found it convenient to mutiny; which depended on the movements of other mutinous corps with whom they were in daily correspondence.

Probyn himself, and his family, consisting of his wife and four children, determined to remain under Hurdeo Buksh's protection; an act which the party leaving considered one of great and foolhardy rashness. I at first intended to accompany them back to Futtehghur, along with the two Donalds, who were also returning; when a sudden thought struck me that I had better stay with Probyn, and I asked Hurdeo Buksh's agent if his master had any objection to my doing so. He at once, on behalf of his master, begged that I would remain. The party left

Dhurumpore the night of the 11th, and reached Futtehghur next morning.

On the 12th I received letters from Lowis and Vibart begging us to join them, assuring us that the regiment was quite staunch, and that we were in much danger at Dhurumpore, as Hurdeo Buksh would certainly fail us, if any pressure was put upon him. I showed these communications to Probyn, who expressed complete confidence in Hurdeo Buksh, and none whatever in the fidelity of the 10th. His prognostications proved correct; showing the accuracy of the information on which he had been acting throughout. Had Colonel Smith and the other officers of the 10th, as well as the others attached to the station, listened to his advice, the fort of Futtehghur would, early in May, have been provisioned, and garrisoned by pensioners and others to be depended on; and so all the calamities which subsequently occurred would, in all probability, have been averted. Providence, however, ordered it otherwise.

About 10 P.M. on the evening of the 13th, as I was lying half asleep, I was aroused by hearing a familiar and welcome voice saying, "Tell the sahib, Wuzeer Singh has come!" I instantly jumped up and called him in, right glad to have him again with me. He informed me that on being separated from me in the crowd at Shumshabad, and seeing me ride off, he had no hope of rejoining me; he had, therefore, to ensure his own safety, concealed himself among the bushes in the garden. There he remained during the attack made upon us till the crowd dispersed, and was lucky enough to escape notice. He saw poor Mr. Gibson cut to pieces, and his body lying at the gateway, where it remained

until the evening; crowds of the villagers coming up to look at it, yelling round it, and exhibiting the greatest demonstrations of joy at the sight—as he expressed it "rejoicing as they do at a marriage." At nightfall two sweepers dragged off the body and threw it on a dunghill, where it was devoured by the dogs. He also saw the poor man's riding camel taken in triumph into the inner court of the Nawab Doollah's house, to be exhibited to him. Wuzeer Singh lay close the whole of that night, and the next day, until evening; when he was discovered by a man, who, however, did not give information, but, pitying him, brought him a little food, and told him that I had not been killed, but had escaped into Futtehghur.

At nightfall Wuzeer Singh left his place of concealment, and, in consequence of this intelligence, made his way to Futtehghur during the night. Reaching it early in the morning he searched for me in vain through the cantonments. At last hearing that some Europeans were still at Dhurumpore, he made his way across the Ganges, in hopes of finding me among them; in which he was successful, as I have already described. He brought with him the whole of the money with which I had entrusted him on starting from Budaon; as also my gun, which he had contrived to carry off safe from the midst of the enemy.

For two days after the return of the Europeans to Futtehghur, all went well, and the 10th did their duty as usual.

Suddenly the 41st N. I., which had been quartered at Seetapore in Oude, having mutinied and massacred the Europeans there, and marched towards Futtehghur, were

reported to have arrived on the bank of the Ganges opposite Furrukabad. On this intelligence reaching the 10th, it at once rose in mutiny. Fortunately, this occurred early in the morning of the 14th of June; and as the Europeans, who had taken the precaution since their return of sleeping in the fort, had not then left it, they escaped being massacred.

The first act of the regiment was to march to the Nawab, lay the colours of the regiment at his feet, offer him their services, and fire a salute in his honour. The first intimation we received of what was going on was the firing of this salute; which, as it consisted of 30 or 40 guns, fired very irregularly, native fashion, we imagined must be an attack on the fort. We saw at once, from the consternation excited thereby among Hurdeo Buksh's people, that there was not much to be expected from them, should the mutineers make any attack upon Dhurumpore.

During the day we received very conflicting reports from Futtehghur: at one time, that the 41st were not going near the town, but straight on to Delhi, and that the 10th had sent them word that if they advanced nearer than the bridge, they would attack them. We were then told to keep quite close within a room, to avoid being seen, and to admit no one. While sitting there, we were disturbed by a knocking and digging at one of the outer walls of this room, which continued many hours. The noise suddenly ceased, and on going out in the evening, as we were permitted to do, we were much surprised to see that a fine 18-pounder gun had been dug out of the wall; where it had been concealed since the proclamation issued last

year by the Resident at Lucknow to the Talookdars of Oude requiring them to give up all their ordnance. A 24-pounder was at the same time produced from a field, where it had been concealed about fifty yards from a neem tree, which marked its position. The wheels and other portions of the carriages of these guns were fished up from wells, where they had been hidden. Four other guns of different calibres were brought in from the chief villages in the neighbourhood, where they had been concealed; and all six were mounted and in position in the court-yard ready for service by night-fall. We heard that there were many more guns which could be produced if need be.

The guns were not brought into position sooner than they were required; for suddenly, about 8 P.M., there was a great commotion in the fort, and messengers despatched in fiery haste in different directions to collect the chief's feudal retainers; the alarm having been given that a large body of mutineers had crossed the Ganges, and were marching towards Dhurumpore to seize the two Collectors (as Probyn and myself were called), and plunder the fort. In an incredibly short space of time nearly one thousand people, all armed with some weapon or other, had, in answer to their chief's summons, assembled at his residence, ready to do their best to oppose the expected enemy. The guns, with these retainers in the rear, were drawn up just outside the gate of the fort; and there Probyn and I joined Hurdeo Baksh. We were far from being favourably regarded by his people, who looked upon us as the proximate cause of the mutineers advancing on Dhurumpore: the latter having been attracted by the report,

quite false though very generally believed, that Probyn had removed to Hurdeo Buksh's care several lakhs of the Government treasure; which they, of course, wished to appropriate.

Scarcely had we joined Hurdeo Buksh, when he intimated to us that we must at once leave Dhurumpore, and proceed to a small village across the Ramgunga, three miles off, where some connections of his own would receive and conceal us. This move he declared would not only ensure our safety, but his own also; as he said he should then be able, if the mutineers did actually come to Dhurumpore, to show them the interior of the fort and convince them we were not within. Probyn and I demurred greatly to this plan at first. Probyn said to me, "It is better to die fighting where we are, for if we once leave Dhurumpore we shall have our throats cut in half an hour." I saw, however, that Hurdeo Buksh was in earnest, and that he would on no account permit us to remain longer with him. I therefore went up to him, and seizing his right hand, said that we would at once go, if he would pledge his honour as a Rajpoot for our safety. This he at once did, and that most heartily, saying—"My blood first shall be shed before a hair of your heads is touched: after I am gone, of course, my power is at end, I can help you no longer."

I knew of old that when a Rajpoot chief once gave his right hand and pledged his honour, his word might be fully depended on; and I told Probyn and his wife that I thought we ought to lose no time in moving off and doing as Hurdeo Buksh desired us. We accordingly gathered together our bedding and a few things for the four children,

and started: Mrs. Probyn carrying one child, I the baby, Wuzeer Singh a third as well as my gun, and Probyn's servant the fourth child. Probyn himself carried his three guns and ammunition. How thankful did I feel at that moment that my wife and child were, as I hoped, safe in the hills, and that I had to face alone these alarms and perils.

We had to walk for about a mile till we reached the ferry of the Ramgunga, where we were detained for a long time waiting for a boat. At last it came, and we crossed about midnight. After walking about two miles on we reached the village of "Kussowrah," and were very civilly received by the Thakoors, who were uncles of Hurdeo Buksh; but of an inferior rank, as their mother had never been married to their father.

We were led through several enclosures to an inner one where there were cattle penned, a mare with her foal, and several goats. This, we were told, was to be assigned as our quarters: some of the animals were cleared out for us; the rest, we were promised, would be removed the next morning. We found it impossible to sleep from the excitement, the filth of the place, and the effluvia of the animals, and were very miserable and depressed. In the morning we contrived to make ourselves more comfortable, our four-footed companions having been sent out to graze.

We were informed that a body of sepoys, two hundred and fifty strong, belonging to the 10th Native Infantry, had actually crossed the Ganges the night before, giving out that their intention was to attack and plunder Dhurumpore, and seize and murder us. This body advanced to within a

short distance of the place, when they suddenly struck off towards Lucknow. They had with them three lakhs of treasure, which they had contrived to remove from Futtehghur without the knowledge of their comrades, who were deceived by their story that they were only going to Dhurumpore and would rejoin them next day.

Hurdeo Buksh's people wished to attack and plunder this party; but he very wisely would not permit them, because, as he subsequently told us, he "feared that if once his people got the taste of plunder, he would never after be able to restrain them." This party accordingly passed through his estate quite unmolested; but as soon as they crossed his border they were attacked by the villagers of the next Talooqua, plundered, and destroyed. They were accompanied by an officer of the 10th Native Infantry, whom they had promised to convey safely into Lucknow; and on being attacked by the villagers, they desired this officer to leave them, as they said it was on his account they were attacked. This he was forced to do; and after wandering about for some time, as we afterwards learned, he received a sunstroke while crossing a stream, and was carried in a dying state into a village, where he shortly after expired.

We remained perfectly undisturbed at Kussowrah up to Sunday, the 20th of June; when we were startled, about 4 A.M., by hearing heavy guns open. At first we hoped it might be a salute, but soon recognized that peculiar sound of shotted guns, so different from that emitted by blank cartridges; which, as well as the rapid and continued fire, convinced us that it was an attack on the

fort. We were able also to distinguish replying guns. The fire slackened for a short time during the heat of the day but towards evening became very heavy; it continued so all night and next morning until midday, when it again slackened; but only to recommence, as on the previous day, with increased fury. There was one very heavy gun which was discharged every five or ten minutes during the whole time, and we always encouraged ourselves by imagining that this was one of those in the fort; which we earnestly trusted was on each discharge doing much execution among the enemy.

Our anxiety during these miserable hours was well nigh overwhelming; forced as we were to remain inactive, and unable to aid in any way our poor beleaguered countrymen and women. Probyn, on the commencement of the firing, sent a message to Hurdeo Buksh (for we were prohibited from going to him, and he never came near us), entreating him to send a body of his men to assist our people, and assuring him that in the event of their attacking the mutineers they would be handsomely rewarded. Hurdeo Buksh, however, sent a reply that it was quite impossible for him to do so; as his people, although quite willing to peril their lives in our defence, and in repelling any attack on Dhurumpore, would not consent to cross the Ganges, or act against the mutineers.

In the meantime, we were receiving the most conflicting reports of what was going on at Futtehghur; one man would come in and say that the mutineers could make no impression on the fort, and had suffered so severely from our fire that they had determined to abandon the attempt

to take the place, and proceed to Delhi: scarcely had he left, when another of the villagers would cast down our hopes by informing us that our people were very hardly pressed, and were quite worn out by continual fighting; that their feet and legs were so swollen with the fatigue of standing day and night at their posts, that they resembled those of elephants, while their eyes were starting from their sockets for want of sleep: then an eager messenger would come in from Hurdeo Buksh, to say that he had sure intelligence that our people were all safe, and that the 41st Regiment was so dispirited that they were to raise the siege and move off next morning: no sooner had he delivered his news than we were told that the Nana had offered the mutineers a lakh of rupees (10,000*l.*) if they would carry the place by storm, and massacre the inmates, and that they were preparing to escalade that night. Matters went on in this way until the 22nd, when we prevailed on one of Hurdeo Buksh's men to try and make his way into Futtehghur, and learn how matters really stood. He went away, promising to bring us back news by the following night.

As we were sitting together on the forenoon of the 22nd, listening to the firing (which by this time was incessant), and in the deepest anguish of mind, Probyn received a note from our poor friend Robert Thornhill, the Judge of Futtehghur. The messenger who conveyed it had left the fort the previous evening; having eluded the besiegers by dropping down from the wall into the Ganges and swimming across. The note was written in great haste, and under deep depression, almost despair; informing

us that they had been assailed without intermission for the past forty-eight hours by the 41st Native Infantry, who had been reinforced by the Mhow Pathans—that the garrison was completely worn out, and must all perish, unless God befriended them, and sent them some speedy aid. He implored Probyn to induce Hurdeo Buksh to go to their assistance with all the men he could muster: guaranteeing him in that case the highest rewards and pensions to all his men who were wounded, and to the families of those who might be killed.

Probyn accordingly again communicated with Hurdeo Buksh, by a messenger; but with no better success. We could, therefore, only send a reply to that effect to our poor friends in the garrison; and it almost broke our hearts to have to do so. Probyn advised Thornhill to endeavour to get the assistance of a body of men in Furrukabad, called "Sadhs;" a fighting class of religionists, who were supposed to be very hostile to the Sepoys and would act against them.

In the same afternoon we were visited by two bankers from Furrukabad. When they appeared, I said to Probyn that I did not like their manner, and was sure they were after no good, and were spies. He, however, said he knew them to be well-wishers. They expressed the greatest pity for our miserable position, shut up in a cowhouse without comforts of any kind, and with our lives hanging by a thread; they assured us of their great anxiety to help us in any way we could point out; and gave us very cheering accounts of Futtehghur, saying that the mutineers as well as the Mhow men were much dispirited, and that there was no

danger of the garrison falling into their hands. They then left us, saying they would send us daily intelligence from Furrukabad of what was going on.

All this night the fire from both sides was incessant, and some persons belonging to the village, who had been in the neighbourhood of the Ganges during the day, told us, on their return, that the musketry fire was also tremendous, and the loss on both sides very heavy.

About noon on the 24th, our messenger returned. He had contrived to make his way into the fort, and had seen and spoken with some of those inside. Among them to Thornhill and Robert Lowis. He had been, he asserted, seized by the sepoys, and obliged in self-defence to drop a note he was conveying to me from Lowis, and which accordingly we never saw.

He told us that the case of those within the fort was desperate; that, although fighting with the most undaunted resolution, human nature could not hold out much longer; the entire remaining garrison having to remain on the alert night and day, and never for an instant leave their posts. Their original number of thirty-two fighting men was then considerably reduced; Colonel Tucker, Mr. Jones, and an artillery sergeant having been shot dead at their posts, Mr. Phillimore of the 10th wounded, and R. Thornhill having accidentally shot himself in the right arm. The ladies, women, and children, were shut up in Major Robertson's house inside the fort, where they were pretty safe from cannon shot. One of them, the wife of the sergeant who was killed, had been shot dead; having first avenged her husband's death by killing many of the mutineers with a rifle from

the bastion, where she had taken her stand until killed. He told us that Colonel Smith, who was an unerring marksman, was killing numbers of the enemy with a pea rifle from his post on the wall, which he never left; and that Vibart, as we might have supposed from his undaunted character, was the real commandant of the fort, and going about among the thickest of the fire, directing and encouraging all. Our messenger, however, plainly said it was all in vain: that the defence could not be much further prolonged, as the ammunition of the garrison was failing, and the enemy had commenced mining the place, and, by an explosion on the previous day, had considerably injured one of the bastions. The mutineers had twice attempted to storm the fort by the breach thus formed; but were on both occasions driven back with heavy loss. They were led the second time by one of the Mhow Pathans, Multan Khan: to whom I had been so greatly indebted a few days previous, when the attack was made on us at Shumshabad. This man was shot dead on the top of the breach.*

We were greatly distressed by this account of the state of things in Futtehghur, and also considerably alarmed for

* This, I subsequently ascertained, was a mistake: the man who was killed was a relative of Multan Khan. He himself became a noted leader, and commanded the rebel army at the battle of Puttearee, where he and his troops were defeated by Brigadier-General Sir T. Seton's column. He subsequently commanded at the battle of Shumshabad, where he was again defeated by Sir H. Walpole's force. Multan Khan was afterwards captured, tried for rebellion, and sentenced to transportation for life beyond seas. This sentence, in consequence of my personal intercession on his behalf, was changed to one of perpetual banishment in India, and Multan Khan is now under surveillance at Saugor for the rest of his days.

our own safety, as the messenger informed us that the two bankers who had visited us the previous day, had, on recrossing the Ganges, gone straight to the Nawab and Subahdar commanding the 41st Native Infantry, and informed them that they had just "seen the Collectors of Futtehghur and Budaon, who were concealed at Thakoor Kussuree Singh's bukree (farm-yard), on the eastern side just adjoining the road, where a few armed men could easily seize and destroy them." The Nawab and Subahdar, on receiving this intelligence, had said they would take measures for seizing us, as soon as the fort was taken and the troops were at liberty.

Two other miserable nights and days passed over us; the cannonade continuing as heavy as on the previous ones. Suddenly, about five in the morning of (I think) the 29th June, it entirely ceased. We at once imagined that the besiegers had stormed successfully, and we could only look at each other in silent anguish; feeling assured that our poor friends and acquaintances, men, women, and children, were at that moment being butchered by a blood-thirsty and merciless enemy.

All remained perfectly still for more than two hours. Wuzeer Singh went out to try and gather some intelligence, but returned unsuccessful—the villagers being quite as ignorant as we were ourselves of what had taken place.

It is impossible to describe the state of mind we were in. Suddenly we were aroused from a kind of silent stupor, into which we had fallen, by the renewed quick and irregular firing of heavy guns, the sound coming from another quarter than hitherto, and further down the river than

Futtehghur. We were listening attentively to every shot, pacing up and down the narrow space allotted to us, and not daring to exchange a word with each other, when a messenger came in from Hurdeo Buksh.

This man had been sent to the bank of the Ganges as soon as the firing ceased, in the early morning, to ascertain the cause, and having delivered the intelligence he had gathered to his master, had been sent on to tell us the news. Disastrous enough it was: during the night the Europeans had evacuated the fort and betaken themselves to three boats, which had been secured before the siege and anchored under the river in face of the fort, ready for embarkation, if required. They had, of course, hoped to be able to float down the stream unnoticed, and to be, before the morning broke, beyond the reach of the sepoys' fire. Much time, however, had been lost in getting the women and children into these boats, together with the baggage, ammunition, and stores; so that they had only got a short way down the river when day dawned, and they were observed. As soon as they saw they were perceived and the alarm given, the boats made for our side of the river, and were dropping down the stream, when the heaviest laden grounded about three miles below Futtehghur, and remained immovably fixed, notwithstanding all the efforts of the male portion of those on board, who got into the stream, to lighten and shove her off. It then became necessary to abandon this boat, and to summon back the nearest; which was obliged to work up stream, in order to take the passengers on board.

It was while engaged in transferring the unhappy people

from the one to the other, that the sepoys having dragged four heavy guns along the river bank opposite the boats, had opened on them. This was the [illegible] which was then going on; and, as we feared, with inevitable [illegible] effect to all.

The messenger had left as the firing was being continued, and while the second boat, having taken on board its passengers, was endeavouring to drop down the stream. The only consolation he gave us was that the boats were out of grape range, and that the firing being high, many of the balls had passed over the fugitives and buried themselves in the sand on the bank of the river. We begged of him to go off for more tidings; which we awaited with anxiety far too deep and terrible to be described. Men were every now and then rushing in with vague reports. At one time the boats were said to have sunk; at another they were reported floating down the stream unharmed, and beyond the range of the sepoys' guns. This we hoped was true, as the firing had gradually slackened, and then ceased for several hours.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, we were again aroused by the firing of heavy guns, apparently from a good way down the river, which lasted for about an hour. We remained in a state of the most painful suspense; but only the most conflicting rumours reached us, until late at night, when a horseman despatched to the river by Hurdeo Buksh, returned with the awful intelligence that of the two boats which had succeeded in escaping from Futtehghur, one had grounded near the village of Singerampore, and remained immovable, notwithstanding every effort to float her; the sepoys, who had been watching her movements from the bank, had dragged down two guns opposite this boat and

opened fire upon her. Two boats full of sepoys came also down the stream, and as soon as they were within range opened a heavy fire of musketry on the unfortunate party; and when they had approached close enough, commenced boarding under the cover of this fire.

There was no help left. Of those in the boat, the greater number jumped into the Ganges and escaped a worse fate by being either shot down or drowned; some were massacred on board, and three or four ladies were taken prisoners and conveyed on shore. The other boat, which was considerably in advance, although attacked at Singerampore, had contrived to escape, and was reported to have got safely away. It is said to have contained the Lowises and Thornhills. May God grant that the rumours which now reach us of its having safely reached Allahabad may be true.

This intelligence was too terrible for us to believe; and yet it was impossible entirely to discredit it. We trusted that in the morning better news might reach us. In the meantime we passed a miserable night, anxious and dejected; alternately sitting down, and rising up and pacing to and fro the small space of the enclosure. Earnestly and repeatedly did we three join in prayer, that God, in his infinite mercy, would shield and protect his poor people, "who were called by his name," and save them out of the hands of the enemy, and conduct them to some haven of safety.

The next morning the tidings of the previous day were confirmed. Of those who were in the last boat, none had escaped, except three of the ladies—Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss ——, and Mrs. Jones, with her little daughter of eight or

nine years old—who had all been taken to Furrukabad and made over to the Nawab: also one man, described to us as a sergeant, who had come ashore, desperately wounded, close to one of Hurdeo Buksh's* villages, and had been immediately sheltered and cared for by his orders. This person we afterwards discovered was Major Robertson. All was now silent: the work of slaughter was over, and no more firing was heard. We were therefore left to brood over our own position, which now became one of extreme peril.

The sepoys of the 41st, the "Dubyes" as they were called, were now disengaged; and the Nawab, acting on the information as to our place of hiding, which he had received from the bankers, was reported to be about sending over a detachment to seize us. He sent messengers across to Hurdeo Buksh, informing him that the English rule was at an end; that he had killed all belonging to that nation, who had been stationed in Futtehghur, and demanded from him an advance of a lakh of rupees (10,000*l.*), as his contribution towards the expenses of the new raj. The Nawab, however, intimated at the same time to Hurdeo Buksh, that he was prepared to waive this claim, provided he would send him in by the evening the two Collectors' heads—Probyn's and my own. The intelligence of this demand having been made was soon conveyed to us, and we were told that Hurdeo Buksh had thought it best to temporize. He had therefore

* The title of rajah with extensive confiscated estates were conferred on Hurdeo Buksh for his faithful and loyal services during the rebellion. He is now one of the most influential Talookdars of Oude, and a Knight of the Star of India.

replied to the Nawab that he would think about the matter, and send an answer afterwards. We felt pretty confident that Hurdeo Buksh would not give us up; but we thought it best to do what we could for our own safety, and to encourage him to oppose the Nawab. We therefore begged of him to pay us a visit, as we were prohibited from going to see him at Dhurumpore.

After several days' delay—during which we were tortured by frequent reports of detachments of troops from Futtehghur being in full march on Kussowrah to seize us (which they might easily have done, had they been at all enterprising), Hurdeo Buksh visited us late at night. He was evidently in much anxiety, about the safety of himself and his family, which was seriously compromised in consequence of his having harboured us. He told us, that besides the communication already alluded to, he had received sundry other messages from the Nawab and the two subahdars in command of the mutineers, threatening, if he did not give us up, to take very complete revenge upon himself and his people.

He gave us at the same time a very deplorable account of affairs around us; saying that Nana Sahib had assumed command of the mutineers at Cawnpore, where the English had been so completely destroyed that not a dog remained in the cantonment; that Agra was besieged; that our troops at Delhi had been beaten back, and were in a state of siege on the top of a hill near there; that the troops in Oude had also mutinied, and Lucknow was closely invested.

He, however, assured us that he would never give us up to the Nawab; but, with his people, do his best to oppose

any force which might be sent against Dhurumpore, from Furrukabad, for the pupose of seizing us: at the same time he said he thought his wisest course was to temporize. He had therefore sent a confidential agent to the Nawab to say that "he was with him, but as he had always, until the annexation of Oude, been immediately under that government, he did not like to act without previous communication with Lucknow; to which place he had sent a messenger, informing the new authorities there that he had two Collector sahibs with him, and asking what he should do with them. If they did not otherwise instruct him, he would then make us over to the Nawab, but it was quite imperative on him, before doing anything, to await the return of his messenger, who might be expected in ten or twelve days." The Nawab and the subahdars had, Hurdeo Buksh informed us, expressed themselves satisfied with this explanation.

In this way he hoped to gain time, until the rains, now close at hand, fell; when the Ramgunga and Ganges would rise in flood, and the whole country be inundated, so that Dhurumpore and Kussowrah would become islands surrounded with water for miles; he might then defy the sepoys, as it would be impossible for them to bring guns against him, and they would not dare to move without artillery.

It was nearly morning when Hurdeo Buksh left us, not much encouraged by his visit, and in a state of great doubt and perplexity. The tone of the people had, since the fall of Futtehghur, much changed towards us: they had become insolent, overbearing and threatening; clearly giving us to know that they wished us no good, and that it was only the

fear of the "Konwur," as they termed Hurdeo Buksh, that prevented their getting rid of us. A day or two after this we were visited by a connexion of Hurdeo Buksh, called the "Collector Sahib," accompanied by another relation, who we knew bore the bitterest animosity towards us. We felt that their coming boded us no good, and it was with much anxiety that we received them and awaited their communication. They told us that it was quite impossible for Hurdeo Buksh to protect us any longer: he had already risked enough for us: we must now therefore leave his protection and shift for ourselves. He had, they told us, sent them to tell us to prepare to start in a boat down the Ramgunga for Cawnpore: which place they asserted had not yet fallen, and which we might easily reach. We remonstrated against this arrangement, telling them it was quite contrary to Hurdeo Buksh's own sentiments so lately expressed to us by himself. They, however, would listen to no expostulations, and ordered us to be ready to start by next evening, by which time the boat would be prepared for us. The two old Thakoors of the village, who ever since our arrival had been uniformly kind and civil to us, as well as Seeta Ram, a poor Brahmin who had shown us much kindness and sympathy, depriving his own family of milk to give it to Probyn's children, entreated us not to proceed in the boat; assuring us that if we did so the villagers on the banks would murder us before we had gone five miles down the stream. We tried to communicate with Hurdeo Buksh; but our messengers were not permitted to cross the Ramgunga, which lay between us and Dhurumpore: we were therefore quite helpless, and could only do as we were

ordered, and prepare ourselves to go to what we felt assured was certain death. So convinced were the natives that the expedition would be fatal to us, that Probyn's three servants, hitherto faithful, refused to accompany him.

I then determined not to take Wuzeer Singh with me, but to send him to Nynee Tal with a farewell note and my little Testament to my wife, to tell her what had become of me. I summoned him for this purpose, and told him that he must now leave me, as I was going on a journey which would, in all probability, be fatal to us; that I could not allow him to perish on my account, which he would do if he accompanied us, and that he must try and reach my wife and tell her all that had befallen me. He expressed the greatest reluctance to leave me, and only consented to do so at my earnest and repeated solicitations. We then joined in prayer together, as I surely thought for the last time on earth. I implored him never to desert his faith or revert to idolatry; but, whatever happened, to cling to the Saviour he had once acknowledged. He wept much, and we parted; but, as it happened, only for a short time. In little more than an hour he came back into my room, and, throwing down the little parcel on the bed, said he could not go: he entreated that I might allow him to accompany me, saying, almost in the words of Ruth to Naomi, "Where you go I will go, and where you die I will die also." So determined was he to share my fate, that I was forced to consent to his accompanying me.

We had got our little baggage ready, and were prepared to start, almost resigned to our fate, when God in His infinite mercy, and in answer to our prayers, interposed to

prevent our going. When the messenger appeared, about 8 P.M., as we thought to summon us to start, he informed us that the boat was not quite ready, and that we could not move that night. Thus were we reprieved, for the time as it were, from certain destruction, for not one of us expected to see the morning light. After this, we were allowed to remain for a day or two unmolested.

The Ramgunga having in the meantime considerably risen, we were then informed that the voyage was in consequence quite safe, and that as the boat was ready we must be prepared to depart in the evening. Again did the Thakoors and Seeta Ram implore us to refuse to leave the village; we were, however, quite helpless, and could only obey.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, I forget the precise date, we started from the village to embark; Wuzeer Singh, and two of Probyn's servants, who had on this occasion volunteered to accompany him, carrying our little baggage, and what necessaries for the boat we could collect; Mr. and Mrs. Probyn each carrying a child, and I taking the baby, the only one of the children who would come to me. The old Thakoor Kussuree came with us to the end of the village, but declined going any further; saying, he could not be a party to conducting us to what he knew was intended for our destruction.

The road leading to the Ramgunga from the village, was one mass of mud and water; poor Mrs. Probyn was scarcely able to wade through it, and we could afford her but little assistance. We had proceeded about half a mile in the direction of the boat, when a breathless messenger met us from

Dhurumpore, telling us to turn back at once, and proceed to a village beyond Kussowrah, instead of to the boat; as the sepoys were in full march from Futtehghur to attack Dhurumpore, and that Hurdeo Buksh had gone out to meet them with his people. We returned back in accordance with these orders, every moment expecting to hear the firing commence.

We had gone about three miles in the direction of the village indicated, when we were overtaken by a second messenger from Dhurumpore, ordering us back to the boat; as the sepoys, who had advanced some way towards Dhurumpore, had retreated, and were reported to be re-crossing the Ganges. Accordingly we again retraced our steps, and stopped half an hour in Kussowrah to rest; as Mrs. Probyn, who had on this, as on every other occasion, shown the most patient fortitude, was very much exhausted, and her clothes saturated with wet and mud. We were not allowed to remain long, but were ordered off, as we thought finally, to embark in the boat. God, mercifully, however, ordered it otherwise.

When about half-way between Kussowrah and the river, we held a consultation together: it was determined, as a last resource, that Probyn should go on ahead of us, try to get across the river to Dhurumpore, and procure an interview with Hurdeo Buksh; as we thought that, by so doing, he might prevail on him not to expose us to a cruel death by sending us down the river without a guard, and with boatmen who would certainly desert us. He started; and Mrs. Probyn, the children, Wuzeer Singh, and I followed, and after much fatigue reached the bank of the Ramgunga.

We were dismayed at finding the stream, instead of being in flood as we expected, a mere thread; so that the villagers on either bank could, without much difficulty, reach the boat with their matchlocks as it passed down, and destroy us. No boat, however, was on the bank, which was one mass of thick mud. A log of wood furnished a seat for Mrs. Probyn, who was by this time much exhausted, and a cloth was spread for the children on the driest spot we could find, where they slept in their innocence as soundly and securely as if they had been in their beds.

In this position we remained for about an hour, and were expressing our surprise that Probyn, who had crossed the river at the ferry, was so long in rejoining us; when we were hailed by a man, who, we saw by the moonlight, was approaching us from some distance down the stream. He proved to be the connexion of Hurdeo Buksh, who had visited us with the "collector" some days previously, and we argued no good from his appearance. On this occasion, however, he agreeably disappointed our forebodings; for he gave us the welcome order to go back to Kussowrah, and there await further instructions. We accordingly set out: I took one of the children (Leslie) on my back, and carried in my arms, my poor little friend the baby: now "poor" no longer, for he is "before the throne of God," who has called him to Himself. We met one of the Thakoors, who lent his arm to Mrs. Probyn; she being too much fatigued to proceed without his help. We reached our old quarters about 3 A.M., soaking wet, and thoroughly worn out; as we had been moving almost continuously from 6 P.M. In about an hour after our arrival, Probyn joined us. He had been

fortunate enough to see Hurdeo Buksh, who was at first displeased at his unexpected appearance; but after Probyn had explained, was very gracious, and assured him that for the present he would abandon all intention of sending us down the river. We then joined in prayer and thanksgiving to God for His gracious interference in our behalf, in thus delivering us in so remarkable a manner from this imminent danger; entreating, at the same time, His guidance and protection for the future.

After this, several days passed without much incident; except that Wuzeer Singh on one occasion came in to report that when strolling beyond the village, he had met several men whom he at once recognized as sepoys, almost naked, and in a very miserable plight. He had learnt from them that they were deserters from the mutineers at Delhi, and when going home with their plunder, had been attacked and stripped by the villagers near Mynpoorie. They told him things were not prospering with the mutineers at Delhi; that they had suffered most severely, and were heartily sick of it. This intelligence was for the time cheering; but we were soon depressed by the news, brought to us almost simultaneously from Dhurumpore, that the Nawab and subahdars were becoming more urgent with Hurdeo Buksh to deliver us up, and had repeatedly forwarded purwannahs ordering him to destroy us and send in our heads. They had even gone so far as to send him a firman, purporting to be from the Emperor of Delhi, conveying the Imperial order for our destruction.

Hurdeo Buksh sent his brother-in-law, one of his most confidential people, to us to explain how hardly he was

pushed, and how much difficulty he had in protecting us. He had therefore come to the conclusion that our safest plan was to start for Lucknow, and was accordingly making arrangements for our journey there, and for securing protection for us by the way, through certain influential talookdars, friends of his. Hurdeo Buksh was led to recommend our going to Lucknow in consequence of the intelligence he had lately received, that the attack on the Residency had been signally repulsed, and the mutineers withdrawn from the town; and, as the place was well provisioned, and contained plenty of ammunition, there was no fear of the garrison being unable to hold out: more especially as none of the Rajwarrahs, as the chief talookdars are called, had as yet joined in the rebellion; but on the contrary had stood quite aloof from the sepoys.

We expressed to the brother-in-law our willingness, and indeed eagerness, to proceed at once to Lucknow, as recommended by Hurdeo Buksh. We were ourselves much pleased at the prospect of quitting Kussowrah, and finding ourselves once more among friends and countrymen. It was accordingly arranged that we should start on a certain night, as soon as it was dark, for Lucknow, by Sandee, which we were to reach in four marches. Our horses, which we had not seen since the 9th of June, were, on the night appointed, sent up from Dhurumpore after dark, for the conveyance of Probyn and myself, and a palanquin was prepared for Mrs. Probyn and the children. To avoid observation as much as possible, Probyn dyed his face, neck, hands, and feet, a dark brown. This was considered unnecessary for me; the exposure to the sun

having already made me almost as dark as a native, so I escaped a very disagreeable process.

We were sitting all ready to move, and, for the first time in many weeks, were in something approaching to cheerful spirits, when rain came on; and to our bitter disappointment, we were told that we could not in consequence start that night. The next day we were informed we must not move until Hurdeo Buksh came to see us again, and that the time of his doing so, depended on the return of a messenger he had sent to make some arrangements for us on the road. We had to wait four nights in this manner; feeling much chagrined by the delay, and accusing Hurdeo Buksh of supineness. On the fifth night he came about midnight, and was more depressed than we had ever before seen him; he informed us that the lull at Lucknow had been only temporary; that the mutineers, having been reinforced, had again attacked the Residency, and that fighting was going on without intermission, day and night. He told us that just as we were going to start for Lucknow, on the night first fixed for our departure, a rumour had reached him of the renewal of hostilities. He had accordingly seized the pretext of the rain falling to prevent our starting, and had continued to detain us until he could ascertain the real state of affairs, by sending a messenger to the spot. This messenger had only now returned, and confirmed the previous intelligence; leaving little hope that the garrison could long hold out against the multitudes attacking it. Our plan of going to Lucknow, was thus frustrated. Had we started as at first intended, we must

have fallen into the hands of the mutineers, and been massacred. Again, therefore, had we to praise God for having delivered us from the imminent danger into which we were blindly rushing.

Hurdeo Buksh then gave us the pleasing intelligence, that the younger Mr. Jones and Mr. Churcher, two of the Futtehghur party, had escaped out of the boat which had been boarded near Singerampore by the sepoys, and were then concealed in one of his villages. They had been kept so strictly hidden by the herdsmen among whom they were, that the fact had only a few days before come to his knowledge; and he had given orders that they should be provided with both food and clothing.

The most appalling news, he, however, informed us, had reached him from all quarters. There was no doubt whatever of the fall of Cawnpore, where every European had been destroyed. The party who had gone down the river by the first boats from Futtehghur, the American missionaries, the Monctons, Brierly, &c., had, he heard, been attacked and massacred near Bithoor. Agra was reported to have fallen, and the Europeans destroyed there, while attempting to make their way in boats down the Jumna. The Bombay army had revolted; and, to crown all, there were no signs of aid coming, nor troops arriving from any quarter. Under these circumstances, he thought our only chance of safety was to remove secretly from Kussowrah—where the Nawab and sepoys, from the information given them by the bankers, knew we were living under his protection, and where we were never safe from attack—and go into hiding in one of his

villages, situated about twenty miles distant, in a very desolate part of the country, and immediately on the bank of the Ganges. In order to maintain secrecy as to our position, the Probyns should only take one servant with them, while Wuzeer Singh should go with me.

On this proposal being made, I felt confident that if once we left Kussowrah and the protection of the Thakoors to proceed to the village indicated, we should be left entirely to the mercy of some of Hurdeo Buksh's people; who were most anxious to get rid of us, and who would use the opportunity of having us in their hands, to put us on board a boat, and make us descend the river: which would be equivalent to certain death. There was not a moment to lose; for go we must, should no other mode of providing for us than going to this village be determined on, before Hurdeo Buksh left. I whispered to Wuzeer Singh, who was kneeling behind me, during the interview, "You hear what the chief says: if we go to the village, we shall be all killed; go out to the Thakoor Kussuree, and tell him what has been proposed, and beg of him to make some better arrangement for us." In a few minutes he returned, and said, "It is all right: as soon as Hurdeo Buksh goes, Kussuree will meet him outside, and offer to be responsible for us, and to conceal us in one of his own villages."

Soon after, Hurdeo Buksh took his leave of us, to return to Dhurumpore. I gave a sign to Wuzeer Singh to follow, and bring us back intelligence of what passed between Hurdeo Buksh and Kussuree. He soon returned, looking very cheerful, and told us that all had been arranged as proposed, and that Hurdeo Buksh was himself coming back

to tell us of the change of plan. In a few minutes he came in, accompanied by Kussuree, and told us that Kussuree thought he could hide us effectually in the jungle, in a village nearer than that on the Ganges: we had better go wherever he arranged for us, and put ourselves entirely in his hands. This we at once gladly consented to do; and Hurdeo Buksh left us.

Next day Kussuree informed me that he was now entirely responsible for our safety, and he feared he had undertaken more than he could perform. I encouraged him, saying we felt quite confident, and easy in our minds, as long as he remained with us. He then told me that it would be necessary for him to go out into the jungle—which extended for many miles towards the north-east, commencing two miles beyond the village of Kussowrah—and select a place in which we might be safely hidden. He proposed that he and Wuzeer Singh should ride out in the afternoon, for this purpose, on my two horses; which had been kept at Kussowrah ever since the night we were to have started for Lucknow. Of course I readily agreed.

At 4 P.M. they started, and returned about 9 P.M. Wuzeer Singh told me that they had proceeded far into the jungle, which was very dense, to a small village where we were to be concealed, and where he was sure that no one could find us if they searched for a year.

Kussuree and the other Thakoor, Paorun, came early next morning to explain to me alone, the plans they had formed for our future concealment and safety. These were rather startling. First, they insisted that it was quite hopeless to expect that our movements could be kept secret, or

our position concealed, so long as we were accompanied by four children. It was therefore quite imperative that the Probyns should leave these behind in the village; where every possible care would be taken of them. If, as was very probable, the enemy came to Kussowrah and instituted a search for us, they could contrive to hide the children; and, if they were discovered, it was not probable that the sepoys, finding we were gone, would injure them. If they did kill them, there was, of course, no help for it; but it was their opinion that the chances of safety for the children were far greater separated from their parents than remaining with them. For ourselves, it was arranged that we should be hidden in the jungles all day, moving about from place to place as occasion might require, and returning, if we could, at nightfall to the little hamlet, which had been prepared for us to sleep in.

The plan appeared to me most impracticable, and I pointed out, that considering the season of the year, the rains being close at hand, it was not likely that any of us, certainly not Mrs. Probyn, could stand the exposure and fatigue of wandering about all day in the jungle, as they proposed. I reminded them that they had always told us Kussowrah would be a secure asylum as soon as the rains commenced, as it then became an island from the swelling of the rivers; and this must soon occur. Why, then, not let us remain for the present quietly where we were, to take our chance?

This both Thakoors declared to be impossible, as Hurdeo Buksh would not consent to our remaining any longer in Kussowrah. Had the usual rains fallen we might,

they said, have done so; but they had hitherto failed, and the place was then quite open to attack. They further told me that although the village was quite safe from attack during the early part of the rains—being entirely surrounded by water deep enough to prevent any one reaching the place except by swimming and wading alternately, but not sufficiently so for boats; yet, as soon as the rains reach their height, a "*sota*," or channel, is formed, connecting Kussowrah with the Ganges and Ramgunga, and navigable for boats, by which the sepoys might reach us easily from Futtehghur without our receiving any intimation of their intentions: starting any night at sunset they might be upon us before morning. I then expressed my conviction that the Probyns would never consent to abandon their children, although they might feel quite convinced that the Thakoors would do all in their power to protect and preserve their lives. They, in reply, assured me that it was quite impossible to save us all, if we remained together; while by separating from the children all might possibly be saved. If, however, the children did perish, their loss might be repaired: their parents might have a second family; but they could never get second lives if they once lost those they had.

Finding the Thakoors immovable, I said I would go out and discuss the matter with the Probyns, and let them know the result. I then informed the Probyns of all that had passed. They of course declared their determination not to part with the children. But then came the reflection, might they not be destroying any little chance of safety which remained for them by determining to keep the

children with themselves? Was it not better to make them over to the Thakoors, and to trust that, in the very probable event of themselves perishing, the children, if saved, would be given up to some of our own countrymen as soon as Futtehghur was recovered? The hearts of the poor parents were torn with anguish; not knowing what course to adopt. The ayah was then asked if, in the event of the children being left at Kussowrah, she would stay with them; which she flatly refused to do. Mrs. Probyn then thought that she might, perhaps, be allowed to remain with her children; but Probyn said he would never consent to leave her behind.

At last it was determined we should all remain together, and trust to the Almighty care, which had hitherto so graciously watched over us, to protect us still. We called in the Thakoors, and told them of our determination. They pitied us, and did not any longer insist on our immediately leaving Kussowrah; but said we might remain there for the present, as there was a good prospect of the rains falling soon.

Eagerly did we wait for their coming, watching with the most intense anxiety each cloud as it rose; and many a day of fair promise of torrents did we sadly see pass away without a shower. When there were no clouds in the burning sky over our heads, we tried to gather hope from the flight of the swallows; which the natives told us was a sure indication of rain when they flew near the earth. But day after day the rains held off; and there seemed a prospect of their even failing altogether.

The continued drought caused the hearts of the Thakoors

to fail, and at last they fairly told us, they dare not keep us any longer in Kussowrah, but that we must start for a village in the jungle somewhere to the north; in which, they said, they had arranged to conceal us. That very day, they said, had been fixed on by the village astrologer as a lucky one for our start, and we were to move as soon as the moon rose at night. We all packed up ready for departure, and had gone in the meantime to sleep, when I was woke up by the Thakoor Paorun, about 11 P.M., saying they had only just found out that the moon did not rise until three in the morning of the next day to that fixed on as lucky, and of which there was only one watch then remaining.

As we could not ourselves leave until the moon gave us sufficient light, it was imperative, he said, that something belonging to us should be sent on in the direction we were going—which the astrologer declared would as certainly secure the happy influence of the day as proceeding ourselves in person. A table-fork, the first thing that came to hand, was at once made over to Paorun, with which he went off quite satisfied; he sent it on by a bearer a mile on our proposed route, where it was, with due form, buried.

At three A.M., the Thakoors woke us up, and we started. An elephant had been procured for Mrs. Probyn, her ayah, and the children. Probyn and one servant (the other had absconded the night before), and I and Wuzeer Singh walked. When we were starting, I missed old Kussuree, and as I had great confidence in him, and remembered his own repeated advice—never to go anywhere if he did not accompany us, I waited for him; he, at last, and after sending many messages, joined us, but evidently with much reluctance.

No sooner had we started than the rain came down in torrents, wetting us through, as also our little bedding. About a mile in advance of Kussowrah, we came on a stream of water so deep that the elephant could not wade across and was therefore dismissed. We had to be ferried over in a little boat, and then to proceed on our feet, each of us carrying a child. The path lay over ground thick with thorny bushes, which made our progress slow and painful. About a mile and a half from the stream, we came to a large piece of water, which we had to wade across. Probyn carried his wife over, but with much difficulty, as it was deep and the bottom full of thick slippery mud.

At last, just as the day was dawning, the rain all the while pouring in torrents, we reached our destination; a wretched, solitary hamlet of four or five houses in the middle of the waste, and inhabited by only a few herdsmen and their cattle. The scene was desolate beyond description. As we came up, no one was moving in the village, all being yet asleep. One of the Thakoors roused up the chief man, a wild-looking Aheer, who pointed out to us a wretched hovel, which he said was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy: the mud and dirt were over our ankles, and the effluvia stifling.

My heart sank within me, as I looked round on this desolate, hopeless scene. I laid down the poor baby on a charpoy in a little hut, the door of which was open, and on which a child of one of the herdsmen was fast asleep. Poor Mrs. Probyn, for the first time since our troubles commenced, fairly broke down, and wept at the miserable pro-

spect for her children and herself. Probyn was much roused, and remonstrated with the Thakoors, saying, "If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children cannot live here more than a few hours: they must perish." In the meantime I had looked round, to see if any arrangement could possibly be made for sheltering them, and, observing a little place on the roof of one of the huts, pointed it out to Wuzeer Singh: he immediately scrambled up, and having examined it, called out that it was empty, clean, and dry, and a palace compared with the place below. I mounted up with his assistance, and was overjoyed to find a little room, clean and sweet, and with apparently a water-tight roof.

I called out to the Probyns below, and Wuzeer and I helped up Mrs. Probyn, and then the children; Probyn followed, and we, eight persons in all, established ourselves in this little space, most thankful to have it to shelter us, small as it was. The Thakoors made no objection to our appropriating the room, provided we kept strictly within it, and never showed ourselves outside; as they feared we might be seen from the roof, and our hiding-place discovered. We could only be contained in this room by lying down on the mud floor, in places fixed for each. One little corner was assigned to me, neither so broad nor so long as the smallest berth in a ship's cabin; where I deposited my blanket and the little bundle which served me as a pillow and contained all my worldly goods: merely a single change of native clothing, but quite sufficient; and really I don't know that any one, in the best of circumstances, requires more. Soon after we got into this place, the Thakoors took leave,

promising often to visit us; they made over the charge of us to the Aheers, enjoining them to let no strangers enter or stop in the village on any account, and to maintain perfect secrecy respecting us. All which they professed their readiness to do, asserting that they would die for us rather than betray us.

The rain, which had come down heavily all the morning, now ceased, and for several days there were only occasional showers. The heat was intense, as we were so closely packed together in this little room. We could only get out at night; and during the day, the only relief we had was to turn on our backs, or from one side to the other, or sit up: standing or moving about was quite impossible. The poor children were in sad misery; they could not be allowed to leave the room, and there was no space in it for them to crawl or move about. They were much more patient than we could have expected, and happily slept much. We were also now a good deal pressed for food; all we could get being a little milk and chupatties: and not the former on Sundays, as the Aheers will on no account part with the milk of their cattle on that day, but appropriate it for themselves. Notwithstanding our miserable circumstances, we lived with much harmony and in comparative peace. Thanks be to the Almighty! whose blessing and protection we duly implored together morning and evening; finding Him, as He will be found by all who seek Him, "a very present help in time of trouble."

Suddenly the rains came down with tremendous force, and neither Probyn nor I could sleep, as we had hitherto done, on the roof of the house just outside the door

of our room, emerging therefrom at nights, when it fell dark. The space inside had become much circumscribed in consequence of leakage, one or two places in it having become untenable; I was, therefore, forced to try and secure some shelter for myself elsewhere. Wuzeer Singh succeeded in renting a cow-house for me for two rupees (4*s.*) a month: a small, miserable hovel in which two cows had hitherto been stalled. It was, as usual, without any door, and having probably not been cleaned out for years, was filthy beyond description. I was, however, thankful for this shelter, and Wuzeer Singh having cleaned it out, and contrived to hire a charpoy (native bed) for me, I was, as the roof did not leak, made comparatively comfortable. Many an hour of intense agony of mind when I thought of all those dear to me, whom I was probably never to see again, and some also of blessed peace, have I spent in that little room.

The men of the hamlet used to come and visit and talk with me now and then. I had no means of keeping them out, even if I desired it, so they went and came just as they pleased. One day a relative of the chief man of the village, and residing at another not far off, arrived on a visit, and, of course, came to my room to have a look at me. He sat down, and we entered into conversation. I was surprised to find him much more quick and intelligent than the generality of the villagers, who were rude in the extreme; and found on inquiring that he had been a traveller, and had been, with his four bullock cart, attached to our commissariat during the first Sutlej campaign, when he went as far as Lahore. I inquired if he had been regularly paid for

the duty: he assured me, fully and liberally, and commenced praising the justness and liberality of our Government; under which, as he expressed it, "the lamb and the lion could drink at the same stream." It immediately struck me that I could perhaps induce this man to convey a letter to my wife at Nynee Tal; of whom on that date, the 17th July, I had heard nothing later than of the 26th May, and concerning whose safety and that of my child, I was in constant and terrible suspense: for could I be sure that Nynee Tal had not fallen as well as Bareilly and Futtehghur, and the dwellers there, as at the other places, fearfully massacred?

I told the man (whose name was Rohna) the misery I was enduring about the "Mem Sahib" and the "Baba;" that if I knew they were safe I could bear anything; and entreated him to take pity upon me, and carry a note from me to my wife telling her of my safety, and to bring me back tidings of her. I told him I had scarcely any money, and could only give him eight rupees; but, if he once reached my wife, I assured him she would reward him handsomely. To my great delight, he said he felt deeply for me, and would certainly do his best to convey the letter to Nynee Tal, and bring me back an answer; that he would set out the same evening for his home, arrange his affairs there, and start from thence in the morning, going through Bareilly: he had been there before, and knew the way. He then retired, saying he would be back in an hour to take my letter. I sent Wuzeer Singh, who had been present at the interview, after him, to endeavour to find out whether the man was in earnest, or merely deceiving me to get the

advance of money I had offered. He soon came back, saying he thought from the man's manner he could be depended on, and would certainly undertake the journey.

I determined to write two notes, one to my wife and another to Misr Byjenath at Bareilly, entreating him to aid my messenger in reaching Nynee Tal. I had but a small scrap of paper (half the fly-leaf of Bridges on the 119th Psalm, which happily we had with us,) on which to write both notes. Pen or ink I had none, and only the stump of a lead pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted that only a little atom remained quite loose. I instantly commenced my writing: in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud floor, I found it, and contrived to refix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes, about one inch square; which was all the man could conceal about his person, or would consent to take, as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travellers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them.

When the notes were ready I got a little milk and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry in the sun on a wall just outside my room. In an instant a crow pounced on one and carried it off: it was that for my wife. I, of course, thought it was gone for ever, and felt heart-broken with vexation; as I had no more paper, nor any means or hope of getting any, on which to write another note. Wuzeer Singh had, unknown to me, seen the crow, followed it with one of the

herdsmen, and after a long chase of about an hour, saw the bird drop it, and recovering it brought it back to me uninjured. I then despatched my messenger with both notes, and many injunctions to be deterred by no difficulties, but push his way through to Bareilly, where Byjenath would, I was certain, aid him in going on to Nynee Tal; up to this date I know not whether he has succeeded in his mission, but I think, from the look of the man, that he is likely to do so.

The village, which curiously enough, and surely with great truth, is known by the name of "Runjepoorah" (the place of affliction), had now become, by the constant rains and the swelling of the rivers, one complete island, of about one hundred yards square. The whole country round, as far as the eye could reach, except to the north, where there was a jungle about three miles off, was flooded; the water being in some places very deep, and nowhere under four or four and a half feet. When I step just immediately out of my own shed to go up to the Probyns, where we have our own scanty meals, the mud reaches over my ankles. Just round the village the water is very deep, and the only pasturage is about three miles distant, on the high jungle land I have mentioned, which is only partially submerged. To reach this pasture the cattle and the herdsmen have to go and return by swimming, which seems as easy and natural a mode of progression to both as travelling on dry land.

Since the waters have gone out over the country, our position is considered so much safer that we are not required to keep ourselves so strictly concealed, but are allowed

to go on the roof of the house near Probyn's room, and walk about towards the afternoon. This is a great boon; and here, after sunset, when the herdsmen had returned and the cattle were folded, have we sat together and talked with them for hours; they asking much about our country, and never ceasing in their inquiries as to how it is that our Queen's husband is not our king, which was a source of the most unfeigned surprise in them; and we learning of them about their cattle and habits of life, and receiving most curious information. We spent some comparatively pleasant evenings in this way with this primitive people. We also much enjoyed each evening watching the strange and interesting sight of the vast herds of cattle emerging from the jungle, and swimming off in droves to their different villages, to which they seemed to direct their way with unerring instinct; the herdsmen generally swimming behind them, and sometimes mounted on the stronger animals of the herd.

As the inundation was now at its height, and the waters, we knew, would equally surround Kussowrah, we were most anxious to get back to it, as we looked back upon our quarters there as palatial, compared with Runjepoorah. With this view, we sent sundry messages to the Thakoors; but neither they nor Hurdeo Buksh made any sign of recognition: on the contrary, they seemed inclined to leave us to our fate. They even prohibited a poor woman, who used to attend on Mrs. Probyn and the children hitherto (and who came every morning from Kussowrah, swimming and wading, returning in the same manner of an evening), from continuing her services. This caused poor Mrs.

Probyn more distress and labour than I can describe, or those imagine who were not like myself there to witness her troubles, which she bore with such patient fortitude as made me feel proud of her as my countrywoman. With the exception of this poor woman and her own ayah, Mrs. Probyn had not conversed with a female since the day in which the party of Europeans left Dhurumpore to return to Futtehghur. [illegible] the Ranees of Hurdeo Baksh, or the wives of [illegible]koors, influential people, and who had it in their power greatly to alleviate her position, and supply her with many comforts, she not only received no act of kindness, but no expression of sympathy whatever. To add to her already overwhelming sorrows, the poor little baby, a fine child (who, as well as the others, had up to the time we left Kussowrah continued well in spite of the exposure), began to droop and grow daily weaker. There was no sustenance for him but buffalo's milk, which he was unable to retain; and although Probyn had left some milch goats belonging to himself behind at Kussowrah, he could not induce the people to send them to him for the sustenance of his dying child.

Our position was becoming daily more deplorable, and we were prohibited from sending any of our own servants out of the village. The only person who still remained kind and visited, was the Brahmin Seeta Ram. We sent constantly messages by this man to the Thakoors; but they never took any notice of them. He had lately gone into Futtehghur for us on one or two occasions, for intelligence. This was discovered, and the Thakoors being much displeased, prohibited him from visiting us any more. The

only incident which marked these weary days, was Probyn and myself, one morning, hearing distinctly a military band playing English airs in Futtehghur, the wind carrying the sound across the water, and reminding us of the near proximity of those who were, we knew, thirsting for our blood.

Early one morning, I think Thursday, the 22nd of July, when I was sitting on the roof of the house, and much depressed, my attention was attracted by seeing a person wading and swimming towards the village, and evidently desiring, by the signs he made, to catch my eye. After watching him for some time, I recognized Seeta Ram:* from his manner I inferred there was something unusual. I went down to meet him as he came ashore, and found him in a great state of excitement, with the good news that our troops had at last been heard of; that they had advanced as far as Cawnpore, and had utterly defeated the Nana's troops with great slaughter at Pandoo Nuddee. The flying troops had, Seeta Ram asserted, arrived in great numbers in Furrukabad, putting the Nawab and his people in the greatest alarm that they will soon meet with the same fate; as I earnestly trust they may. I rushed up to Probyn, accompanied by Seeta Ram, to give him the welcome news, which put us in high spirits, and gave us some hopes of ultimate release.

Being, of course, most anxious to ascertain the real state of the case, we induced Seeta Ram to go across to

* Seeta Ram, Kussuree and the other Kussowrah Thakoor, Rohna and the Aheers of Runjepoorah, have all been rewarded by the grant of confiscated villages for their services to us, and are now one and all very prosperous and happy. They have visited me each year since 1860.

Futtehghur, to procure intelligence. He started, promising to be back the next night. On the morning of the 23rd of July, we were startled by the firing of heavy guns in Furrukabad. We were full of hope that it was the fire of our own troops, who, we thought, might have by this time reached Futtehghur, in pursuit of the Nana's retreating forces. The firing continued at irregular intervals for about an hour, when it entirely ceased. We remained during the day in a state of the greatest excitement, and sanguine of speedy deliverance. The day passed without Seeta Ram's return, and no tidings from any quarter reached us.

On the morning of the 24th, Seeta Ram arrived, and in reply to our eager inquiry, "Have our troops arrived? What was the firing?" he cast down our hopes by the terrible intelligence, that the firing we heard the previous morning had been caused by the blowing away from guns, and the shooting down with grape, under the orders of the Nawab, of the poor ladies already mentioned as having been saved from the boat, and brought back to Futtehghur, and of many native Christians, in all some sixty-five or seventy persons. The Nana's soldiers, infuriated by their defeat, had, in conjunction with the Nawab, revenged themselves by the deliberate murder of these poor martyrs. Mrs. Jones's little daughter of about nine years old, Seeta Ram informed us, had remained untouched after several discharges of grape, and a sepoy rushed up and cut her in pieces with his sword.

Seeta Ram had spoken with several of the fugitive soldiers; many of them were wounded, and all were in a miserable state, from fatigue, terror, and want of food.

They had with them one gun, and two or three elephants. They were completely panic-stricken, and had communicated their fears to the Nawab and his followers. They told Seeta Ram that the action in which they were beaten had been fought in a Nuddee between Futtehpore and Cawnpore; that the Europeans had killed numbers of them, and taken all their guns excepting the one they had with them; that it was quite in vain for them to think of contending with our troops, who used muskets (of course, the Minié), "which carried so far that they were killed before they heard the noise of the discharge." Seeta Ram also said, that such was the panic in Furrukabad, that a few persons shouting out that the Europeans were coming, had the day before nearly cleared the city, the Nawab's troops and the inhabitants all taking to flight.

The news of the success and advance of our troops caused an immediate change in the demeanour of the people towards ourselves. We received congratulatory visits from the Thakoors; old Kussuree also, whom we had not seen since we left Kussowrah, came to visit us in state on an elephant, and brought us sweet cakes, which were most acceptable. Hurdeo Buksh sent his brother-in-law to inquire after our welfare; Probyn's goats were sent to him, and the poor woman allowed to resume her attendance on Mrs. Probyn's children. In short, our position was much improved. It was not, however, quite clear that our visitors were altogether pleased at the news of the Nana's defeat. We took advantage of this turn of feeling in our favour to entreat Hurdeo Buksh's brother-in-law to procure from him permission for us to return to Kussowrah. This request,

the brother-in-law assured us, would be immediately granted, as there was now nothing to fear from the terror-stricken sepoys in Futtehghur.

We were particularly desirous to return, in consequence of the state of the poor little baby, who was rapidly sinking in consequence of all his hardships and exposure; and we feared that if he died in Runjepoorah, it would be impossible to get a dry spot in which to bury him; all the country around the village being flooded to a considerable depth, except the sites of the houses.

On Saturday the 26th we heard that we might return at nightfall to Kussowrah. A boat was in the afternoon sent to take off Mrs. Probyn and the children; for the waters were now deep enough between Dhurumpore and Runjepoorah. An elephant was also sent to assist in carrying us off. The Probyns went in the boat, and I and Wuzeer Singh on the elephant. This was the first time I had ever ridden one of these animals astride and bare-backed, and as we had to go through deep water and mud, half-wading, half-swimming, it was no easy task to stick on. We felt it a most blessed deliverance getting away from Runjepoorah, and were really in a state of cheerful excitement on reaching, about 9 P.M., our old quarters, where we were received by Kussuree. The place had immediately on our departure, and until within a few hours before our return, been occupied by the cattle, so our quarters were as filthy and disagreeable as when we first came to them from Dhurumpore; but filthy as they were, we looked upon them as most comfortable and commodious, after our sufferings during the previous fortnight at Runjepoorah.

The poor little baby was by this time much exhausted, and breathing very hard. His mother, whose unceasing care and devotion had been the means of keeping him alive hitherto, procured after much difficulty some hot water for a warm bath for him, which seemed to restore him; she then laid him down on a charpoy and lay down beside him. She was perfectly exhausted, having had no rest for several nights previously, during which she had to keep him in her arms, and she soon fell asleep. I was lying down at some little distance, and suddenly missing the heavy breathing, went up to the bed to look at the child: all was still, and the little spirit had fled. I woke up the parents, who, although in deep grief at losing their sweet child, felt thankful that its death had been natural, and not by the hands of assassins. We all knelt down, and prayed beside the little body; and then I went out with Wuzeer Singh, about two o'clock in the morning, to look for a dry spot where we might dig a grave for him. This was a matter of some difficulty, but at last we found a spot under some trees, which was not inundated, nor likely to be so. When all was prepared, the poor father took the little body wrapped in a sheet in his arms, and Mrs. Probyn followed leaning on my arm.

We had some difficulty in getting through the cattle which were penned in the enclosure. I read a few sentences of the burial service over him. There was no time for more, as day was fast breaking, and we dare not be seen beyond the village in the daylight; so we laid him in his little resting place, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope," and hastily covered him in. I almost envied his quiet rest.

Sunday, August 2nd. — I was roused this morning before dawn by a noise in the enclosure, and on looking up saw a tall spectral-looking figure standing before me, naked except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated, and dripping with water. I recognized him as young Mr. Jones, who, Hurdeo Buksh had informed us, had been saved from the boat captured by the sepoys. He had until then been hidden in one of Hurdeo Buksh's villages, and, in consequence of the good news of the successful advance of our troops, had been permitted to join us. He was very weak, and when I recognized and spoke to him, burst into tears at hearing his own language again, and seeing one of his own countrymen.

The account he gave of his escape and adventures, since he left Dhurumpore, with the rest of the Europeans to return to Futtehghur, was most wonderful. They had continued to defend the fort as long as it was possible to do so; until their ammunition was almost exhausted, and the enemy's mines had rendered the place untenable. They then determined to escape in the three boats, which were held ready under the walls of the fort in case of being required. Jones happened to be in the third boat, which grounded soon after they left the fort, and had to be abandoned; when he and the others on board were taken into the second boat, as already described. During the time this transfer was going on, the sepoys kept up a continual fire on the boats from their guns placed on the banks, but without doing any damage; the shot passing clear over them.

After abandoning their first boat, they managed, without

loss or interruption, to get as far as the village of Singerampore; but there their boat grounded, the villagers attacked them with matchlocks, and two guns were brought to bear on them from the bank. Jones, with the other gentlemen on board, jumped into the water to try to shove the boat off, but without any effect. While in this position, they saw a boat coming down the stream upon them; Jones jumped back into the boat to seize his rifle, which happened to be in the stern. Just as he recovered it, he saw a sepoy slowly raise the chappur (roof) of the boat and look out. Jones shot him dead; and immediately a heavy fire was opened upon them from the boat, by which Mr. Churcher, senior, a merchant, was mortally wounded. The sepoys then commenced boarding, and Jones, with most of the ladies and gentlemen, jumped into the Ganges. The last thing he saw as he quitted the boat, was poor Mr. Churcher, writhing about in his blood in the agonies of death, and Captain Fitzgerald supporting his wife on his knee, while he held a musket in his disengaged hand.

The water was up to their waists and the current running very strong: the bottom was shifting sand, which made it most difficult to maintain a footing, and several of those who took to the river were at once swept off and drowned. Jones himself had scarcely got into the water when he was hit by a musket ball, which grazed the right shoulder, without damaging the bone. At the same moment he saw Major Robertson, who was standing in the stream supporting his wife with one arm and carrying his little child in the other, wounded by a musket ball in the thigh. Mrs. Robertson was washed out of her husband's grasp and immediately

drowned. Robertson then put the child on his shoulder, and swam away down the stream. Jones finding that he could do no more good, wounded as he was, determined to try to save his own life by swimming down the river; hoping to reach the leading boat. As he struck out from the boat, he saw poor Mr. Fisher, the chaplain, almost in the same position as Robertson, holding his little son, a beautiful boy eight or nine years old, in one arm, while with the other he supported his wife. Mrs. Fisher was swaying about in the stream almost insensible, and her husband could with great difficulty retain his footing.

When Jones had got clear of the boat, he continued alternately swimming and floating for five or six miles, when just as it was growing dusk, he saw the leading boat anchored for the night. He reached it, much exhausted by swimming, and by the pain of his wound and of his back, which, as he was naked to the waist, had been blistered and made raw by the scorching sun. On being taken on board, he found that the only casualty which had occurred to this party since leaving Futtehghur was the death of one of the Miss Goldies, who had been killed by a grape-shot from one of the guns on the bank near Singerampore.

Mrs. Lowis—who had maintained her fortitude throughout, and was indefatigable during the siege in preparing tea and refreshment for the men—immediately got him some brandy and water and food, and he was then able to acquaint them with the miserable fate of his own party, of whom he supposed himself to be the sole survivor. The boat remained anchored in the same spot all night. To-

wards morning a voice was heard from the bank hailing the boat. It proved to be that of Mr. Fisher, who, though badly wounded in the thigh, had managed by swimming a portion of the way, then landing and walking along the bank, to overtake the boat. He was helped on board more dead than alive, and raved about his poor wife and son, both of whom were drowned.

At dawn they weighed anchor and proceeded down the stream; but very slowly, as there was no pilot or skilful steersman on board, and only the exhausted officers as rowers. Towards evening they became so exhausted that they made for a village on the Oude side of the Ganges, in hopes of being able to procure some milk for the children and food for themselves. The villagers brought supplies, and did not show any ill-will or attempt to attack the party.

The boat was so crowded with its freight of from seventy to eighty human beings, that Jones could find no space to lie down and sleep; he, therefore, determined, as he was quite exhausted, to go on shore and endeavour to get some rest. A villager brought him a charpoy, on which he lay down and fell fast asleep. He was roused by a summons from Colonel Smith to rejoin the boat, as they were on the point of starting; but finding himself very stiff and scarcely able to move, he determined to remain where he was, as he thought he might as well die on shore as in the boat: in either case he regarded death as inevitable. He, therefore, sent back a message that he could not come, and begged to be left behind. Colonel Smith after this sent him two more urgent requests to join the boat, which at length

departed without him. He slept till morning, when a poor Brahmin took pity on him, and permitted him to remain in a little shed, where he was partially sheltered from the sun. There he remained unmolested by the villagers, and protected by the Brahmin, until he was permitted to join us.

His sufferings had been very great, from exposure and from his wound, which threatened mortification; this would probably have killed him, had he not hit upon the following singular remedy:—A little puppy came frequently to the shed when he was at his meals, to pick up any crumbs that might fall: he thought that if he could get this animal to lick the wound it might have a good effect; accordingly he made the attempt, and with the most fortunate result. The puppy licked the wound morning and evening; it at once began to improve, and was well advanced towards healing when Jones joined us.

He had left the village where he had been concealed yesterday afternoon, and by travelling all night, swimming and wading (for the whole country was under water), had reached Kussowrah just at dawn, with much difficulty. Major Robertson, he told us, was in a village about four miles from that in which he had been living, and was kindly treated. Mr. Churcher, junior, was in an Aheer village at a considerable distance from either his or Robertson's place of hiding. None of them had been permitted to see or communicate with one another.

Such was Jones's account of himself. Of the boat he had quitted and those in it he had no certain information. Reports had reached him similar to those we had heard, that the boat had succeeded in passing Cawnpore and

reaching Allahabad in safety; again, that it had been seized near Bithoor, and all on board murdered. This he, as well as we ourselves, feared was the most probable story. We strove, however, to hope for the best, and to believe that nothing so terrible could have happened.

Our morning service to-day was one of peculiar solemnity; for we knew not how soon our own fate might be the same as that of those dear friends and acquaintances so lately with us in health and vigour, and who we had too much reason to fear had all been massacred. In the midst of this depression, the reflection came upon me with a peculiar soothing and strengthening power, that the petition in the Litany—"That it might please God to succour, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation," which we knew would be offered in earnestness on this day for us by our beloved relations and friends wherever they were, and by thousands of God's servants throughout the earth—would no doubt go up with acceptance, and that we would yet be saved and be reunited to our people. The intimation also in the 11th of Hebrews, that some of God's people through faith had escaped the edge of the sword, seemed to be lit up, as it were, with a gleam of light, as I read it. If they had been thus saved, why might not we hope to be so also? The arm that saved them was not shortened that it could not save us, and the ear that heard and answered their prayers was equally open and ready to receive ours, offered as they were in the name and for the sake of the same Saviour and all-powerful Advocate. Already has the promise, "I will be with him in trouble and will deliver him," been fulfilled so singularly in my own case,

that surely it does not now become me to doubt. My heart was thus raised from the borders of despair to nearly an assured hope and almost to cheerfulness.

In the afternoon the man arrived whom I had sent off on the 20th of June to endeavour to take a note through Budaon to my wife at Nynee Tal. He was in a miserable plight, and told us that he had been seized at Budaon by one of my own chuprassies, Hasseinee, to whom he thought he might safely communicate the object of his journey. His confidence was sadly misplaced, for he was instantly seized and conveyed before the Nawab who was governing the district for Khan Bahadoor Khan. My letter was taken from him; he was beaten and imprisoned; for twelve days he was kept in confinement and treated with great severity; and at last allowed to depart only on his pledging himself never again to act as a messenger for any European. Being released, he determined to come back to me; he had arrived within about twenty miles of Furrukabad, when he was arrested by a guard of the Nawab's troops as a spy of the English, and sent into Furrukabad, where he was detained in prison, with several others, for three weeks. On the afternoon of yesterday he was released by the man in charge of the prison; whom he bribed with eight annas, all he had in the world.

Just before he left Futtehghur, he had seen three persons who had been seized with English letters on them, which they were conveying from Agra down the country, blown away from guns on the parade ground, by order of the Nawab. He described the state of the town and district of Budaon, and of all the other British districts he

had passed through, as deplorable in the extreme. Villages were being burnt and plundered daily; the roads deserted, and no man's life or property was safe for a moment. In Budaon itself there had been some fighting between the Mahomedans and Hindoos, and he saw a number of heads of persons of the latter exposed on poles at the entrance of the town.

All my police and native Amlah were in the service of Khan Bahadoor Khan; my old Foujdarry Serishtadar * (head clerk in the criminal department) was magistrate of Budaon, and my Kotwal held the same appointment under the rebels. I am much surprised at the defection of these two men; both excellent officers, who have served the British Government for at least forty years with credit to themselves and advantage to the State, and were about to retire on handsome pensions. My messenger said that while our districts were thus subject to fire and sword, those in Oude under the talookdars and powerful zemindars were calm and peaceful as a lake. This is certainly the case with the extensive talooqua of Hurdeo Buksh, and those of powerful chiefs immediately around us. The rebellion has not as yet extended to these estates; the people go about their usual avocations, and all is quiet and peaceful within their limits. Lucknow, we hear, is still holding out, and some of our troops from Cawnpore have, it is said, advanced to the relief of the garrison. May God grant them success.

Tuesday, August 4th.—I was walking up and down the

* This man, together with others of my native officers, were shot as rebels, on the recapture of Budaon, by our troops.

little space in front of our room to-day, when I was rejoiced by the arrival of my messenger Rohna from Nynee Tal, with a letter from my wife of the 27th of July; the first I have had from her since the 26th of May. Rohna had seen both her and Gracey quite well. He told me that she was dressed in black when he reached the house, and that when she received my letter she had gone away and put on a white dress.

Before opening the note, which was, of course, of the smallest dimensions, I went into my little room to bless God for his great goodness in granting me this great comfort. On opening the letter I read, with deep thankfulness, not only of her own and my child's safety, but also of that of my brother Roderick and his wife at Mozuffernugger; of which he had been appointed collector immediately after the Meerut outbreak. He has been able to hold his own, and maintain to some extent the peace of the district, by means of a force of 60 Goorkhas and some Affghan Horse placed at his disposal.

Her note confirms the news which had reached me before, but I hoped was not true, of the murder of poor Hay, Robertson, and Raikes at Bareilly, and of the Shahjehanpore massacre. By her account Nynee Tal is quite safe, also Agra; and Delhi, though not taken, is likely to fall. The Punjaub and all down to Meerut quite quiet. This was the first authentic intelligence we had received of the real state of affairs in the North-West since the 13th of June, and we were much comforted by finding that matters were not quite so bad as the Thakoors had made us believe.

Rohna told us that he had experienced the greatest difficulty in getting through Bareilly and on to the hills, as all travellers were strictly searched for letters at different posts of the rebels along the road. He had concealed mine to my wife in the interior of a bamboo walking-stick, and knowing that this would be most likely seized and examined, he cracked it across half-way up, so that if taken from him and broken, it might give way at that exact part, and the portion in which the letter was concealed remain sound and escape detection.

This actually occurred. He was stopped at a post between Bareilly and Rampore by a soldier, who took the stick from him, struck one end on the ground, breaking it in half as was intended, and then, thinking it contained nothing, threw the pieces away; Rohna picked them up again, and proceeded on his way without further notice. My wife's letter for me he had sewn up in the lining of his skull-cap, which had more than once on the road been taken from his head by sepoys; but without the note being discovered. I sent Wuzeer Singh to tell Hurdeo Buksh that I had good news from my wife, who gave favourable intelligence of the state of things in the country to the north of us. He sent back many congratulations and kind messages, with the news which had just reached that the boat full of Futtehghur refugees had reached Allahabad in safety, and that Agra had been reinforced by three European and two Sikh regiments. If this be true, we may hope that Delhi has fallen; for from no other quarter could the reinforcements come. The heat to-day was terrible.

Wednesday, August 5th.—Last evening, for the first time

since our first arrival at Kussowrah, we have been allowed to go out to take a walk; as the waters completely surround the village, and there is no danger of any spies or strangers arriving and seeing us. The change was most refreshing, from our miserable little pent-up quarters to the open country. Everything looked peaceful; the people were at their usual occupations; there were no external signs that war and rebellion were raging all around us, and that we ourselves were as "the hunted partridge on the mountains," with but a step between us and death, and that in a fearful form.

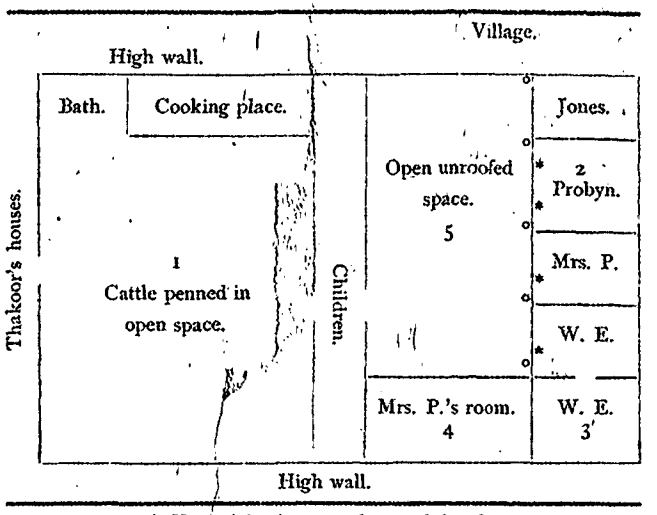
To-day I sent off a man of Byjenath's, who had accompanied Rohna from Bareilly, with another letter for my wife. He made strong objections to taking any, on account of the great risk of detection; which would result in certain death. He could only be induced to do so when I put my note into a piece of quill about this size (——) sealed at each end, which he could carry in his mouth, and swallow in the event of being stopped.

I learnt from this man that the Mahomedans had begun persecuting the Hindoos in Rohilcund, slaying cows in the temple and prohibiting their sounding their "sonks" (horns). The Thakoors had, in consequence, summoned the people to assemble and attack their persecutors. If they answer the summons, the Hindoos, from their superior numbers, may expel the other sect; and, in that event, the Europeans may have an opportunity of returning to Rohilcund. Heard from the Thakoor that the reinforcements from Cawnpore had reached Lucknow. They had a fight *en route*, in which the enemy suffered most severely;

a chief called Jessah Singh was wounded, and one of his sons killed. The result of this success to us was a great increase of politeness, and the permission granted to take a walk last night.

How true do I now find the remark I remember once reading of Arnold's, that "the Psalms have been a storehouse of never-failing comforts to believers in every age." Since our return from Runjepoorah, Mrs. Probyn has received a box of her things, which had been in Hurdeo Buksh's keeping at Dhurumpore. Among the contents was her Bible; and, oh! what a comfort has it been to us since, as we are thereby enabled to read the Psalms. There is not a day on which we do not find something that appears as if written especially for persons in our unhappy circumstances, to meet the feelings and wants of the day. This morning, for instance, I derived unspeakable comfort from the 15th and 20th verses of the 25th Psalm, and in the evening from verses 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14 of the 27th Psalm.

Thursday, August 6th.—No news yet to-day. We shall probably now have evil reports; as of late, they have been unusually favourable. This has been a day of much depression and faintness of heart. Help seems so far off, and rescue so improbable, that fears constantly arise that I shall one day perish in my affliction, and never again on earth see those so dear to me. If this be God's will, and if this little journal ever reaches my beloved wife, children, and all at home, it may interest them to see how I spent my day, and where we live, so I shall endeavour to draw a plan of the place.



* Verandah where we slept and dined.

I wake at the first sign of dawn, about 4 A.M., at once get up; and, after prayer, go out to walk in the space marked 1, as soon as the cattle who occupy it all night are let out. It is an open space about thirty or forty yards long, where we are allowed to walk morning and evening. I thus try and get a little exercise; or sit down upon a log and read the Morning Psalms until the sun gets too hot. I am then driven into my little den marked 3, where Wuzeer Singh always places my charpoy as soon as I get up.

Thus the time passes until we judge by the sun that it is about ten o'clock, when we read the Scriptures and have prayers together. We then have breakfast, which consists of chupatties and tea; of which, fortunately for us, we have a large supply. The box containing it belonged to poor

Robert Thornhill, and was left behind at Dhurumpore when he returned to Futtehghur.

The heat, glare, and flies, which come around us now in myriads, are most distressing and well nigh intolerable. To escape the two last plagues, I generally resort to my little room, which I darken by hanging my blanket across the opening, as there is no door. The atmosphere within is quite stifling, but I prefer breathing it to remaining outside, as the glare hurts my eyes. I then employ myself in reading the Scriptures and that excellent book, Bridges on the 119th Psalm; of which Mrs. Probyn had a copy in her box, lately received from Dhurumpore, as well as her Bible. Up to my return to Kussowrah from Runjepoorah, I had only my little Testament; but Mrs. Probyn now lends me her Bible for some hours daily, when not requiring it herself. What a blessing it is to us having the Scriptures with us! I have no books and no other employment than studying them; and what a source of real substantial comfort and support they are! But, alas! the bitter thought constantly occurs, "For you these lessons how to lead a Christian life are no longer applicable; you have now but to study how to meet death like a Christian." About three o'clock Wuzeer Singh comes in daily, and I read a portion of Scripture and pray with him in Hindustani.

Some weeks since, before we left for Runjepoorah, I inquired of the Thakoors if they had any books in Hindee, as I wished to amuse myself by reading them; the only one in their possession was a copy of St. Luke's Gospel, which one of them had received some years before from a missionary at a festival, and had treasured carefully ever since.

He lent this copy to us, and I read portions of it daily with Wuzeer Singh. About five o'clock I manage to get a bathe in the cattle-shed just beyond our dwelling. By the time we are dressed the shadows of evening are lengthening, and we have our dinner in the verandah; the charpoys (our beds) being our only tables as well as seats. This meal generally consists of a little rice, chupatties, and a watery kind of native vegetable, something like cucumber, stewed; sometimes we are fortunate enough to purchase a kid or lamb, and then have a sumptuous dinner on chops, but this is rare. At Runjepoorah we could procure no meat or rice, and lived on a kind of chupatties called poorees, and tea or buffalo's milk. This poor food made us all, especially the children, thin and weak. Our meal is soon discussed, and then we sit and talk together, or go out and have a chat with the Thakoors while the cattle are being milked. As soon as it grows dark we have prayers and go to bed, as we have no lights, and cannot better employ ourselves.

Our sleep is, of course, much broken, for our senses have become so acute from constant watchfulness, that the slightest unusual noise, even the movement of a bird on the trees close to us, is sufficient to awake and make us start up. At present scarcely a night passes that we do not hear the sound of heavy guns at a great distance in the Lucknow direction, which we suppose to be the fire of the besiegers on the Residency.

Thus our days pass, sometimes diversified by the receipt of favourable, at others, and, indeed for the most part, of very dreadful and alarming rumours, most trying and distressing to persons in our position. The inactivity is so

hard to bear: we can do nothing to improve our position, but merely await the progress of events as patiently as we can. In the morning we feel inclined to say, would God it were evening; and in the evening, would God it were morning.

Saturday, August 8th.—Just as I supposed, we have unpleasing accounts this morning, to counterbalance the favourable ones that have reached us for the past few days. Lucknow is said to have fallen: "to be empty," as the Thakoors' expression is. May God forbid! I don't think it is probable.

Another report is that two regiments of our Irregular Cavalry, who had joined the Nana and were among his defeated troops which had arrived at Futtehghur, had gone off to Cawnpore to endeavour to be re-employed by us; being enraged by the conduct towards them of the Furrukabad Nawab, who caused them to be plundered of two elephants and other property, and, telling them he did not require their services, would have nothing to do with them.

The Thakoors made a proposal to me this morning to convey me to Nynee Tal, *viâ* Phillibheet. Kussuree had a daughter married to a powerful Thakoor, near Phillibheet; she died leaving a little daughter, who has been living for some time with her grandfather, and is now about to return to her father. She is to be conveyed in a covered palanquin, and it is proposed that I am to be concealed within, travelling all night with this child, and halting during the day in the houses of friends, where I would be safe from detection. In the event of being stopped on the march, the child was

immediately to be shown; which it was expected would at once remove suspicion and allow of our passing unmolested. From the Thakoors' house I was to be sent on by Kussuree to the foot of the hills, what they call "Teehun Teehun;" that is, from friend's house to friend's house, all pledged to secrecy. The plan seems possible. May God prosper it, if it is likely to be for good; or if not, defeat it. Probyn's opinion is most strong against all attempt to escape by any other course than down the Ganges.

Sunday, August 9th.—Not so peaceful a Sunday as we could wish; our minds are cast down and distracted by many rumours of our want of success at Cawnpore, and of weakness everywhere.

Probyn had some days ago, by the advance of twenty rupees, induced a man (a relation of Seeta Ram) to try and reach Cawnpore, and bring us news from thence; giving him a letter to the commanding officer, whoever he might be. This man returned to-day saying that the place was so closely beleaguered by the Nana's troops all around it, that he could not get nearer cantonments than nine miles; and that he had been so hard pressed that, to escape detection, he had hidden the letter he carried under the root of a tree, where he had left it. Lucknow, he reported, had been taken and the garrison put to the sword; and that Cawnpore must soon, from the numbers investing it, be destroyed in like manner. To prove that he had actually been as far as he stated, he brought us a piece of the telegraph wire. By a little cross-examination, however, we discovered that he had never attempted the journey, but had remained all the time of his supposed absence quietly in his house, in his village

about fifteen miles off. Seeta Ram was so exasperated at the conduct of his relation, whom he had recommended to us, that he volunteered to convey a note for us himself to Cawnpore, whenever we might wish to send him.

Monday, August 10th.—Despatched Rohna with a little note in a quill for my wife. He is to go to Phillibheet, and endeavour to arrange for my journey from thence to Nynee Tal; and to bring back news to me whether the road is practicable.

He had scarcely been gone two hours when Misr Byjenath's man, Khan Singh, who had previously visited me, arrived. I immediately sent for him, confident that he had brought me a letter from Nynee Tal. Much, however, was I disappointed to find that he had not been there, and only came from Bareilly, charged by his master to see how I was getting on, and to ascertain the exact posture of affairs at Cawnpore. I was so vexed at getting no letter, that I could hardly speak to him or listen to his news; which, however, was rather satisfactory. Our troops before Delhi were, he states, most successful. Meerut and Saharunpore, and the Hill stations, were quite safe. Khan Bahadur Khan's army he describes as most contemptible, unarmed, and ill-disciplined, and having only six guns of small calibre. The report of troops reaching Futtehghur would be quite enough, he assured us, to clear Rohilcund of rebels, and restore it to the British, as the Hindoos were on our side, and were burning to revenge themselves on the Mahomedans.

We had all, as well as the Thakoors, been present at this conference with Khan Singh. At its close I dismissed

Khan Singh, saying I would let him go the next day with a letter for Byjenath, and one for Nynee Tal. As he was rising to go away, he made a secret sign to me, unobserved by the others, showing that he wished to say something to me in private. I took the hint, and half an hour after, and when I was alone in my own room, I sent Wuzeer Singh to bring him back.

He then told me that his master, thinking, that if I was alive, I must be hard pressed for money, had sent me 500 rupees (50*l.*) for my expenses. It was contained in two "hoondees" (bills), drawn on a banker at Goorsehain Gunj, near Cawnpore, nominally, in order to deceive any parties who might seize him and take them from him, but really payable, through a secret cipher, by a banker in Furrukabad. Khan Singh said he could easily make his way into that place. The story he had told along the road, and which he intended to repeat to the sepoys if seized by them there, was this: that before the disturbances, his master had sent off a boat laden with indigo seed, under care of his own people, to Cawnpore; that this boat had not been heard of for three months, and as the people must be in great want of money, his master had sent him with these hoondees to cash at Goorsehain Gunj, and provide for their expenses, if he could hear of and find them.

All this is easy enough, Khan Singh said; the sepoys would not interfere with him, so long as he had only hoondees, which would be useless to them. The real difficulty would be to get the money back safe after the bills were cashed; how to accomplish this, he knew not. Wuzeer Singh suggested that we should consult with old Kussuree on

the subject, who, he was certain, could be trusted, and was a shrewd safe man: none of the others, he assured us, could be confided in. If they once knew that I had 500 rupees, they might get rid of me, in order to possess themselves of the money; the whole matter must, therefore, be kept a profound secret from all but Kussuree. I told him that, when it was dark, and Kussuree had gone to rest, he had better speak to him, and try to arrange some plan. The old man always slept in a place by himself, beside a favourite mare and foal of his, so the conference was sure to be secret.

We had gone to bed early, as it was a dark, rainy, tempestuous night, when I was awoke by Mrs. Probyn starting up from her charpoy, exclaiming,—"There is the bheestie!" I started up, and saw a man just entering the enclosure. This was Probyn's water-carrier, whom a fortnight or three weeks before he had despatched to Agra with a letter to Reade, his uncle, telling him of our position, and requesting information and advice. We all then jumped up, and eagerly demanded his news, and if he had got a letter for us. He said he had, enclosed in his stick, a heavy bamboo. The note was so ingeniously and securely secreted, and the stick so hard, that it took us more than half an hour to get at it. It was in the Greek character, and gave us most welcome news; that all was well at Agra, since an action they had fought in July, when they had to retire into the fort; that our troops were pretty successful at Delhi, beating back with ease all sallies of the mutineers; that the China troops had reached Calcutta; and that General Havelock was coming up to relieve Lucknow, and

had probably done so by that time. For ourselves, he recommended us to remain where we were, until a safe opportunity offered of our getting into the British camp at Cawnpore.

He did not anticipate that our forces would recapture Futtehghur for a long time to come. The only unsatisfactory part of Reade's information was that the Gwalior Contingent had mutinied and was threatening Agra; but as the Chumbul river was in full flood, they could not cross it for some time, and in the meantime Agra was safe.

Tuesday, August 11th.—Notwithstanding the news of last night, this was a day of unusual gloom and depression. Reports reached us, which were fully believed by the Thakoors—who are, of course, always ready to give credit to sinister rumours, and never to any in our favour—that Cawnpore is completely surrounded by the rebels; that our troops have been beaten and obliged to raise the siege of Delhi; that General Havelock's force had failed to relieve the Lucknow garrison, and had been driven back to Cawnpore; also that a proclamation had arrived from the Begum at Lucknow, offering a reward of a thousand rupees for each of our heads to any one who would bring them in.

The Thakoors plainly told us that the arrival of this proclamation had greatly increased the danger of our position; for that now it would be an object for any of the villagers to take our lives, as the party would be worth to them 4,000 or 5,000 rupees. They urged us never to show ourselves in daylight in the little enclosure outside our rooms, and to keep a strict watch at night; to be careful to

close the entrance, and have our guns and pistols always ready beside us. Things certainly looked very gloomy.

In the evening Hurdeo Buksh visited us, and plainly told us, he feared he could keep us no longer; that I ought at once to start for Nynee Tal, or go with the Probyns, whom he intended to send down by land to Cawnpore. He had, he said, sent down some of his people to endeavour to arrange for our safe conduct through Oude, by passing us on from one friend's house to another friend's house, into General Havelock's camp. He had received favourable replies from several of his friends on the line, and only awaited answers from one or two others. Jessah Singh, he said, had professed his willingness to receive us, and pass us on safe into the British camp.

Probyn expressed his great dissatisfaction at this part of the proposal; saying it was well known that Jessah Singh was a confederate of Nana Sahib, who was in hiding at his place of Futtehpore Chowrassee; and that besides, Jessah Singh had been wounded when fighting against us. Hurdeo Buksh allowed that this was the case, but said that there was no fear, as Jessah Singh had pledged his honour for our safety to him, and a Rajpoot was never known to break his pledged word to a fellow chief. Go, however, he said, we must, whatever objection we had; for as soon as the Lucknow garrison fell (an event which probably had already taken place), the Aumils would be sent all over the country with troops, and every avenue of escape would be closed to us. He then left us, saying he would let us know as soon as final arrangements had been made for our land journey.

This determination of Hurdeo Buksh to send us off, and

the opinion expressed by Reade, that it was by no means probable that Futtehghur would soon be retaken by our troops, and that consequently our only chance of escape was to get into the British camp at Cawnpore, made us most anxious to communicate with General Havelock, who, we learnt for the first time from Reade's communication, was commanding there. We, therefore, determined to avail ourselves of Seeta Ram's offer to go to Cawnpore, and to send him with a letter, which Probyn wrote in Greek characters, to Havelock, and enclosed in a quill, telling the General of our desperate situation, and asking his advice how best to attempt our escape to join his camp.

Seeta Ram is to start on his mission early to-morrow morning, and we hope may return in eight or ten days; the inundation, however, is so widespread, that he does not expect to cross the Ganges until to-morrow night. This morning Wuzeer Singh informed me, that he had in the night sounded Kussuree about the best way of conveying the money from Furrukabad, and that he and Khan Singh would come in the evening and talk it over—which they did about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Kussuree proposed that two ponies should be hired from a neighbouring village beyond Hurdeo Buksh's domain, as any from one of his villages would be liable to be stopped, and seized at the Ghauts on the Ganges by the Nawab's people. These ponies were to be brought to Kussowrah, there laden with grain, and taken into Furrukabad, as if to dispose of their loads. The Nawab's people and the sepoys were anxious to encourage supplies being brought into the city, and would not interfere with them. When the loads were sold, the

ponies were to be taken at nightfall to the house of the banker who was to cash the bills, and the money would then be sewn into their pack-saddles. Next morning the animals would be taken across the river, and being apparently merely on their return home unladen, would not probably be suspected or stopped. This appeared to me as good a plan as could be adopted; and Wuzeer and Khan Singh are to go in the morning to some villages about eight miles off to hire the ponies; being strangers and not known to the people, they will not be suspected.

Thursday, August 13th.—Last night we were made happy by hearing that Cawnpore had been reinforced by eight regiments: of course, this is the China force just arrived, and in the very nick of time. All may now be repaired. Soon after, we were depressed by the report, given by a sepoy returning to his home, who halted for a short time in the village, that fifteen mutinous regiments from Bombay had arrived at Gwalior. Of these eight had crossed the Chumbul to reinforce the rebels at Delhi, and the rest had remained in Gwalior, to join in the attack on Agra with Scindia's contingent as soon as the season permits. Another report has reached us, that Oude has been restored to its King. I would rejoice in such an equitable measure at another time; but at present, if it be true, which I cannot believe, it is a sign of a falling cause, and of great and deplorable weakness. Heard also that Delhi had been without doubt abandoned by our troops, who were forced to retreat and are probably besieged themselves in turn. All these reports, added to great heat and swarms of mosquitoes, made me pass a miserable, almost a terrific night; fancying

that if Delhi had been abandoned, the Goorkhas must have deserted us, and Nynee Tall, in that case, be in extreme danger, if it had not already fallen, and all Europeans in it massacred.

Our general defence against mosquitoes is to light each night some dried cow-dung in the corner of the place where we sleep, to windward; and the thick smoke being carried over our beds during the night, drains off these insects. Last night, however, this resource failed us, for there was not a breath of air, and the smoke from the burning fuel hung so thick and heavy about us, that we could not breathe, and had to extinguish the fire. The mosquitoes, of course, taking advantage of the opportunity, fell upon us in myriads, and rendered sleep or rest nearly impracticable.

It is impossible to describe the depression of mind and body which follows nights of this kind. It is at such times I feel the real blessing the Psalms are. They never fail to give peace and refreshment, when all is dark and gloomy within and without. The circumstances under which many of them were written, seasons of danger and almost despair —David fleeing and hiding from bloodthirsty enemies, as we are—render them peculiarly suitable to our case. This morning I felt the 5th verse of the 68th Psalm most soothing, in the assurance it gives me that if I am cut off, my God will be with my widow and fatherless children. Again, the fact asserted in the following verse, that God "setteth the solitary in families," is most comforting. Unto Him belong the issues of life and death, and He may be pleased to show forth His power even for me the most unworthy of His servants, and restore me to my family.

Friday, August 14th.—Strange rumours to-day that the Governor-General with the King of Oude will reach Cawnpore this day, and that on their arrival Oude is to be formally made over to its ancient ruler. The Thakoors seem quite delighted at the prospect, and say the orders have come from the "English council at home," meaning the Court of Directors, "who always do justice." They often speak to me about the annexation, and ask me why the Governor-General acted on "Sullivan Sahib's" advice, as they call Sleeman; who, they assert, was the man who ruined their "raj."

They speak with the greatest respect and affection of some of our officers, especially of Christian, late Commissioner at Seetapore, and swear vengeance against the Dobusees (the 41st) who murdered him and his family at that place. If they could always have got access to him, they say, they would have had no reason to complain of our administration; but he had too much to do, and was seldom visible. The native officials they describe as regular harpies, and a native deputy-collector who had been stationed at Sandee, they frequently mention to me with expressions of the deepest hatred. This fellow, they assert, had a pair of slippers of extra size made, on purpose for "shoe beating" (the most disgraceful punishment that can be inflicted on a native) in open Kutcherry any one who refused to pay him what he demanded in the shape of bribes, or to sign any agreements respecting the disposal of their villages or land that he chose to fix upon, however unjust and ruinous to their interests these might be. Old Kussuree told me that he had paid a thousand rupees in petitions alone, not one of

which ever reached Christian, and more than 6,000 rupees in bribes; notwithstanding which he had lost the villages farmed by him and his ancestors for many generations, and had been assessed so highly for those he had left, that he had only been able to pay his rent the preceding year by the sale of some of his family jewels and a mare he highly valued; and this year he said he would no doubt have been a defaulter, and been sold up, had not the bulwah (rebellion) fortunately occurred.

I asked him why he did not go to Lucknow and complain in person to the Chief Commissioner. He replied that he had made one journey to Lucknow in the King's time, with some petition about his villages, and it so nearly cost him his life, that he would never enter that city again. "I was then," he said, "a fine powerful man, 'khoob inwan,' and passed my way into the King's presence in open durbar, armed in the usual way, and as we all are in these parts, with my sword, shield, and matchlock. I was unaware of the rules of the Court, which forbid armed men to enter the durbar, and had left the match of my matchlock burning. The King caught sight of it alight, and rushed out of durbar, crying out, 'Seize and kill him: he wants to assassinate me!' I was instantly pinioned, and carried off to be blown from a gun. No one would listen to my expostulations, as I was a stranger; and it was believed that I had been caught in the act of attempting to murder the King. Most fortunately for me, as I was being carried off, an officer met the party, and stopped it to look at the prisoner. He was from these parts, and an old friend of mine. He recognized me and cried out, 'Kussuree Singh is no traitor, but an honest

zemindar of high character; there must be some mistake.' I then told him how, by my allowing the match of my gun to remain alight, I had got into this trouble, which was likely to cost me my life. He had influence enough to stop my execution until he could communicate with the authorities, and on his explanation I was ordered to be released. I left Lucknow that night, have never seen it since, and never will again, with my will."

In the conversations I have had with Hurdeo Buksh, who is a very superior intelligent man, he has given me to understand that the native Omlahs,* who were introduced in such shoals into Oude immediately after the annexation, were the curse of the country, and in his plain-spoken phrase, "made our rule to stink in the nostrils of the people." Of Christian and many other officers he spoke in terms of high commendation and respect. He never hesitated, he said, to go to Christian, who always treated him (as Probyn had invariably, at Futtehghur,) as a gentleman, gave him a seat, and conversed with him with affability; but to any *native* official under Government he declared he would as soon lose his life as go.

Tuesday, August 18th.—This evening Khan Singh returned with the money all safe from Furrukabad. The ponies, which had been hired by Wuzeer Singh and him, were duly laden at Kussowrah, and driven to a ghaut on the Ganges, where they crossed. Khan Singh went in the same boat, but did not ostensibly have any connection with them. The ponies were allowed to pass with their loads, as soon as the guard at the ghaut ascertained that they did

* Civil officers of the Government employed in collecting revenue.

not belong to any of Hurdeo Buksh's villages. Khan Singh was, on landing, seized and brought before the Subahdar in command. He exhibited his hoondees, told the story he had prepared beforehand—that he had been sent by his master to make advances to the boat's crew belonging to him—and expressed his confidence that, as it was the object of the sepoys not to hurt but to foster honest traders, they would not interfere with, or detain, him. The Subahdar believed his story, wished him success, and dismissed him. The ponies' loads were disposed of in the bazaar, and the animals themselves taken at nightfall secretly to the banker's, where the money was sewn into their pack-saddles. Next morning at dawn, their drivers drove them back across the ghaut unquestioned; Khan Singh, to avoid recognition, recrossing himself at a ghaut some miles higher up the Ganges. He rejoined them on this side, and they all arrived safely at Kussowrah. And now, through the noble conduct of Misr Byjenath—who, without any solicitation of mine, has of his own accord advanced me money, at a time when my life is by no means secure and repayment is most uncertain—and the cool intrepidity and intelligence of his servant, I am supplied with as much cash as I can possibly require, and placed above want.

On receiving the money, my first desire was to pay Wuzeer Singh some wages, as he had received no pay since leaving his regiment in February. He refused to receive one cowrie, saying, "When I see you seated in kutcherry again, I will take pay: until then I can support myself well enough with the balance of my pay." Nothing could move him from his determination. I was afraid to keep the

money myself, so I made it over to Kussuree to retain for me.

Tuesday, August 20th.—Nothing has occurred since last entry worthy of note. To-day a messenger was sent to us from Hurdeo Buksh, to say that a man had arrived at Dhurumpore, asking for Probyn, and that he had him detained as a spy. Probyn begged that the man might be sent on to us. He soon after arrived, and turned out to be a messenger from Deighton Probyn from Delhi, which place he had only left nine days before. The letter was sewn up in the sole of the man's shoe, and had to be cut out. It was of course much soiled, but quite legible, and informed us that all was going on favourably at Delhi, and the insurgents were losing heart from continual defeats. The messenger informed us that he had seen numbers of sepoys on the road, returning to their homes with their plunder. He had met one man on a camel, who gave out in the villages as he came along, that the British army had been cut to pieces in his presence, and the Emperor had sent him down express to announce the happy tidings to the Nawab of Furrukabad. Probyn's messenger inquired of this man when he had left Delhi; and on hearing that he had started two days before himself, knew that his statement was quite false, and remonstrated with him for propagating such falsehoods. The man replied that he was carrying home plenty of plunder, and gave himself out to be an imperial messenger to save himself from being stopped and plundered by the villagers.

Seeta Ram returned this evening from Cawnpore: but, to our bitter mortification, without any note from General

Havelock in reply to Probyn's. Seeta Ram had safely reached the British camp, and falling in with some Sikhs, was conducted by them to General Havelock's tent; when he delivered his letter, and was told to wait for an answer. This he did for the whole of the next day, but received none. The second morning the force moved out towards Bithoor, and Seeta Ram accompanied General Havelock's servants with the force. A battle was fought about midday, in which the insurgents were beaten with much slaughter. Seeta Ram was present throughout, and states that the fire of our artillery was so terrific, that it was impossible for the enemy to stand against it for a moment. After the action he tried to get speech of the General, but he was too busy to attend to him. Next day, General Havelock moved to attack a body of the enemy which had retreated to some place near Sheorajpore, where he beat them again soundly. The order was then given to return to Cawnpore, and Seeta Ram, fearing we might be much disappointed by the delay in his return, and thinking there was no hope of getting any reply from the General, started on his return, and reached us in due course. His news was good and most cheering; but his mission, as we told him, had been useless, as he had brought us no reply from the General. As Havelock is an old friend of mine, I have thought it best to write to him myself, and entreat of him to send us some reply. Seeta Ram is to start with this letter to-morrow.

Friday, August 21st.—Poor Probyn's little girl died this morning: she had drooped ever since the exposure and privations of Runjepoorah, and ever since our return had

gradually grown weaker, notwithstanding her mother's increasing care and watchfulness: another victim to these sad troubles; as, in all human probability, had the child not been subjected to such hardships, or even if medical aid or medicines had been available, she would have lived. When I joined the party at Dhurumpore, she was a fine, healthy, and very pretty child, with beautiful hair thickly curling over her head. As soon as it was dusk, we went out and dug a grave, and at midnight carried out the little body wrapped in a sheet, and buried her by her little brother. I can never forget her parents' agony. She had been a favourite child, and to see her wasting away daily and suffering from disease, without being able to administer anything for her relief, was almost too distressing to bear. But it is God's will, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

Saturday, August 22nd.—I sent off Seeta Ram this morning with my note to General Havelock, desiring him to make all speed in returning, as the good effects of the late success in opening the roads might soon wear away. Hurdeo Buksh called upon us in the forenoon of to-day, for the first time at this hour since we have been in this place: he generally chose the dead of night for his visits. He was in high spirits in consequence of Havelock's successful advance, and the intelligence which had reached him of reinforcements pouring into Cawnpore. Not one of the Talookdars or men of influence in Oude, he asserted, had yet joined the rebels, with the exception of Jessah Singh; who had been reported dead of his wounds. Hurdeo Buksh tells us that he has received a copy of a proclama-

tion, issued by the Subahdars in command of the mutineers at Delhi and Lucknow, to all the chief landowners in Oude. In this document they express their surprise and sorrow that, although the army had risen in defence of their religion and for the common good, the landowners had not co-operated with the soldiers, or given them the aid they counted upon when they rose. In consequence of their backwardness, the army now found themselves unable to contend successfully against the British; the Subahdars, therefore, thought it right to warn all the chief men of influence and rank in Oude, that it was the intention of the British, as soon as they had destroyed the army, to collect all the high-caste men and sweepers in the province at one enormous feast, and make them all eat together. The Subahdars, therefore, thought it their duty to give the chiefs fair warning of the intentions of the British Government, and to entreat them, for the sake of their common faith, to aid the army with their forces, and to rise and exterminate the infidels, and avoid so fearful a catastrophe as the loss of their caste.

Hurdeo Buksh said, "You and I know that this is all nonsense and folly; but the proclamation is a highly dangerous and inflammable document, for its contents are implicitly believed by the common people, who are consequently much exasperated against the English."

His own relations and tenantry, he says, have become in consequence highly displeased with him for harbouring us; and this ill-feeling has been much aggravated by the Nawab and Subahdar in Futtehghur having issued orders to prevent any people from his villages crossing the Ganges, or getting

any supplies from Furrukabad of salt, sugar, and other necessaries hitherto procured from thence. The result of this deprivation is that the people are becoming excited to a degree highly dangerous to us, and Hurdeo Buksh fears he cannot much longer restrain them. Besides all this, the inundation was, he observed, daily diminishing, and he had always told us that the moment the waters subsided his power to protect us would be at an end. He, therefore, thought we should, with reference to all these circumstances, make up our minds to endeavour to escape by the river to Cawnpore; and to start without loss of time, while the recent successes of our troops were fresh in the minds of the people, and the route was comparatively safe. He had ordered a boat to be prepared for us, and as soon as it was ready he should start us off. We told him that we quite coincided in his opinion, that it was now high time to attempt to escape by the river; and that we would be ready to start on the return of the messenger we had sent to Cawnpore, who might be expected in a few days with a reply from General Havelock. Hurdeo Buksh was satisfied with this, and left us.

Sunday, August 23rd.—We had for some days made our projected attempt to escape by the Ganges the repeated subject of prayer, together and by ourselves, for guidance as to what course we should pursue, and that God would in mercy be pleased to open a way of escape for us. I went into my room this morning to look up the lessons for the day before meeting for prayers, when turning over the Bible, I was much struck by coming upon the 8th chapter, verses 21, 22, 23, and 31, of the book of Ezra; which seemed so

peculiarly suitable to our circumstances as to be quite startling. I read the passage to the Probyns, and we were by this little incident so much strengthened and encouraged that we feel now little or no hesitation in undertaking our perilous journey.

Monday, 24th.—Sinister rumours are rife to-day in the village, and of course are duly communicated to us, that the insurgents are again re-assembling in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, and have attacked and expelled the police from the re-established stations. It is also reported that Ranee Chunda Koonwur, mother of Dhuleep Singh, has effected her escape from Nepaul, and has arrived at Futtehghur, *en route* to the Punjaub. If this be true, and she succeeds in reaching her destination, the consequences may be most troublesome, if not disastrous.

Finished to-day, for the second time, that excellent work, Bridges on 119th Psalm; the sole book in my hands, except the Bible, for the past two months: and fortunate have I been to have had these sources of consolation. I found great comfort and encouragement to-day in reading his remarks on faith, in his commentary on the 116th verse; which contains, I think, the real scriptural doctrine. However our own frames may change, or our power of comprehension vary, He remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever: we can neither add to nor detract anything from the completeness of His finished work.

Just as we were falling off asleep last night we were aroused by the arrival of a messenger from General Havelock. We jumped up, eager to get his expected communication; but, to our bitter disappointment, found that he had

only brought a letter from the General to Hurdeo Buksh, commending him for his humanity and loyalty in having protected us hitherto, and assuring him of high rewards if he would send us safe into the British camp, as soon as it reached Futtehghur.

The messenger quite raised our spirits by informing us that below Cawnpore all was tranquil—daks running and telegraph communication with Calcutta open, just as before the mutiny, and that Lucknow was quite safe; so much so that the army was to move on Futtehghur before making any fresh attempt for its relief. The messenger, however, strongly urged us not to attempt to escape down the Ganges, as we should certainly be seized and killed by the rebels along the banks; but to remain quietly where we were until Havelock's army advanced and captured Futtehghur.

Tuesday, 25th.—My messenger, Rohna, arrived to-day from Nynee Tal with a welcome letter from my wife, giving good accounts of herself and Gracey. They, with the other ladies, had been removed as a matter of precaution to Almorah, as Khan Bahadur Khan's troops were threatening Nynee Tal. Rohna brought me also a little note from Ramsay, entreating me not to attempt to reach the hills by Phillibheet, as the country is much disturbed and full of rebels; so that this route is quite impracticable. These letters gave us a good account of affairs generally. Reinforcements had reached Delhi, which, it was hoped, might fall by the end of the month, and twenty thousand men are announced on their way from England. It appears that communication is open between Nynee Tal, Mussoorie, and other parts, as accounts up to the 18th June have reached

my wife of all the dear ones at home, who were quite well, and in happy ignorance of our desperate situation.

Late in the evening, one of Hurdeo Buksh's people came from Dhurumpore to tell us that a messenger, sent by his master to ascertain the state of the river, had returned and reported all clear and safe as far as Cawnpore. As it is now pretty certain that we shall make the attempt ere many days elapse, we deemed it right to intimate our intention to Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher, in order that they might accompany us. Probyn accordingly sent a note to Robertson to warn him, but enjoining him to maintain entire secrecy, as upon this mainly depends our safety and the success of our enterprise.

Wednesday, August 26th.—General Havelock's messenger again advised us strongly against attempting the river route; maintaining that at several points on the banks on both sides, to his certain knowledge, the enemy were posted in force with guns, which of course we could never pass. We sent Wuzeer Singh to tell Hurdeo Buksh what the hurkarah had told us. On his return he said that information to the same effect had also reached Hurdeo Buksh, who had in consequence sent off fresh messengers to procure accurate intelligence, as to the state of the river and the position of the rebels between us and Cawnpore. We are not to start until they return. All this is very depressing: we seem to be surrounded by a circle of fire, which it is impossible to pass through. All that we can do is, like Ezra, with earnest prayer to seek of our God "a right way for us and the little ones."

A messenger arrived to-day bringing a letter from Delhi,

which was, as usual, concealed in the sole of his shoe. On opening it, we found to our great disappointment that it was not addressed to either of us; but was from Yule (of the 9th Lancers, we suppose,) to an officer of the name of Beatson at Cawnpore. The messenger said he left Delhi on the 18th, when all was going on well. On the 12th an outwork was carried by our troops without much loss, the enemy losing five hundred killed: they daily sally out and attack our siege operations, but do little mischief, and cause us no loss. Reinforcements from Bombay, the messenger said, had arrived, and the siege train from Ferozepore was close at hand, which it was hoped would at once settle the business.

Thursday, 27th August.—Nothing new settled about our plans, and we are much harassed. Heavy guns firing in Furrukabad to-day, we know not from what cause; but they reminded us painfully of our fearful proximity to that place where are so many thirsting for our lives. Amidst it all, to-day's Psalms most consoling, and wonderfully suited to our case, especially the 121st.

A Brahmin in the employ of Mr. Churcher, and said to be much in his confidence, came to us to-day, bringing a letter from Major Robertson, telling us that although so weak that he faints whenever he is moved in order to have his wound dressed, he thought it his duty to avail himself of this opportunity, which God has put in his way, to try to escape from these awful dangers which threaten us on every side. Although he considers our chance of escape very slender, and the attempt a desperate one, he will hold himself in readiness to start to join our boat whenever he receives

instructions of the time fixed for departure. The Brahmin did his best to dissuade us from the attempt, assuring us it must end in our destruction, unless Hurdeo Buksh would send down with us at least four hundred matchlockmen in separate boats. Mr. Churcher, he told us, would certainly not run the risk, but preferred remaining where he was, in hiding with the Aheers. We dismissed the messenger, telling him to inform his master that we are quite determined to start as soon as the boat is ready.

Saturday, 29th August.—Late last night, after we were all in bed, but none of us asleep, and while pondering over our gloomy circumstances, Jones, who has a very fine voice, suddenly commenced singing the "Old Folks at Home." I never felt more deeply affected in my life; and, indeed, this was the case with all of us while listening to the song.

Seeta Ram soon after arrived, bringing a note to me from General Havelock, and another to Hurdeo Buksh's address, both enclosed in quills, and of course very brief. The General strongly recommended us to remain where we were and watch events, as the rebels infested all the roads, and rendered travelling most dangerous—almost impossible. We were much cast down, and consulted together whether to follow the General's advice and remain where we were, or risk the river journey. It was, after all, but a choice of dangers; to remain where we were much longer was almost certain destruction; to go, although hazardous in the extreme, offered at least a chance of safety and escape, so we all three determined to try the river. There was no time to lose, as Seeta Ram reported that the rebels were again

collecting, but that as yet there were no bodies of men and no guns on the river banks.

We all thought it best that Probyn should go at once to Hurdeo Buksh, deliver to him General Havelock's letter, and intimate that we were ready to start as soon as he pleased. He accordingly set off, and returned in about two hours, stating that Hurdeo Buksh has determined to send us off by boat to-morrow morning. May God in his infinite mercy go forth with us, and protect us, and bring us to our desired haven! We sent off a messenger to Robertson to inform him and Churcher, and also bearers to convey the former, as he could not walk to the boat to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, September 1st.—On Sunday, August 30th, I awoke very early, and roused up the others. The morning was dull and rainy—just fit for our expedition. We all in that little shed joined, for the last time, in earnest prayer together for a blessing on our undertaking, and in thanksgiving for the many mercies we had received, and for our wonderful preservation hitherto in this place. At seven A.M. Hurdeo Buksh came himself to conduct us to the boat. The Thakoors and other leading men of the village, who had been in the habit of coming and sitting with us and giving us the news during the past weary weeks, accompanied us to the boats, which we found moored on the Ramgunga, opposite Dhurumpore, and all ready for us.

Our party consisted of eleven matchlockmen, as a guard, eight rowers, all under the command of Hurdeo Buksh's brother-in-law, Thakoor Pirthee Pal. Seeta Ram also accompanied us, as he knew where our troops were located

at Cawnpore, and might be useful to us *en route;* and also Rohna, who was to return at once if we reached Cawnpore in safety, with a note to Hurdeo Buksh, and one for my wife, to take on to Nynee Tal. One of the Kussowrah Thakoors, Paorun, also went with us.

We remained for more than two hours at the boat, waiting for Major Robertson, and Mr. Churcher, and at the imminent peril of our own lives; our safety mainly depending on expedition and secrecy. If intelligence of our projected attempt reached the Nawab and Subahdars in Futtehghur, nothing was easier than for them to detach some sepoys down the Ganges, to the point where the Ramgunga falls into it, and intercept us there. They could reach that point in less than two hours with ease from the time of starting; whereas it would occupy nearly from morn till evening, owing to the winding course of the Ramgunga, before we could hope to enter the Ganges.

Hurdeo Buksh had happily taken the precaution, the night before, of seizing all the boats at the ferries on both rivers, within the limits of his domain, thus cutting off all communication with Furrukabad. Any lengthened interruption of the passages across the Ganges would not fail, however, to attract notice and excite suspicion; and it was, in his opinion, very essential for our safety that we should embark and start without further loss of time. We were in a most painful position. We could not bear the idea of leaving our poor countrymen behind, and yet if we delayed any longer we might lose our own lives without benefiting them. At last, just as our patience was exhausted, a messenger arrived from Major Robertson to say that neither he

nor Mr. Churcher would risk the attempt. They were, doubtless, dissuaded by the Brahmin servant of Mr. Churcher, who had used his best arguments to deter us from the journey.

There was nothing now to detain us, so about eleven, as far as we could judge, we started. Hurdeo Buksh rode with us for some miles along the banks of the stream, and then left us, enjoining us to be careful to remain under the covered part of the boat, and on no account to show ourselves, as that would lead to our discovery, and in such an event to our destruction. To secure the fidelity of the boatmen, he had, he informed us, seized their families, who would only be released on the news reaching him of our safe arrival at Cawnpore. The matchlockmen were his own immediate retainers, and fully trustworthy. I, however, doubted them much more than the boatmen, for whose fidelity we have a substantial guarantee; for I believed they would take to the river, in which they can swim like fish, on the very first approach of danger.

The boat was nominally conveying the female portion of the family of a relative of Hurdeo Buksh, on a visit to their relations at a lonely place on the Oude side of the Ganges called Tirowah Pulleeah, belonging to a Talookdar named Dhunna Singh. This man is a great friend of Hurdeo Buksh, and possessed of considerable influence on both sides of the river, as far as Cawnpore. If he considered the road safe, he was to accompany us to that place; if he did not, he was to give us shelter and protect us for the time being, and until something was determined upon for our disposal.

For the first twenty miles of our course down the Ramgunga, we ran little risk, as Hurdeo Buksh's influence sufficed to protect us. For the last thirty, until the river joins the Ganges, the danger was great. Messengers, however, met us at different points along the bank to warn us whether we might safely proceed or not. At one point we were in considerable danger of being wrecked. The boatmen tried a new channel and came upon a rapid, with an abrupt fall of, I should think, nearly four feet. The stream was running with great rapidity; but from its shallowness, the boat stuck in the middle, and for ten minutes could not be extricated. We dared not show ourselves outside, and it was most trying to sit still, crowded as we were in the close covered space allotted to us, while the boat hung as it were on an inclined plane, the water roaring and surging round us. At last they managed to get her clear, and we floated down, without further interruption, till we reached within two or three miles of the mouth of the Ramgunga.

The river had so materially changed its channel this year, that for several reaches, we found ourselves directly opposite the village of Kassim Kore, situated on the right bank of the Ganges, and which we supposed lay some four miles higher up the stream. This village bore the worst character; its inhabitants had, we were aware, taken an active part in the massacre of the Futtehghur fugitives and the plunder of their boat; that fearful tragedy having occurred in its immediate neighbourhood.

It was with breathless anxiety, therefore, that we watched this village. From the great height of the bank on which

it was placed the people must have seen us, as we came winding down the stream and rounded the reaches: and the unusual sight of a boat could not, we feared, fail to attract attention, and lead parties of them to come off in boats to intercept us. The sun was setting as we floated out into the Ganges, here about a mile broad, and only about a quarter of a mile below Kassim Kore. It was with a sickening sort of anxiety we continued to watch this place; but it was like a village of the dead: not a human being could we discern moving about, and deeply thankful did we feel when we found that we were passing unnoticed. But we scarcely ventured to consider ourselves secure, until we lost sight of the hateful spot in the distance.

The Ganges was still in flood, and we floated down very rapidly, keeping, as far as it was possible, the middle of the stream. At one point where the stream narrowed considerably, there was a ferry close to a large village, with several boats close to the bank, and a number of people collected and about to cross. Except the boats at these and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not a single boat had been seen on its waters since that one which had escaped from Futtehghur, and of whose fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat rowed rapidly down stream, with a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached the place, our guards got their cartridge boxes handy, and their powder horns by them, all ready, if required.

We were, as we expected, challenged and asked who we were, and told to stop and pull in shore. The Thakoor replied that he was taking his family down to Tirrowah Pulleeah, and could not stop. A voice called out, "You have Feringees (English) concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." "Feringees on board," was the ready answer of the Thakoor, Pirthee Pal, "I wish we had, and we should soon dispose of them and get their plunder."—"Stop and come ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.

The river widened, and we bore out into the centre of the stream; the distance thus put between us, and the sight of the guard all ready with their matchlocks, no doubt deterred any of those on shore from putting off and following us. After this we passed on without challenge until nightfall, when the boat was stopped; we anchored at a most solitary, desolate place covered with long grass, and left half-dry by the receding waters of the river. This place, we heard, was only a mile and a half from Tirrowah Pulleeah, Dhunna Singh's stronghold. Our crew and guards immediately went on shore, and commenced cooking.

It was, of course, essential for us to communicate with Dhunna Singh, as he was to accompany us on, and it would be hopeless for us to attempt to proceed without him. Only one of our party, a boatman, knew the way to his fort, which lay directly across the waste, alongside of which we were anchored: with, as he told us, a deep creek intervening, and he declared he would not go alone at this time of night. Some of the guard and boatmen were in vain ordered to accompany this man; not one would leave his cooking. At

last the Thakoors seized one of the boatmen, gave him a sound thrashing, and frightened him into accompanying them.

They followed a small path, and were soon lost in the long grass. Probyn and I got out of the boat and walked up and down the bank, anxiously discussing the probability of the messengers failing us, or in event even of their reaching the place, of Dhunna Singh's answering our summons or not. It was the wildest and most dismal scene I have ever witnessed; the boatmen and guard even seemed depressed, and sat cooking in silence: not a sound was heard, but the croaking of innumerable frogs in the pools, and crabs in the swamp. Nearly two hours passed away without any sign of our messengers: not a soul came near us. At last Probyn determined that we had better go on at all hazards, as the night was slipping away; and as the most dangerous part of the river was before us, it was necessary to pass it under cover of the darkness. Desolate as the place was, it would not do to remain there for the night; as the herdsmen grazing their cattle would no doubt discover us as soon as it was light, and most likely give information to the villagers, who would come down and destroy us. My opinion was strongly against starting without Dhunna Singh. It had been part of Hurdeo Buksh's arrangement that he should accompany us, and if once we deviated from it, in so important a point, the crew might not consider themselves any longer responsible for our safety, and might desert us. Probyn agreed to remain for another half-hour: one of terrible anxiety and suspense it was.

I was pacing up and down, and almost in despair, when

I heard the sound of voices approaching, and Dhunna Singh almost immediately came up with our messengers and a few followers; he was an old man with a white head, but very wiry and athletic, and from his frank and self-possessed manner, I saw at once that he was the right sort of man for this kind of work. He said we must go on at once, and lamented that so much time had already been lost, as it was most desirable to be beyond a part of the river near Sheorajpore by the morning. The only thing suspicious about Dhunna Singh was his desiring to accompany us in a small boat to be towed astern, instead of on board ours. I told him we expected him to come into our boat; and this he did, after some hesitation.

We started about ten o'clock, so far as we could judge, and floated rapidly down the river, keeping as much as we could in the centre of the stream. We were challenged repeatedly from either bank and ordered to stop and come ashore; but on starting, Dhunna Singh had instructed two of his men, whom he had brought on board with him, to reply in answer to any challenge, that the boat belonged to Dhunna Singh of Tirrowah Pulleeah, who was taking his family down to bathe at a celebrated bathing ghaut near Cawnpore. If this explanation failed to satisfy, the men in repeating it were instructed to say that Dhunna Singh was himself on board; and if even this did not suffice, he would himself come forward and answer the challenge.

On several occasions he had to do this; for the explanation of the men being not believed, a second and more peremptory summons was given to stop and pull ashore. Dhunna Singh's own powerful and peculiarly harsh voice,

however, never failed to satisfy inquirers; who, on hearing his explanation, either remained silent, or said "Go on, go on!" At one village, however, much embarrassment was caused by the party challenging being intimate with Dhunna Singh, expressing great satisfaction at his arrival, and begging him to come ashore and take them on board. Dhunna Singh showed great readiness and presence of mind in this difficulty. He answered their hail with great apparent cordiality, and telling the rowers to stop pulling, began asking questions about different persons and places; he thus held the party in conversation till we had floated well past the village, when he called out that he could not stop just then, as he wanted his family to be at the ghaut in time to bathe before the morning; but that on his return, in two or three days, he would make a point of stopping in the village. On saying this, he ordered the men to give way as fast as possible, which they did; and as the river was running like a sluice, we passed down so rapidly, that any attempt to have pursued us by a boat from the village would have been quite vain.

About one in the morning, we approached Mendee Ghaut, the chief ferry between Oude and the Futtehghur side of the river, and a great place of resort for mutineers or rebels. Dhunna Singh expressed great anxiety to pass this place in safety; assuring us that the risk of detection was very great. Most providentially, as we approached within a mile of the place, a large bank of clouds came over the moon and it became partially dark. The rowers were told to ship their oars, and the whole party to keep profound silence. In this way we glided down the stream very rapidly, and

silent as the grave; owing to the darkness and perfect stillness we passed this critical point altogether unnoticed and unchallenged. About an hour after this we grounded twice: the first time, the boat was got off without much trouble; but on the second occasion she struck several times very heavily, and then nearly capsized. She, however, soon righted a little, but remained for more than an hour stuck fast on the sand-bank. I thought then it surely was all up with us; that we could not float her, and that we should be deserted by those on board and left to the mercy of the villagers, who could not fail to notice and come down on us as soon as it was light.

Nearly the whole of the guard, as well as the rowers, at our earnest entreaty, got into the water, and, by thus lightening the boat, succeeded, after heavy labour, in getting her afloat. The delay caused by this mishap was very serious; for day broke just as we were nearing a place on the right bank where a body of the enemy with guns was said to be posted, and which we had calculated upon passing during the night.

As we approached this point, Dhunna Singh, as well as ourselves, felt most anxious. Great, however, was our relief, and deep our thankfulness, when, upon rounding a reach of the river, we found this place silent and deserted. Had the enemy been here we must have fallen into their hands; for escape would have been impossible. Dhunna Singh now told us that if we could only succeed in reaching Bithoor, some ten miles further down, which he supposed was occupied by our troops, we should be safe; but until we arrived there, as it was now daylight, the risk of being stopped was great.

On we went without interruption for some miles, when the stream carrying us close in shore on the right bank, we came, on rounding a point suddenly, on a considerable body of people, some bathing and some sitting on the bank. On Dhunna Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhunna Singh not to proceed much further down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the Gora log (Europeans), who were in force in Bithoor, and would kill all in the boat.

Dhunna Singh, with his usual presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking coolly at me as I lay inside the covering, eagerly inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed down the stream with safety. He was told the exact spot, and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, told the rowers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore, that Probyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands on their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out; which would have betrayed us at once, and we must have been lost.

We met with no incident for the next few miles, and about 11 o'clock we reached Bithoor. We were now beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last we were in safety, and Dhunna Singh, as we approached the place, removed the curtain hanging in front of where we lay, and called out to us, "You are now in your own territory; come

out and look about, for there is no more need of hiding." Jones was just on the point of availing himself of this permission, and going out from under cover (where he had been cramped up all night), into the open air, when, as he was stepping over me I caught his leg, and by some involuntary impulse begged of him to stop, and not show himself for a little. He had scarcely done so, and the words had hardly left my lips, when the curtain was hastily replaced, and we were hailed by a man on the bank. Dhunna Singh inquired who he was; he replied that he was a sepoy of Jessah Singh's son, and had come across from Futtehpore Chowrassee with some of the Nana's people, to convey away some of the Nana's property, which he had been forced to leave behind him when he fled from our troops on their capture of the place.

Dhunna Singh completely deceived this man by his ready replies to all his questions, and so prevented his suspecting the real character of the boat, or giving the alarm. Dhunna Singh expressed great satisfaction on hearing that Bithoor was evacuated by our troops, and reoccupied by some of the Nana's, and of his ally Jessah Singh's son. Jessah Singh himself, who was the Nana's confederate in the Cawnpore tragedy, had about a fortnight previously died of his wounds, and been succeeded by his son; with whom the Nana was at this moment in hiding a few miles from us, at Futtehpore Chowrassee.

Soon after passing this sepoy, and while floating past some high buildings, several shots were fired in rapid succession; and we saw several hundred armed men congregated in and around the buildings. We, however, heard no

whizz of bullets, and supposed that the firing was in honour of the great Mahomedan festival of the Mohurrum, which is now being celebrated. It was truly miraculous how we escaped being observed by this large body of men, all armed, and in the service of our deadliest enemies. We were the sole boat which had appeared for nearly two months on the river, and the unusual sight could not fail to have drawn their attention to us, and yet no one molested us, or tried to stop us.

An hour of most intense anxiety passed in getting clear of this dreadful place, Bithoor. When we had left it about two miles behind, Dhunna Singh, who as well as myself had not closed an eye all night, came in and lay down under the cover of the boat, and, assuring us that we were now all right, said he could take a sleep. Soon after we had the great joy of seeing Cawnpore in the distance.

Owing to the frequent turns of the river, and a high contrary wind which had sprung up, we were a weary long time in approaching the station.

Just as our hopes of safety appeared on the verge of accomplishment, they suddenly seemed about to be entirely defeated; for the wind caught our boat, and in spite of the efforts of the rowers, who were by this time thoroughly worn out, drove us half-across to the Oude side of the river. We then, for the first time, became aware that this bank was occupied by a body of the enemy watching the Cawnpore force. Their tents became distinctly visible; and, as we were being driven across, we heard their drums and bugles sounding the alarm; as they, I fancy, took us for a reconnoitring party. We expected that they would

fire at us; but fortunately they did not, and the wind falling we were enabled, after much labour, to get back again to our own side.

Soon after we came upon a picquet of Sikhs posted near the Old Magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that by any possibility the boat could contain friends, came down to oppose us, and were capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzeer Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape; at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream until we came to the camp where our troops were entrenched, which we should know by a steamer being moored below. We left them, and in about half an hour reached the landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another alongside the steamer. Then, indeed, with grateful and overflowing hearts we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved, and among our own countrymen.

We landed about two P.M. of the 31st August, just twenty-seven hours after we started; during which time we had run the gauntlet for more than 150 miles of river-way, through the midst of the enemy's country. A picquet of her Majesty's 84th Regiment was on duty at the ghaut. The men congregated round us, and even our own flesh and blood could not have more repeatedly or warmly congratulated us on our safety than they did; they were very

tender of poor Mrs. Probyn, and insisted on carrying the children and our little baggage to wherever we wished to go. On learning that the magistrate's tent was a few yards off at the top of the bank, I immediately went there, and found Sherer of our service. On announcing myself (for being in native dress he could not recognize me), he was as much surprised as if he had seen an apparition, for I had long been reported among the killed at Futtehghur. I can never forget his hearty welcome.

I was just able to tell him that the Probyns and their children were down at the boat, and beg of him to go and bring them, when, as he rushed off for that purpose, everything seemed to swim around me, and I fell on the ground from excitement and exhaustion. Sherer soon after returned with the Probyns, and by that time I had recovered myself. When we had all collected in the tent, our first question was as to the fate of the party who had left Futtehghur, and of whom we hoped that some had escaped. Then for the first time we heard the truth, that they had really *all* been murdered—that not one had survived. We also heard of the awful massacre at Cawnpore, of which only vague rumours had hitherto reached us, too terrible to admit of credence. We could scarcely believe that we four persons and the two children are the sole survivors of that large body of our country-people, men, women, and children.

Sherer got rooms prepared for us in a house fitted up as an hotel, close to his tents, and just beyond the entrenchment occupied by our troops. To get to this place we were obliged to pass the house in which the slaughter had been perpetrated, and the well where so many of those dear

friends lie, whom we had so lately parted with in full strength and vigour.

When we found ourselves in a house again, for the first time for three months, and in a position of comparative security, we felt quite awe-struck; and, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, we knelt down together to bless our God, who had so wonderfully "delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and from those who lay in wait for us by the way."

CHAPTER XIX.

APPOINTED SPECIAL COMMISSIONER AT FUTTEHPORE—ALARM THERE—PROCEED TO BENARES AS SPECIAL COMMISSIONER—REJOIN MY WIFE AND CHILD.

THE hotel in which we lodged at Cawnpore had been occupied by the Nana as his residence during his brief tenure of power. Bebee-Ghur, the scene of the slaughter of the women and children, was not more than fifty yards distant; and it was reported that when his unhappy victims were being murdered, this miscreant amused himself with the performances of singing men and women.

When I visited this scene of unheard-of cruelty and savage ferocity, the walls, so far as I saw, bore no writing, neither names, dates, nor inscriptions of any sort. The floor of the house was still covered with blood from end to end, which must have overflowed the whole space, and children's socks, shoes, pieces of clothing, locks of hair, and leaves of devotional books were scattered over it, all soaked in blood. I picked up a leaf containing a portion of a prayer out of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*.

The lower part of the walls of the room, to about one and a half feet from the floor, was splashed with blood, evidently showing that the poor victims were cut to pieces when cowering under the walls for such shelter as they might afford. But it was too heartrending a scene often to revisit,

as it is now to dwell upon; suffice it to say, that from the minutest and most careful inquiries I could make while at Cawnpore, I am convinced that there were no outrages offered to the unhappy sufferers, and no mutilations inflicted before death, though many afterwards upon their poor senseless remains.

In the evening of my arrival I wandered all about the station. The feeling of relief at being able to do so in safety, after ninety-three days and nights of peril, was intense. Almost the first person I met was my old friend, General Havelock, who was greatly surprised at seeing me, not having heard of my escape, and was most kind and earnest in his congratulations. When I left him I fell in with a party of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, my own county regiment, and the bravest of the brave. Oh, how my heart "warmed to the tartan." Their band was playing close by, and there I met, to my great surprise, an early friend, Colonel Fraser Tytler, second to none in ability and courage of Havelock's band of heroes. He introduced me to General Neill, who had just driven up in a nice-looking dog-cart, and we soon got into earnest conversation. How different was the whole scene from that of the previous evening. Then we were pacing disconsolately up and down the wet mud of a reedy, desolate island in the Ganges, waiting for our conductor, and full of gloomy fear that he would either not join us, or prove treacherous if he did. Now I was listening to enlivening music, surrounded by my own countrymen, and talking to a general whose very appearance, not to mention his conversation, inspired nothing but hope and confidence. He told me that when he was left in command

at Cawnpore, with only a small body of men, on Havelock's first unsuccessful advance a few days previously towards Lucknow, thousands of rebels congregated around the station and threatened to attack it. He felt himself in a most critical position, but putting a bold face on the matter, he used to leave the entrenchment with scarcely a guard, and march out at the head of his few men, with the band and colours each morning, and taking them a considerable circuit, thus lead the enemy to believe that he had double the force he actually possessed, enough to man the entrenchment as well as to operate beyond it.

Upon reaching Cawnpore I lost no time in reporting myself to the Government, and asking for employment. I was consequently ordered to proceed as judge and special commissioner to reoccupy the station of Futtehpore, which was then one of the most exposed points in the whole North-West Provinces. Mr. Probyn was also ordered to join the same station as magistrate. We were told it was to be permanently garrisoned by five hundred men and an entrenched position constructed. Before we left Cawnpore, Generals Outram, Havelock, and Neill crossed into Oude for the relief of Lucknow. Their first action was fought almost within sight as well as hearing of the station, and ended in the rout of the rebels; who, we heard, did not intend again to oppose the force before it reached Lucknow. Two days afterwards we proceeded to Futtehpore, and, although without any escort, reached that place unmolested. We found three hundred European soldiers occupying the post, but the promised entrenchment had not been even commenced; the officer who was to construct it arrived only the day before

us, and had just purchased some string in the bazaar to mark out the line of the projected works. Daily and nightly at this time, the middle of September, we heard heavy firing from the Oude side of the Ganges towards Lucknow, but received no tidings of what had actually occurred there. I confess this did not surprise me, as from what I had previously heard of the enormous mass of men in arms at Lucknow, I never expected the attempt to bring off the garrison could, with the force sent to relieve it, prove a successful operation.

In the meantime our entrenchment advanced rapidly, and had attained a defensible height, when, to our dismay, all the troops with the exception of fifty, most of them sick and footsore men, were ordered to the front. The Futtehpore district at this time was full of rebels and mutineers, and, indeed, we held little more than the ground we stood upon. However, the administration was becoming by degrees more organized, and police out-stations reoccupied. Several noted rebels and mutineers were seized and sent in for trial and punishment. The first man who was capitally punished was a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry. It was proved that he had been active in the attack on the entrenchment at Cawnpore and in the massacre at the boats. I happened to pass him as he was being led to execution on a neighbouring tree, for there was then no gallows, and I never saw a more savage and diabolical countenance. He entreated me to interfere in his behalf, assuring me that he had been on leave from his regiment for six months, and was all that time at his home, and had nothing to do with the mutiny, and he produced in proof a leave certificate from his commanding

officer. His home, however, was only some thirty miles from Cawnpore, and as it was proved that he had been active in the murder of our people, I left him to his fate. The number of leave certificates found on the bodies of mutineers killed in action, or produced by them as proofs of their innocence when arrested and put upon their trial, is one among many proofs to my mind of the deep and widely extended character of the plot which existed in the Bengal army to mutiny and attempt to overthrow the Government.

Numbers of the men who joined in the mutiny armed themselves with these certificates for their own safety, in case the attempt should after all prove unsuccessful. It is impossible to account for the vast numbers of leave men who were congregated at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, upon any other supposition than that a plot existed in which the whole army was concerned.

I am convinced, from the information I have received, that the day originally fixed for the mutiny to commence through the whole Bengal army was Sunday, the 31st of May. Committees of sepoys in each regiment conducted the correspondence, and organized the plan of operations, which was to murder all the European functionaries on that date in church and in their houses, seize the treasuries, break open all the jails, and releasing the prisoners, disseminate rebellion far and wide by their means; and then possessing themselves of all magazines and fortifications, to set up the Emperor of Delhi instead of her Majesty. By the providence of God this scheme was defeated, in consequence of the too precipitate revolt of the sepoys at Barrackpore and Meerut. This the sepoys themselves bitterly lamented

afterwards, and used to say that "Mungul Pandy," the man who first broke out into open mutiny at Barrackpore, and cut down his officer, "had spoilt all."

The villagers round about the station of Futtehpore were all rebels, and the news which at length reached us that Outram's force had been shut up in Lucknow, gave them all heart again. They had heard that the soldiers had been withdrawn from our post, and sent on to Cawnpore, and they thought that only the civilians and one or two officers remained, whom it would be easy to dispose of, as all slept in tents outside the entrenchment, and with no other guard than nine Sikhs whom I had taken into my pay on arriving at the station.

One night as I was lying awake, my attention was attracted by hearing peculiar cries and calls, which appeared to be signals repeated from point to point all round us. I got up and walked out to listen, and to my surprise saw my nine Sikhs sitting outside my tent fully accoutred; I asked them what was the reason, and they then told me for the first time that they had received secret information that the villagers intended to attack us that night, and therefore they had prepared for them. I lost no time in rousing up the two officers in the next tent, and just as I had done so there was an alarm that the villagers were coming in upon us, when the Sikhs set up the most unearthly yell. We all rushed inside the entrenchment and joined the few soldiers who slept there. The bugle immediately sounded the alarm, and the men took their posts on the defences. The villagers had supposed that the entire force had been withdrawn, and they were so surprised at hearing the bugle and seeing the European

soldiers, that they lost heart, and abandoning their enterprise, slunk off among the jungle in the darkness. It was fortunate for us that even so small a body of soldiers had been left with us, otherwise, in all human probability, we should have been massacred that night.

Subsequently we were reinforced by two guns and a detachment of artillery, and one company of Europeans, so that we were comparatively safe, even although a large force of some 8,000 men was collected near us at Banda, constantly threatening to come over and attack us. An officer was sent to command this force. Poor man! he arrived in very great suffering from a severe internal complaint. Being an old acquaintance of mine, I gave him up my tent. I was lying down in an immediately adjoining tent at noon, about two days after his arrival, when I was startled by a shot, and on getting up to see what was the matter, found that the poor brigadier, in the extremity of his suffering, had put an end to his own existence. Next morning, a cold, raw, foggy one in the end of October, he was buried in the old cemetery, which had not been opened for years, and was full of rank, decaying vegetation. I caught a severe attack of fever from the malaria, and being previously much weakened by exposure, I was sent off by the doctor of the detachment to Allahabad for change of air. I never rejoined Futtehpore, as I was subsequently appointed judge and special commissioner of Benares, at which station, as it had not been destroyed by the rebels, I had the comfort of getting under a roof. All remained quiet at this station until the month of March, 1858, when a serious émeute occurred in the jail, caused by seventy mutineers under sen-

tence of imprisonment for life, who were detained temporarily at Benares until carriage for their conveyance to Calcutta could be procured. They were all desperate men, and determined to die in that to them sacred place rather than be transported. Many had to be shot down, and thirteen were summarily executed. One of the first ordered for execution was a splendid, tall grenadier. I asked him what regiment he belonged to, and from what station he had come: to my extreme surprise, he said he belonged to the "Dobyes," the 41st, the very regiment which had mutinied at Futtehghur, and massacred the Europeans; and this was one of the very men who had been so anxious to take my life some six months before, and nothing but God's merciful providence shielded me from their savage power.

Soon after Delhi had fallen, my wife and child left their asylum at Nynee Tal, and made their way across the mountains to Mussoorie, and thence to Meerut and Agra. A number of ladies had congregated at the latter place in February, in order to proceed down the country with a sufficient escort of troops when such could be spared. My wife, thinking the road must have been by that time cleared by Greathed's column, who had lately passed down to Cawnpore, determined to proceed to that station by herself by dawk carriage. She accordingly set off, on the 8th of February, 1858, with the child and two native Christian servants, husband and wife, who had accompanied her from Budaon, and had never left her during this long and anxious period, and reached Cawnpore without any accident or hindrance. It was a daring journey, and ought never to have been attempted; but, like many daring things, when coolly

and resolutely entered upon, it succeeded. Fortunately I never heard of her intention until I received a telegram informing me of her safe arrival at Cawnpore. She had, however, a most narrow escape, for bands of rebels were constantly passing and repassing the Grand Trunk Road to and from Oude, and one party burnt a post station, killed the police, and took away all the post-horses just six hours after she had passed it on her way down. I went up to meet her at a place called Khaga, the then termination of the railway. After leaving Allahabad, and when about half way on my journey, there was a sudden cry that the train was on fire; and so assuredly it was: the van was in flames, and burning furiously. The conductor, instead of pulling up and uncoupling the burning carriage and letting out the passengers, apparently lost his head, and screaming out, "There is powder and shell in the carriage!" set off at a most furious pace, thereby causing the flames to burst out with increased fierceness. It certainly was an awful moment when we heard that the carriage was laden with combustibles, as we expected every instant to be blown into the air, as we would assuredly have been, had the usual load of powder, &c. going up by this train for the army been despatched.

Mercifully, however, it was not so. A voice called out in the train, "It is Sunday, no powder has been sent up to-day." What a relief it was to receive this intimation. The driver at length was made to bring the train to a stand-still. By this time the van was one mass of flame with all its contents, which consisted chiefly of the baggage of General Riddell and other officers of the Royal Artillery going up

to the front. There were several loaded rifles and revolvers among this baggage, and as the fire reached these they exploded, rendering it a matter of considerable risk to go near the burning carriage. The whole of the contents were destroyed, but no other accident occurred than a native being hit in the hand by a bullet from one of the revolvers which exploded in the flames. After this incident we reached the terminus safely; and there in a little tent by the road-side, I rejoined, to my great happiness, my wife and child, who had come down safely in the night from Cawnpore, under escort of some troops of General Walpole's division who were marching that way. It was more than nine months since that sad night, the 22nd May, almost the most trying one in my life, when, as the hot wind was raging, and the dust blowing in clouds round us, I parted with them on the borders of my district, and sent them off with a slender escort, to try and make their way to Nynee Tal, as the only chance of saving their lives. But God had mercifully overruled all for good, and spared us as monuments of His long-suffering mercy when so many had been cut off around us. In April my health was so broken that I was ordered home as the only chance of restoring it. By this time Lucknow had been taken and the rebellion well-nigh quelled, so there was nothing to hinder one's seeking, with a safe conscience, a little change and repose at home. We reached England in May, 1858, and until then I do not think I ever appreciated sufficiently my native country, or ever valued home enough. Those only who were exposed to the like troubles could appreciate as we did the security of repose and peace it afforded us.

CHAPTER XX.

FACTS AND REFLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH THE INDIAN REBELLION.

HAVING had (as described in the previous pages), both as the collector and magistrate of the district of Budaon previous to the late rebellion, and subsequently to that event, both while traversing the country as a fugitive and while in asylum in Oude, peculiar and special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the undisguised views and feelings of our native subjects, it appears to me desirable to state all the facts and information I possess, which may tend to throw light on the remote and immediate causes of the insurrection. These causes were, in my opinion, multiform and various, and were favoured by a peculiar combination of events and circumstances.

The first and most prominent cause of the outbreak was, the condition of our native army—one of deeply rooted and wide-spread disaffection.

The change in the feelings of loyalty and attachment which at one time did certainly exist among our Mahomedan and Hindoo soldiery towards our Government, is to be traced back to the disastrous occurrences of 1840-41 in Affghanistan. The charm was then, for the first time since

our accession to power in India, broken; and the idea, till then prevalent, of our invincibility and good fortune, received a shock, which it has never yet, and I fear never will, recover.

It was apparent to our native subjects that we had been forced to abandon our position beyond the Indus, in consequence of the successful resistance of the Affghan nation, supported in their efforts to drive us out by the corps raised, disciplined, and armed by us from among the people of that country. These corps mutinied one after another, murdered their officers, and joined the national cause.

From that time forward the idea has been gaining ground in the minds of our subjects in India, especially among the Mahomedan portion of them, that a similar course — a mutiny of the native regiments forming our army, backed by a rising among the people, might prove as successful in Hindustan as it had in Cabul, in expelling the British and restoring native rule—that is, the authority of the Emperor of Delhi. Although, in our opinion, the position occupied for the last thirty years by the Emperor was of the most insignificant and contemptible description, very different was the estimation in which he was held by Hindoos as well as Mahomedans generally. In their eyes he was still the legitimate sovereign of India, and as such, was looked up to with feelings of reverence and loyal attachment. Our generous, but, in my humble opinion, impolitic treatment of the King, had directly tended to keep alive and foster these feelings of veneration. We permitted him to continue to occupy his palace in the ancient seat of empire, and there to surround himself with

the symbols of royalty, and to exercise powers, such as conferring honorary titles on our subjects, which, in native estimation, are indissolubly connected with sovereign authority. Although a pensioner, the King was regarded by all in India as the fountain of rank and honour, and the most insignificant marks of his favour were more highly esteemed than the most costly gifts and highest titles which could be conferred by the head of the British Government or any of its subjects. Up to the rebellion, the state papers, such as "Sunnuds" issued by subordinate native chieftains, always contained an acknowledgment of their holding as vassals under the King of Delhi, and the coin they issued bore a legend to the same effect.

Up to 1842, the Governors-General who visited Delhi were in the habit of presenting, through their secretaries, a nuzzur of 101 gold mohurs to the Emperor as a mark of fealty and acknowledgment of holding the British territories in India subject to his authority. The last nuzzurs ever offered to the King by British subjects were, as has been already stated, presented on behalf of the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, by Mr. Thomason, the Chief, and myself, as Under Secretary to the Government of India, so late as 1842. It is scarcely, therefore, to be wondered at, that the imperial house of Delhi never lost, in native estimation, its position of dignity and importance. Of late years it has been the cherished hope of our Mahomedan subjects and soldiers to attempt the restoration of that dynasty, should a favourable opportunity occur. In this hope, I am of opinion, they were sympathized with by the majority of the Hindoo subjects of our N. W. Provinces, for I have good grounds for

believing that the King of Delhi was the centre of a feeling of nationality in their minds, as well as in those of the Mahomedans. Indeed no one, who has had the opportunities I have possessed of judging of the real sentiments of the natives, can doubt that a feeling of nationality has sprung up in India. The result of long years of internal tranquillity and good order, under a powerful government, has been to fuse into a whole the previously discordant elements of native society, and to bind together, by a bond of common country, colour, and language, those whom we have been in the habit of considering as effectually and for ever separated by diversity of race and religion, and the insurmountable barrier of caste. As years have rolled past, the Mahomedans of India have become gradually Hindooized in thoughts and habits. The ancient antipathy between the races has, to a great extent, disappeared, and they are not much more separated now from their Hindoo fellow-countrymen, than different castes of Hindoos are by caste from each other. Hence, the safeguard we thought we possessed in having our subjects divided into two great races so totally distinct from each other as to render combination impossible, no longer exists; and the day has, in my opinion, gone by, when any mixture of races, castes, or creeds, in our native army, can afford any real or permanent safeguard against mutiny and rebellion. From personal knowledge and experience, I cannot disguise from myself the fact, that, although there may have been during the rebellion many instances of unswerving loyalty, there exists among all classes a deep, general, and unmistakable feeling of sympathy with, what they deem, *the national cause*, and

of dislike to the British as a foreign and impure race. In short, it is the feeling of "black" against "white," and to shut our eyes to the fact would be only self-deception. We ought also to bear in mind, that as facilities for communication by post and telegraph, and for personal intercourse by railway, increase in India, the people will become still more united, and the feeling of nationality and dislike to the conquering race will certainly increase and be more deeply rooted in the minds of the people of that vast continent. But to revert more immediately to the state of feeling in our native army, the policy pursued towards the Bengal army, for the past twenty years, tended to foster in the minds of the soldiery an idea of their own power and importance, and to lead to the impression that our Government was afraid of them, and felt itself entirely dependent on them. This feeling arose, in no small degree, from the unfortunate system introduced by Lord Auckland's Government, I believe, in 1836, of granting increased rates of pay for service beyond certain limits; thus substituting a system of bribery and coaxing for one of authority and command. Our native troops did not fail to see at once the weakness and infirmity which this course of proceeding involved. The system of volunteering, also, had a very prejudicial effect in lowering the authority of Government in the eyes of the army generally; confirming them in the idea that they had an option, as an army, where or how they should serve the state, and that the Government dared not command. The abolition of corporal punishment, only nominally restored by Lord Hardinge, and the withdrawal of all real power, to reward or punish, out of the hands of commanding

officers, and its transference to head-quarters, had also a most injurious effect on the discipline of the native army. While the system destroyed the influence of the officers, it at the same time naturally diminished the interest they took in the men only nominally under their command. The sepoys themselves were by it taught to look beyond their own officers, and to hold their authority in contempt. A return of the number of petitions and appeals against the orders of their officers, presented by sepoys to head-quarters within the past ten years, will fully establish this fact, and show that the due exercise of authority on the part of regimental officers was almost an impossibility. High-spirited officers would prefer exercising no authority at all over their men to the liability of having their acts continually called in question, and their orders often modified and reversed. The result was, that to maintain things quiet in a regiment became a great object, and hence an undue leaning on leading men in the regiments to maintain order and discipline in the corps. These men, of course, employed their influence to introduce into the regiments their own relations, friends, and dependants, so in course of time regiments became great families recruited from the same districts and the same classes, and thus closely bound together by ties of relationship and local interest. This system, while it has the advantage of maintaining order and unanimity in a corps—a matter of vital importance to officers whose hands are tied—had this great danger, of affording peculiar facilities for safely and secretly intriguing and for dangerous combination. Then, again, the practice, of late so prevalent, of withdrawing for Staff employ all those officers who pos-

sessed interest, or were of supposed superior abilities, engendered an unhappy feeling of degradation in the minds of officers as attaching to regimental duty, and thus still more weakened the bonds of sympathy and attachment between them and their men. To these causes, added to the mental closeness and secrecy, natural to the people of India, is to be attributed the ignorance on the part of officers of the intrigues and conspiracies existing in their regiments. But it may be said, if the army thus formed one great family compact, and if the sepoys had everything their own way, what cause had they for discontent or mutiny? It may be answered, that in their opinion the sepoys had many causes of complaint, which made them discontented, as a purely mercenary army, with our service. They enter that army, as they themselves say, from no feelings of patriotism or loyalty, but "Pet ke wastee," "to fill their bellies." They bitterly resented, therefore, and regarded as a breach of public faith, the stoppage of higher rates of pay for service beyond the Sutlej, when the Punjaub became a British Province. *That* change made an essential difference to them. It was the distance from their homes at which they had to serve that constituted, in their opinion, their right to the higher rates of pay originally granted; and this was in no case altered by the scene of their service becoming British instead of foreign territory. They felt as a great hardship the vast distances they had to travel in going to their homes on furlough, and rejoining their regiments; and they considered themselves unjustly mulcted and subjected to great indignity as soldiers of the state, by being required to pay for shelter and supplies in the Government "seraies,"

and tolls at bars and ferries. The deprivation of the privilege of having their letters franked since the introduction of the half-anna postage, and of petitioning on unstamped paper since the annexation of Oude, was also regarded by them as great hardships and indignities. They attributed these changes to a grasping avaricious spirit on the part of the state; and they often termed it "a low Government of Banniahs," viz., shopkeepers, whom they were ashamed to serve. The sepoys were also under the persuasion, that as our Government extended its empire to Burmah and China, they would sooner or later be required to serve beyond sea. They knew that the Government felt that the only obstacle to their proceeding on general service was the dread of the loss of caste; and they regarded the enlistment of Sikhs into the line regiments, and the new rules for recruiting, as the commencement of an insidious attempt to break up the regimental caste, and fit the corps for foreign service. While our native army was in this state of discontent and restless suspicion, Oude was to their astonishment and extreme dissatisfaction annexed. There is not the slightest doubt that this act was regarded by the native army as one of rude and unjustifiable spoliation, and I believe that they would have resented it at first, had they not been under the conviction that the home authorities would annul the decision of the Governor-General, and restore Oude to the King.

Previous to annexation, our Oude sepoys, who, with few exceptions, were petty landholders, in the province, were a privileged class. In all disputes regarding their lands or other rights as inhabitants of Oude, they had enjoyed the privilege of an appeal to the British Resident for justice and

protection. They were thus in a superior position to the rest of the King's subjects, and were, in fact, independent of the local government. All this ceased as soon as the province came under British rule, and the sepoys sank to the level of the inhabitants generally. The summary settlement which was made on annexation first opened their eyes, and caused deep discontent. The sepoys found themselves called upon to make good their claims in the same way as others, and had the mortification of finding these often dismissed or decided against them. In numerous instances the sepoys, who could not persuade themselves to submit to petition on stamped paper, found that their claims were, from this omission, unattended to, and their rights and interests disposed of *ex parte*. These *ex parte* decisions irritated the minds of the soldiery to an alarming degree. Scarcely a day passed during the early months of 1857 that some sepoy, either of the treasury guard at Budaon, or from elsewhere, did not apply to me to interfere in their behalf. I am, therefore, well acquainted with their feelings on the subject. As soon as it became known that the mission of the Oude royal family to England had proved ineffectual, and that no hope remained of the restoration of the country to the King, I noticed a marked change in the feelings and demeanour of the Mahomedans of my district, and of the sepoys in particular. I received no more applications from the latter to interfere in their behalf, and their previous eagerness gave way to an apparent sullen indifference on the subject. Many things, small in themselves, but still to one accustomed to deal with natives, pretty sure indications of their feelings, occurred about this time, which led me to

think that Oude would not prove so easy of annexation as Government had anticipated, and that there would be some great explosion. For instance, a number of native officials had proceeded from the Budaon district for service in Oude; these, on one pretext or another, came flocking back again, and no higher rates of pay could tempt them or others to proceed again for employment in the province. I could notice considerable sympathy also with the rebel chieftain "Fuzl Ali," who was the first man to rise in Oude in opposition to our Government. This man made himself notorious by the murder in February, 1857, of Mr. Boileau, of the civil service. This gentleman had been my Joint Magistrate at Budaon when he was appointed a Deputy Commissioner in Oude, and had been much liked by the people of my district. I was sitting in Kutcherry (open court) when the news of the murder was received, and I was struck by the absence of all sympathy with his fate, and by the remark quietly made by the Serishtadar (the head of my office), a Mahomedan, since shot for rebellion, that Boileau *was the first* "*martyr*," using the term "*Shaheed*," one of deep and boding significance in the mouth of a Mahomedan.

While the minds of our sepoys were, from the causes I have already detailed, full of resentment against the Government, and suspicious of its good faith, the report was spread among them by the instigators of the rebellion that the Government intended to take away their caste, and compel them forcibly to adopt Christianity, and for this purpose had cartridges ("*cartouch*," as they called them,) prepared with pigs' fat to destroy the caste of the Mahomedans, and with cows' fat that of the Hindoos.

Wild and extravagant as such notions appear to us, who have been instructed in a pure faith, and know that religion has to do with the heart, they are by no means so to those who, brought up in the ignorance of heathenism, regard it as consisting in outward ceremonies, in "meats and drinks and carnal ordinances," and *therefore capable of being forcibly imposed.* To such darkened understandings the supposed intentions of the Government were a source of real terror, and I most solemnly declare my belief, that with the mass of our soldiery, the dread of these cartridges was the immediate and most powerful cause of their revolt. Again and again have I discussed this subject with natives, before, during, and subsequent to the rebellion, and I am not more confident that the rebellion has itself occurred, than that, as respects the great mass of our native army, the cartridges formed the real and proximate cause of the mutiny. The rural classes, who afterwards broke out into rebellion, had other causes (to which I will hereafter allude) which moved them, but as they themselves were not affected by the cartridges, they were indifferent on the subject, although they freely expressed deep sympathy with the sepoys, having no alternative between losing their caste and mutinying.

I have already alluded to some of the causes which led the sepoys to think that the Government intended to take away their caste, and so remove their objections to serve beyond the sea. I think it right, also, that I should here give my impressions of the causes which led to the prevalent idea, at the time, that Government intended to *force all* its Indian subjects to adopt Christianity.

During the past ten years, great and important changes, physical and moral, have been introduced into India. A new system of Government education has been introduced throughout the country. Missionary efforts have been multiplied, and have extended over the length and breadth of the land. A mass of sound religious and secular knowledge has begun to be diffused among the people by means of school books, tracts, and other publications, in a cheap and acceptable form. Railways and telegraphic lines have been constructed, and are in active operation. Truth was spreading slowly but surely, prejudices were being weakened, customs becoming less enslaving, "old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new." The teachers of the Mahomedan and Hindoo religions were quite sagacious enough to perceive that all these changes were striking at the roots of their national faiths, and must, unless the progress of events was arrested, ultimately cause their downfall. The Brahmins were farsighted enough to perceive that railways, which would bring within easy access to the mass of the people the celebrated shrines of Muttra, Allahabad, Benares, Gyah, and Juggurnauth, would soon remove the veil of mystery and sanctity which constituted the secret of their influence and power over the minds of the superstitious. There would soon, they saw, be an end of "travellers' stories," and that awe must speedily give place before "familiarity," which in this case would surely "breed contempt." Leaders of the Mahomedan faith had similar fears about their sacred places, and both determined to attempt to make a stand, and rouse the national fears and superstitions against the new order of things. In the native

army, already predisposed to mutiny, they found an instrument willing and ready to their hand.

Our Government cannot be fairly blamed for the troubles which are the natural and necessary result of the struggle between light and darkness; between ancient barbarism and modern progress, of which, in my opinion, we have as yet only seen the commencement.

Their error was in not being prepared for such a catastrophe, and in forgetting that the sun cannot rise without setting the clouds in commotion. It surely ought not to be matter of surprise, that when intellectual and physical improvements, the fruit of the progressive civilization of centuries among nations whose minds, habits, and feelings have kept pace with their advance, are suddenly transplanted into the midst of an ancient community which for ages has remained stationary, and clings with intense tenacity to old customs, usages, and superstitions, a great revulsion of feeling should follow, and society be shaken from its foundations. Our Government, in its desire for progress, forgot the necessity for caution, and that a despotism, however philanthropic its intentions, cannot safely ignore the feelings and capacity of its subjects, nor proceed too far in advance of the public mind. Why our Government, with the best intentions, fell into this error is very plain, and not to be wondered at. India is chiefly governed from Calcutta, and the officers who have, for the past ten or fifteen years, constituted the government, or have been its chief advisers, have, with few exceptions, passed nearly the whole of their official career in that city. At the Presidency they were surrounded by all the outward signs of an advanced state of civilization:

railways, telegraphs, universities, scientific institutions, and highly educated natives conversing in English. They, further, had before their eyes a river crowded by the most magnificent shipping the world can produce. All around them was calculated to give the idea of power and complete security. Their knowledge of the interior of the country, and of its millions of inhabitants, was derived almost entirely from reports and official documents. They lacked the personal experience and local knowledge which in India are all important, and give their chief value to official aptitude and intellectual activity. They, consequently, thought and acted as if India generally was similarly situated to Calcutta, as if the mind of the nation was in that forward state of social progress which would have been the case had it worked out for itself all existing improvements, instead of having had them suddenly implanted from without. Hence our Calcutta rulers, seeing through a false medium, were lulled into a state of security which led to an abandonment of all necessary safeguards, as I shall hereafter show, while, at the same time, they instituted measures of a dangerous tendency, and for which the people were by no means prepared. Before, however, entering on this part of the subject, it is requisite to consider the condition and feelings of the people in general, and particularly of the agricultural classes in the North-West Provinces at this time, which predisposed them to rebellion, and rendered them, equally with the native army, ready instruments in the hands of the originators of this great revolt. In doing this, it will be necessary to offer some remarks on the working of our revenue, judicial, and police systems, and to show how these severally affected the people.

First, as respects the revenue system introduced into the N. W. Provinces within the last thirty years. It has been generally supposed that this system was one of unmixed good, admirable in its workings, and complete in its details, and so highly appreciated by the people, that it had sincerely attached them to our rule, and led them to desire its continuance. My acquaintance with the system during the short time I was a collector, has led me to form a different opinion as to its adaptation to the people, and the light in which they regard it. The basis of the system is, it must be borne in mind, a survey of all lands held under the Government, and a record of the Government claim accruing thereon, and of all rights and interests connected therewith. But a record of this description, to be of any value, must be *accurate in all its details, completely trustworthy, and beyond suspicion.* If it falls short of this, it becomes one of the most powerful engines of evil and misgovernment which it is possible to devise. I fear that the revenue records of the N. W. Provinces, however correct they may originally have been, have, from constant mutations in occupancy, and the corruption of native officials, become a mass of falsehood, inaccuracy and confusion, and the source of much of that litigation which have made our civil courts the opprobrium of our rule.

The fact is that the system attempted too much. It was an endeavour, on the part of a government of foreigners to exercise, through its own officers, a supervision over the rights and interests of its millions of subjects so minute, detailed, and accurate, as would be scarcely practicable even for a private proprietor to maintain over his own estate and

tenantry. It was also many years in advance of the people. A record of the rights and interests in the soil, and those of the most minute and intricate character, subject to continual mutations of millions of men, can never be maintained by the direct agency of the servants of a government of foreigners with that accuracy or completeness requisite to make it fit to be received as final and complete evidence of right, so long as the people themselves, from their inability to read or write, are incapable of watching over their own interests. In the North-Western Provinces not one man in a thousand of the agricultural body is acquainted with reading or writing, or able to test the accuracy of the record on which all his earthly interests and those of his family depend. They are consequently now left entirely dependent on our native revenue officers, who are as a class very corrupt and untrustworthy. Recent changes introduced by us have rendered them more so than before, and highly distasteful to the people. The most important, as regards the people, of these native officials employed in the revenue department is the "Putwarree," as he is termed. This functionary has from time immemorial been the sworn registrar and accountant of the village community, recording all arrangements respecting their lands, and attesting all their engagements and transactions. On these points the Putwarree registers and his oral evidence are final as regards possession, &c., in our courts. The office until lately was hereditary, the Putwarree, as his father before him, being one of the village community, enjoying, and generally deserving their confidence; for an identity of interest, as well as regard for his own reputation, were powerful guarantees

to the faithful discharge of his important duties. The Putwarrees of this old school were soon found unequal to the task of working the new revenue system, with its increasingly intricate and voluminous details. Attempts were made, under the orders of Government, to instruct them in reading, writing, and accounts, according to our system, and in land surveying; and it was ordered that they should pass an examination in these branches by a given time. This term of probation was extended from month to month under one pretext or another; but the examination, as might have been expected, was never passed. The Government then thought the opportunity favourable for getting rid of the original body, and introducing a new, and, in their opinion, improved system of Putwarreeship in general. With this view, each collectorate was divided into circles, or "Hulquahs," each circle to comprise several original Putwarreeships. Over this a new Putwarree, holding a diploma as having passed the requisite examinations, was appointed, and the agricultural body comprised within the circle were assessed to meet the new functionary's salary, which was fixed at an amount sufficient, it was supposed, to secure integrity and independence of conduct. An attempt was made to induce each circle to elect its own Putwarree, but this of course failed, as might have been anticipated. The new officers were consequently, with scarcely an exception, Government nominees connected with native officials in the Collectors' offices. This scheme, beautiful on paper, and to all appearance excellent, not only failed, but caused the most bitter resentment and disaffection among the agricultural body. It was one among many causes which made

our revenue system a mass of confusion, and a source of well-founded dislike to the people. But, besides the impossibility of working the system, on account of its intricacy and minuteness of detail, it contained in itself the elements of its own destruction. The principle on which the whole scheme is based *is individual and joint responsibility*. Each member of the village community is held severally and jointly responsible for the Government demand assessed on the village. If this principle be departed from, which is the key-stone, the whole breaks down. But under a system of law termed "Butwarrah," which is now in force, each co-partner in an estate or village is entitled to claim the separation of his own interest from that of the rest of the community, and its erection into a separate and distinct estate. Under the action of these laws, the village system was more or less broken up. There was, to be sure, an authority vested in the Collector to refuse to divide an estate; but this power was virtually a dead letter, and when the rebellion broke out, the vaunted village system of the North-Western Provinces was fast degenerating into pure Ryotwar. As estates became divided and subdivided, a man's holding was too small to enable him to pay the Government demand and support his family. There was no relief in emigration as in similar circumstances in Ireland. The great families of the country, and the independent states which heretofore had afforded the means of honourable provision for the sons and cadets of the yeomanry, no longer existed. Hence, the agricultural body fell into the hands of money-lenders, who ended by suing their debtors in the civil courts, and obtaining decrees, realizable any time

within twelve years from date of issue. These decrees were carefully kept until the fitting opportunity presented itself, when their holders sold up in satisfaction of them their debtors' lands, of which they became themselves the purchasers. Society in the North-Western Provinces thus had become in late years thoroughly disorganized. The ancient proprietary body remained, it is true, but in the position of tenants on their hereditary estates, smarting under a sense of degradation, and holding intact their ancient feudal power over their old retainers, who were willing and ready to co-operate with them in any attempt to recover their lost position.

Again the tendency of our land revenue system was, in other respects, depressing in the extreme. The assessments were far too heavy in nearly every district under settlement, and could not have been imposed, had not the attachment of an agricultural people to their hereditary lands been so great that they preferred agreeing to pay any amount of revenue for them rather than desert or be ousted from them. The result was that the gentry had disappeared, or were in very reduced circumstances, and the mass of the agricultural body were in the most extreme and hopeless poverty. Long before the rebellion, their state of increasing destitution had attracted my notice, and so deeply impressed me, that I always regarded some great convulsion of society as extremely probable. But I never fully realized the extent of their poverty and wretchedness until when traversing the country as a fugitive, and having to pass through thousands of villagers bearing off the plunder of those they had attacked, I saw what that plunder consisted of, and for

what the people evidently thought it worth risking their lives to steal.

As regards the Zemindars, the heads of the proprietary body who were left, they were also in a very depressed and discontented position, predisposing them to rebellion.

The action of our Resumption laws, the abolition of Zemindary and Talookdaree rights, and the constant endeavour to weaken and diminish their influence, had caused them great dissatisfaction. A late proposal of the Government to admit to the rights of permanent occupancy tenants who could establish the fact of occupancy for certain continuous fixed periods, had thoroughly alarmed them, as it appeared to them little less than a confiscation of their rights as proprietors.

I am free to confess that both higher and lower classes forming the agricultural body in the N. W. Provinces, had much to complain of in their position, and well calculated to induce them to revolt. The bitter antipathy to our revenue system which existed in their minds was clearly manifested by their systematic destruction of all the Government revenue and other records, not only in the sudder, but also in the subordinate offices in each district.

We may put down armed rebellion, but we shall never, in my opinion, have real peace or a secure hold on the country, unless we make some attempt to redress the grievances of our rural population, and to retrieve the errors of the past.

In my humble opinion, our safest and most politic course will be to acknowledge that Government cannot,

with credit to itself or justice to its subjects, exercise the functions or fulfil the duties of private proprietors, and to restore as far as possible to their natural position of influence and authority the landed gentry, and work through them. We have acted upon the principle, in our revenue administration, that there is a necessary antagonism between landlord and tenant in India, and that to save the latter from destruction it is necessary to interfere to limit the landlord's demands, and to make the one entirely independent of the other. This has always appeared to me an erroneous course to adopt. The dealer in land everywhere is, to a certain extent, very much in the position of every other dealer in any other commodity, and it is his advantage to deal well and fairly by his customers; and for Government to interfere between the two, is to put in a position of antagonism two parties naturally dependent on each other. But in India this bond of union was formerly strengthened by the universal existence of very ancient rules and records, that prescribed well-known rates in ordinary times, and effectual relief in seasons of difficulty.

"During the rebellion, society in the N. W. Provinces righted itself, the two classes—the proprietor and the tenant—resumed their natural relative positions by mutual agreement, and thus practically showed that we had been wrong in considering that Government interference was necessary for the protection of one against the other. A proprietary body can and does deal with individual cases among its tenantry, and relaxes or presses its demands, or supplies aid as circumstances require. In the case of Government acting as proprietor, this is impossible, and society is

dealt with as a machine, the result being sooner or later a dead-lock.

Now, with reference to our judicial system, and its effect upon the people.—There is no doubt that our civil courts were cumbrous, dilatory, and expensive, the result of a very complicated system of law and procedure, and of the intriguing and corrupt character of our native officials. But these courts were not the immediate cause of the misery of the people. It was the complicated and unsatisfactory condition of our land revenue arrangements which caused the resort to the courts. This will be seen by a reference to the cases under litigation for the past ten years, when it will be found that the majority of disputes arise from causes immediately connected with the land. It appears to be the idea that if only the civil courts were swept away, and the Punjaub Code introduced in supersession of our Regulations, *all would be well.* It seems to be the impression that our civil and criminal code was imposed on the country just as it is at present, whereas the truth is, that it has grown up gradually under the advancing exigencies and complications of society to what it is *now*, from a very small and simple beginning. As cases arose unprovided for under the original regulations, the district authorities referred for definite instructions to the Superior Courts, the Boards of Revenue, and Sudder Nizamut and Dewanny Adawlut. The replies to these references were issued in the form of constructions of law and circular orders, having the force of law. These have multiplied as years passed on, until all is now an unwieldy mass of complication, uncertainty, and confusion, which no man can master, and which leads to endless

appeals and ruinous delays. The error has been in not reducing all these emendations and additions to the laws into one simple intelligible code, say every three years, and *this* is the duty of the Legislative Council. The very same thing is happening in the case of the Punjaub code which *has* occurred in that of the older Provinces. The origin of that code was this: In 1846, when the Jullundhur Doab was annexed, it was considered desirable to have some code of laws framed for the administration of that province and the British cis-Sutlej states. I was at this time Under-Secretary to the Government of India, with the Governor-General Lord Hardinge, in the N. W. Frontier, and I suggested to his lordship, and to the then Chief Secretary, Sir Henry Elliot, that the "Assam code," drawn up by the Hon. T. C. Robertson, when Political Agent for the South-Eastern Frontier, would form a good basis for the proposed code. My suggestion was adopted, and the rules for the administration of justice in the cis-Sutlej states and Jullundhur Doab were drawn up by Sir H. Elliot from the Assam code, and were put in force under the order of the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge. A copy of these original rules must be forthcoming in the India Office. The rules were after annexation applied to the Punjaub, and if they are compared with the Punjaub code as it at present stands, and if a return be called for of the different circular orders issued from time to time in the Punjaub, having the force of law, it will be seen how that code is growing into a comparatively extended and complicated system of laws. In the very same manner has our complicated system grown out of circumstances, as may be seen by a reference to the

original simple regulations, most of which were proposed and drafted by Jonathan Duncan, when Governor-General's Agent for the Province of Benares (the original drafts in his handwriting are in the Agent's office *there* now), and by comparing them with our present voluminous system of laws. As a district officer under the Punjaub Government, and a Civil and Session Judge under the N. W. P. Government, I have had an opportunity of working both systems, and I am confident that the Punjaub code, while well suited for a people but recently come under our rule, would be found totally unadapted for the various and complicated wants of an old society, which has been under British jurisdiction for more than eighty years. What is called for, is not, in my opinion, a rude and general sweeping away of all existing laws and forms of procedure, and of the courts in which these laws are administered; but, that a digest, in a simple and accessible form, of these, should be made by the Legislative Council, and that the form of procedure should be simplified.* No ultimate good will be gained by the abolition of the office of Judge, and the substitution of a Commissioner to exercise all fiscal and judicial control within the district to which he is attached. I have been too long a collector and magistrate not to feel that it is highly desirable for the interests of justice, that the final disposal of cases should be vested in a separate and distinct authority, who would bring to their consideration a mind free from all preconceived notions as to the merits of cases or guilt of parties, and totally unprejudiced and unbiassed. In short, that the thief-

* This has been effected since this was written by the promulgation of the Civil and Criminal Procedure Code.

catcher should not be the thief-trier, or be entrusted with the final disposing of his case.

I now come to our system of police, and its bearing upon the people. I believe that our police as a body in the North-West Provinces were most corrupt, and a scourge to the people, and I do not see how any police we *can* embody will cease to be so.* Power and poverty can never go together, and the humblest policeman in India can never be so entirely divested of all power, or so closely watched by the European executive officers, who alone are trustworthy, as not to be in a position, by intimidation or abuse of his powers in some way or other, to double or quadruple his pay as a member of the force, or any amount of salary any Government could afford to give him. We may dress the police as we fancy, or give them any organization we please; but they will still remain the same corrupt, unscrupulous, oppressive, and untrustworthy body. It is notorious that our police look to their illicit gains, and *not to their wages*, as their real source of emolument. "*What do you make over and above?*" is always the question they put to each other. No shame attaches to such gains, and none ever will, as long as the people themselves, as well as the police, remain false and unprincipled. The nominal monthly salary of the "*Kotwals*," head police officers of Delhi and Benares, is 100 rupees; the monthly value of the appointment is in the one case 700, and the other 1,100 rupees a month, according to native estimation. A common police, "Burkundauze," gets five rupees a month, and he will generally

* Since this was written a new and, it is to be hoped, improved system of police has been introduced.

quadruple this sum, for crime is to these gentry a valuable source of profit. For instance, a burglary or a murder occurs in a policeman's beat; his first course will be to get a handsome present from one or two of the wealthiest people around, otherwise *they* will certainly be brought into trouble about the case. Infanticide inquiries afford a rich harvest to the police, for sensitive Rajpoots will gladly submit to any amount of oppression rather than have the humiliation and disgrace of refuting false charges of having made away with their female offspring. I believe that the evils of the police are inseparable from the position our Government holds as a foreign conquering power in the country, and the corrupt materials we have to make use of as our instruments. I see but one way of doing away with this fearful evil, and that is by entrusting the great land-holders with police jurisdiction within their estates, and the power of deciding petty cases, referring those of a more serious nature to the European Government officers.* The events of the past two years may teach us the lesson that the landed gentry, the natural heads of society, are no such tyrants as we have been in the habit of considering them, and that, instead of being hated by the people, they are regarded by them with respect and attachment. Certain I am, that there is no Zemindar, were he entrusted with police powers, who would fail to exercise them with more regard to the interest of the people, and the cause of justice, than our police, whose oppressions and exactions form one of the chief grounds of dissatisfaction with our Government.

From the several causes which I have above traced, the

* This system has been introduced since this was written.

minds of the rural classes in the North-Western Provinces were in a very inflammable condition, and this fact was well known to the originators of the revolt, who took advantage of it, and sent among them the "*chupatties*" as a signal to be on the alert and prepare them for action.

But all the efforts to lead the army to mutiny, or the people to rebel, on the part of these conspirators, would have proved futile, had it not been for the totally unprotected state of the country, by which I mean "the scarcity of European troops on the line of the Ganges."

I have already said that our Calcutta rulers, seeing through the false medium surrounding them at the Presidency, had been lulled into a state of dangerous security, and the result was that they denuded Bengal and the North-West Provinces, to an extent unprecedented at any former period, of what constitutes our only safeguard, a powerful body of European troops, to act as a counterpoise to our native army, and to overawe our native subjects. While our empire has been within the past fifteen years greatly extended, our European force has not been proportionately increased, and those which had formerly been considered as no more than sufficient to garrison our old provinces, had been removed on towards our North-West frontier, and into the Punjaub, in order to hold that province, "under the very erroneous impression that our only other danger" was from without, and that, by their presence in those remote portions of the empire, the security of the centre and southern parts was effectually provided for. It was under this view that the cost of the regular army serving in the Punjaub was made a charge on the general revenues of India,

whereas the province which alone derived advantage from their presence should have borne the cost.' But the measure of pushing forward all our available British troops into the Punjaub has been a source of weakness, instead of strength, and it was alone by withdrawing considerable numbers of them from that province, and bringing them to bear on the mutinous districts, that we have been able to maintain our position in India. At no period, since Bengal and the North-West Provinces came under British rule, had that vast tract of country been so denuded of troops as in the year immediately preceding the rebellion. The total European force available for the maintenance of tranquillity was in 1857 not above 5,000 men of all arms for Bengal and the N. W. Provinces. It surely, therefore, can be no matter of surprise, that the native army, seeing the country thus denuded of European troops, and having under their own control *all* our treasuries, and most of our chief magazines, should have broken out into open mutiny, or that they should have been joined by the people of the country already predisposed to rebellion. Both army and people not only saw that there was no sufficient force of British soldiers in the country, but were under the impression that the resources of England—"that little insignificant island," (chota su Tápú,) as it has been contemptuously termed to me during the rebellion—were completely crippled by the late war with Russia, and that no more European troops than those already in the country could be furnished for India. This exaggerated idea of our losses in the Crimea had taken deep hold of the native mind, in consequence, among other reasons, of the levy, under

instructions of the Agra Government, of contributions from each collectorate in the N. W. Provinces, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. These contributions were nominally voluntary, but really *compulsory*, as all who know natives must be aware. The people termed the levy the "Russian cess," (chunda Rùss,) and it was believed by them to be collected for the purpose of enabling the Queen to hire foreign soldiers to fight the Russians, the stock of English soldiers having been completely expended in the war. It is to the paucity of European troops in Bengal and the N. W. Provinces that the early success of the revolt is primarily to be ascribed. It is of vital importance that attention should be drawn to this fact, because the impression seems to be gaining ground, from a reference to what has occurred in the Punjaub, that the safety of that province is mainly owing to the ability and courage of its selected officers, whose wise administration in preceding years had secured the goodwill of the people, and enlisted them in the maintenance of order, and in support of our Government. I believe, without detracting from their great merits, that this view is as erroneous as it is dangerous. The stability of our empire in the Punjaub, and elsewhere, has been, and, generally speaking, can be *alone* secured by the presence, in imposing strength, in salient positions, of an army, differing from the nations of India in language, country, customs, and associations. It was the presence of such a force in the Punjaub which saved that province, and to ascribe it, under Providence, to any other cause, such as the ability of local officers, or the popularity of our Government, is wilfully to discard the solemn lesson which late events have read to us—

that British bayonets are the only real foundation of our power in India.

While Bengal and the North-Western Provinces were denuded in the manner already shown, there was present in the Punjaub in March, 1857, a total European force of all arms of not less than 13,335 men. This force was ably and resolutely made use of by all the authorities in the province in disarming the sepoy regiments, and coercing and overawing the country, until the mass of the turbulent spirits among the Sikhs had been organized into armed bodies, marched out of the country, and let loose on Delhi and our old provinces. Had a moiety only of the force left available in the Punjaub, even after reinforcements had been sent to Delhi, been disposed in proper positions in the North-Western Provinces in the early part of 1857, no outbreak would have taken place, or, if it had, it would have been crushed on the moment. But the civilians in the North-West Provinces, less fortunate than their brethren in the Punjaub, were totally unsupported, and had to struggle with the most hopeless and unexampled difficulties, the miracle being that any one of their number is left alive to tell the tale. Situated as they were, it is no wonder that they were unable to carry out the precautionary measures which proved so eminently successful in the Punjaub. For instance, the wise precaution adopted in that province of isolating each Doab by seizing the ferries and bridges, and arresting all suspicious characters, succeeded there admirably, because the police remained staunch to their duty, and the reason that they so remained *was* because they were overawed by the presence, at no great distance, of European troops. But exactly similar

measures to seize the ferries on the Ganges, and prevent the tide of rebellion passing into Rohilcund from the Doab, adopted by the magistrates of Bijnore, Moradabad, and Budaon, failed, *because* the police turned rebels, and why did they do so, but because they saw their European officers totally unsupported, for there was not a single European soldier in that large and populous province? Had there been only 250 British bayonets at Bareilly they would have maintained the fidelity of the police, and saved the province from falling into the hands of rebels. The dread of the European soldiers entertained by sepoys, and all classes of natives, is not to be imagined by those who have not witnessed their panics. I have seen the greatest consternation caused by the wildest and most improbable rumours of the approach of Europeans. One of these ridiculous panics was nearly costing me my life. Towards the middle of May, 1857, I was one day sitting in open court, in Budaon, when there suddenly occurred a great commotion, the sepoys of the treasury guard and others crowding into court in a very excited and threatening manner. One of the officers of the court whispered to me in great alarm, "that a report had reached the sepoys that a hundred camels laden with beer chests, in each of which two European soldiers were concealed, had crossed the Ganges, and were close to Budaon, and that this news had so alarmed them, that unless I pacified them they would murder me, seize the treasure and decamp." I harangued the men and endeavoured to show them the absurdity of their fears, but they would not listen. It was an anxious moment, and might have terminated disastrously for me, had

not the native commissioned officer come to my aid and drawn off the men. This individual, who a few days headed his men in burning and plundering Budaon, quietly observed to me, "There is a very bad air (bud howah) about now, and the young men (juwans) are easily excited, but I have assured them they need not fear, *as there is not a European soldier between this and Dinapore.*" This may seem but a trifling incident, although it was serious enough to me at the time. I only mention it as showing the dread the natives have of British soldiers, and the fatal error committed in imagining that our power in India has been of late years maintained by any other sentiment than that of fear. I cannot myself conceive any future period in our government of that country, when *this will cease to be the case.* Those who have, like myself, had opportunities of seeing undisguised native feeling, are aware that a stigma attaches among them to remaining faithful to our Government. It implies, according to their views, an abandonment of the national cause, of caste, religion, and honour, either from fear or self-interest. *We are* and ever must be regarded as foreign invaders and conquerors, and the more the people become enlightened and civilized the more earnest will, in all probability, be their efforts to get rid of us. Our best safeguard is in the evangelization of the country; for, although Christianity does not denationalize, its spread would be gradual, and Christian settlements scattered about the country would be as towers of strength for many years to come, for *they* must be loyal so long as the masses of the people remain either idolators or Mahomedans. *They* could not desire any other than a Christian dynasty in India. As

an illustration of native feeling, I may state that the night the tidings of the Cawnpore massacre reached us in our asylum at Kussowrah, in Oude, the Thakoors eagerly discussed the conduct of the Nana, the "Peshwah," as they termed him, with evident feelings of respect. The prevailing sentiment was, "that he had been clearly right in attempting to throw off the power of the British, but that he had erred in cruelly killing women and children. "He ought," they said, "to have marched all the Europeans at Cawnpore, with all he could pick up on the way, to Calcutta, *there* put them on board their ships and send them off, saying, we have had quite enough of you, and we wish to see you no more. If any of your nation ever come back again to Hindustan, we shall kill you all."

Much is said of the natives of India heartily co-operating with us in measures for the general civilization and improvement of the people and country. But those who expect such co-operation appear to me to keep out of view the wide and insurmountable barrier which interposes between Christianity and false religion. Nations professing such opposing creeds can never amalgamate—never associate together—never co-operate in any cordial or permanent manner for any objects whatever. Each is running in its own separate gauge—the one broad, the other narrow; and they can no more combine together than light can with darkness. What we have to bear in mind appears to me to be this: that our presence in India as a Christian and a civilized power *must*, from the nature of the case, produce disturbance, dislike, and hatred, among nations who for ages have lived in the darkness of heathenism, and that physical

and moral improvement are equally calculated, as the most direct efforts to evangelize the country, to produce convulsion. Our safety is as much compromised by the one as the other, and, as regards security, we gain nothing by failing to uphold and countenance Christianity. If *we are* to be safe, we must be prepared to *keep all stationary*—the physical improvement as well as the evangelization of the country. In short, we must do even more than this, and retire altogether, for there is something so essentially elevating in the nature of Christianity, that a nation professing it, if brought into collision with one sunk under idolatry, must so far impress itself on the latter, as to produce sooner or later serious commotion. The truth is, that we can neither retard physical nor religious improvement, even did we desire it. Our course is not backward but onward; and our safety is in light, more light. Our duty will be best performed, and our security best consulted, by a wise and straightforward course of policy, giving not only free course, but all encouragement possible on the part of the secular government, to all measures for the religious and physical improvement of India. But in doing this, we must ever bear in mind, that the safety of our fellow-countrymen in India, as well as the security of our power, *can alone* be maintained by the presence of a powerful and numerous army of British soldiers in commanding positions, and ready at all times for immediate service. In my opinion 50,000 European soldiers of all arms would prove sufficient for the end in view, provided that the *new* native army be organized and disposed of on a system which suggests itself to my mind as safe and practicable, and which, if carried out, would not only afford

a substantial guarantee for the fidelity of our native army in India, but materially tend to the strengthening of our empire generally. It is with much diffidence that I enter upon a subject purely military, but it appears to me that now that the circumstances of India have so materially altered, and that the country has come immediately under the Crown, the native army *should no longer remain local*, but, forming an integral portion of the British army, be available for the general defence of the empire, and take their turn of British and Colonial duty with the European portion of her Majesty's forces. This proposal is no more than an extension of the system already in operation. Regiments composed of natives have ere now proceeded without hesitation on foreign service to Egypt, Persia, Java, the Isle of France, the Straits of Malacca, and to China, &c.

There is no reason why, if the system were wisely and discreetly introduced, the scale of pay and allowances being fixed at rates which would prove an inducement for serving abroad, if frequent furloughs were granted to the men, and a proportion of their wives allowed to accompany them, and the voyages be always performed in steam transports, the Sikh, Goorkah, and Hindustani regiments should not cheerfully take their turn of duty at the Cape, Mauritius, the West Indies, New Zealand, Australia, in the Mediterranean stations, and even in Great Britain. The climate of nearly all the colonies would be favourable to the natives of India. In none—not even in Britain—would they be exposed to such vicissitudes of climate as in Affghanistan, which they stood as well as Europeans. Native regiments isolated in

our colonies could not fail to be loyal; they would spare our European portion of the force, by taking the greater part of the regular duty, and allow of the garrisons being considerably reduced. Native regiments, well officered and situated, as they would then be in our colonies, would prove nearly as good and brave troops as our British soldiers, and India would thus become a powerful auxiliary to England. The fact of 18,000 or 20,000 men of our native army being thus continually on foreign service would act as a substantial guarantee for the fidelity of their brothers and relations forming the army serving in India. These would never compromise the safety of their brethren on foreign service by mutinying in their absence, and the constant round of duty would effectually bar the possibility of combination for united action against the Government. I would earnestly suggest that the feasibility of carrying out this proposal be submitted for the consideration and opinion of some of our ablest officers, who know natives and how to manage them.

This scheme, while directly calculated to maintain our power in India, would also, it is to be hoped, prove highly beneficial to that country itself. The return at stated intervals of large bodies of its inhabitants from foreign service, with views enlarged and minds more or less enlightened by contact with other countries and nations, could scarcely fail to exercise a salutary influence over the masses of their own countrymen, removing their prejudices, weakening the strongholds of error, and thus paving the way for the spread of Christianity through the length and breadth of the land.

APPENDIX.

NARRATIVE OF RAJAH BYJENATH MISR'S SUFFERINGS DURING THE REBELLION.

I DESIRE to place on record a narrative of the sufferings and indignities which it fell to my lot to suffer during the rebellion of 1857, for refusing to submit to, or tender my allegiance to the rebel government; and for persisting in doing such service to Europeans who were concealed here and in other places in Rohilcund, as they most needed during that dreadful calamity.

On the 14th of May, Colonel C. Troup, who was then commanding the station of Bareilly (owing to Brigadier Sibald's absence at Almorah on inspection duty), sent a horseman to me with a request that he desired me to come immediately, and that if I was eating my dinner at my house to drink water at his. I had just at that time sat down to eat my food, but on hearing such an earnest message, left it, and went at once to Colonel Troup, who on meeting me embraced me. I found him in great anxiety and perturbation of mind. I asked him what made him look so sad; he told me that if I would place trust between him and me, and would do what he would bid me, he would then tell me the cause. I told him that I would do what I could to the utmost of my power; he told me to leave out the words, "to the utmost of my power," but to promise compliance with his request. I gave him my word and honour that I would do so, be it what it might. He then told me that should he be killed or die, he had three children at Nynee Tal for whom he was much concerned, and desired me to send them to England; their passage money, he said, would cost me 5,000 rupees, which I might consider as lost. I at once without hesitation agreed to give him a hoondee on Calcutta for 5,000 rupees, which I told him he could forward to his agent, who would send his children

to England in the event of his being killed. This conversation surprised me a great deal, and made me ask Colonel Troup, why he was so much concerned for his children, and why he thought he would be killed or die, as I was up to this time quite ignorant of what had happened. The colonel then took out a letter from his box, and read it to me, giving an account of the mutiny of the sepoys at Meerut on the 10th of May, and at Delhi on the 11th, in which many European gentlemen, ladies and children, were killed, and that the mutiny would spread all over India, and that many more would be sacrificed. On hearing such sad news, I became much alarmed, and told the colonel that all natives knew that I carried on extensive banking business with Europeans, and also my attachment to them, and that if they were in danger I should not escape the calamity. After making the colonel's mind easy about his children, I then told him that in the name of God I had two or three requests to make, to which I also expected compliance.—1st. That should I and my sons be killed, and any members of my family survive, I would leave word with them that I have left behind me three fathers to provide for them ; viz., Colonel C. Troup, F. Williams, Esq., Commissioner of Meerut, and — Astell, Esq., Judge of Jounpore. The colonel told me that should he live he would first see my children provided for, and then his own. Thus we made our minds easy about our own affairs.

I pointed out to him that at Meerut there were some European troops who could drive the rebels into Delhi, and thus save the station and prevent further loss of life ; but that in Bareilly there was not one European soldier ; therefore it was necessary by way of policy to appear kind to the native troops, and to point them out their duty to their sovereign, and thus keep them from breaking out ; in the meantime to send away immediately all ladies and children to Nynee Tal. The colonel told me that he would attend to the first part of my request the next day ; but that there was a difficulty in sending all the ladies and children to Nynee Tal. The rich might meet with no opposition to take their families to Nynee Tal, but subordinate officials who had small incomes, and who might be indebted to the bazaar people, and had their servants' wages in arrears, would find it difficult to proceed to the Hills with their families from want of funds. I at once promised to pay their debts, and to defray their travelling expenses to Nynee Tal. Colonel Troup immediately intimated to all my readiness to serve them, and from that day all Christians, irrespective of their rank or previous acquaintance with me, who applied to me for money to go to Nynee Tal, were supplied by me with the amount they asked for, and so were able

to leave Bareilly in time, and thus saved their lives from the cruel deaths which others of their countrymen suffered in Bareilly a few days later. My agent at Nynee Tal had, at that time, 15,500 rupees belonging to me there. I wrote to him that should any Christians apply to him in my name for money to give them at once what they required, and my agent carried out my instructions fully, and supplied numbers.

About the 26th or 27th of May, I received an English letter from Mr. W. Edwards, then collector of Budaon, and a Hindee one from my son, Gunga Purshad, then Tuhsildar of Budaon, which was brought by a horseman, just before the morning gun fired. I got up at once to attend to the message.

Mr. Edwards wrote to me, "Your son, Gunga Purshad, has just told me that by your advice all the gentlemen and ladies of Bareilly, with their children, have been sent to Nynee Tal, and he is asking me to don't send my wife and child there also. On hearing this news I was much concerned on their account. The Commissioner of Bareilly has not as yet informed me of the departure of the ladies and children. I write therefore to ask your advice as to what I am to do." In the postscript he wrote:—"I have just received a letter from the Commissioner, who writes that all the ladies and children left Bareilly for Nynee Tal about thirteen or fourteen days ago. He recommends me not to send my wife and daughter to Nynee Tal, as disturbances have already commenced in the district, and the villagers might attack and kill them on their way; what would you advise me to do at such a time?" My son's letter contained the following:—"Mr. Edwards has become much alarmed on receiving the Commissioner's letter. You are a native, and for the sake of your fatherly love to me, and your friendship to Mr. Edwards, do what you can for him at this crisis." I was much alarmed at receipt of such intelligence, and saw that this was a matter of much risk and difficulty, but I was still resolved to use all my efforts to save Mrs. Edwards and her infant daughter. I sent off, therefore, three palanquins at once to Budaon with bearers, and laid relays of them from Budaon to Bareilly, and from Bareilly to Nynee Tal, and sent off a note to Mr. Edwards informing him that I had laid three relays from Budaon to Bareilly, and from Bareilly to Nynee Tal; one for Mrs. Edwards, one for her daughter and nurse, and the third for myself, and strongly urged him to send off Mrs. Edwards and her daughter immediately on receipt of my note, and not to act on the Commissioner's letter, and that if he did not trust me, and take my advice, Mrs. Edwards and her child and himself would surely perish at Budaon. I gave the horseman ten rupees, and begged of him to gallop off as fast

as he could, and that should his horse die under him, I would pay him 200 rupees for the animal, as I had written to Mr. Edwards in the note that I would meet Mrs. Edwards on the Budaon road in the evening, with 50 armed men (good marksmen), and would accompany her myself with this escort to Nynee Tal, to which place I would see her and her daughter in safety, so I told the sowar to make no delay. In the evening I set off to meet them, and when I had arrived two stages on the Budaon road with my 50 armed men, I met Mrs. Edwards and her daughter in their palanquins. They were alone, as Mr. Edwards remained at his post as magistrate. I escorted them into Bareilly, and from there two stages on the Nynee Tal road, which was not, fortunately, in a disturbed state at the moment. Mrs. Edwards then desired me to return home; this I told her I would do, but my guard would see her safe to the foot of the hills, which they did, and then returned to Bareilly; and Mrs. Edwards and daughter, by the blessing of God, arrived safe at Nynee Tal, and their lives were saved.

No sooner had I returned to Bareilly than I found Mr. Alexander the Commissioner's chuprassy, waiting for me; he told me that the Commissioner wanted me immediately. I at once went to him. Mr. Alexander, the Commissioner, gave me a box, and told me that it contained all his earnings, and desired me to save it by some means or other. I asked him to open the box and to show me the valuables it contained: a valuable pearl necklace, which was given to his wife by her father on her wedding day; also Government promissory notes to a large amount, bearing interest. I told the Commissioner that the necklace was the only article I feared might be lost, but not the Government notes. I asked the Commissioner if he had taken down the numbers of the Government notes, he said he had not. I told him to do so, but he said there was no time, as the native troops were on the point of mutinying. I told him to send the box to my palanquin, which he did by one Peer Ally Jemadar. I made my faithful promise to the Commissioner that should he or I be killed, the box would be sent to some one of his family in England. I urged him to make his mind easy and leave all in the hands of Providence; I then took leave of the Commissioner, and brought the box home with me.

On the 31st of May, 1857, the sepoys at Bareilly broke out in open mutiny, killed some of their officers, and all Europeans they could find, and set fire to all the houses in the cantonment and station. In the city, the town rabble set up the standard of rebellion, killed some Christian women and children, who, in spite of warnings, had remained there, exercising the utmost cruelty imaginable. Some Europeans,

whom God preserved, escaped to Nynee Tal in safety. The same day, Khan Buhadur Khan, a pensioner of the British Government, usurped the supreme authority, and proclaimed himself Nawab of Bareilly. One of his first acts was to surround my house with a guard of thirty sepoys, who were ordered to keep watch with drawn swords all round my house day and night. This guard were so strict and insulting that they would not respect any person, nor allow any of us to go out of the house. These guards were kept over my house for twelve months, up to the hour the British forces re-occupied Bareilly, when they fled for their lives. This strict surveillance was owing to the rebel government being under the impression that I was in correspondence with the English, and attended to all their requirements. This, indeed, was true; although I knew well that these tyrants had killed helpless women and innocent children, and that if my efforts to aid the British were found out, they would not spare me and my children, yet I could not for a moment desert the British cause, which I had served so long.

Five days after the mutiny, Khan Buhadur Khan and other rebels of note ordered me to be seized and made over to Bukht Khan (formerly soubadar of the Artillery stationed at Bareilly), commander of the rebel forces. This notorious rebel took me to his camp and detained me prisoner for four days. He then ordered me to give up to him the lacs of rupees which I had in my bank belonging to the English. I told him I had nothing belonging to them. He then ordered his sepoys to make me walk up and down day and night, and not allow me to rest for a moment. In the daytime, under the burning sun, I felt it to be a sad trial, and my sufferings were very great, but at night I bore up better under this cruel punishment. I was for three days and nights I did not know what rest was. On the third day Bukht Khan renewed his demand, and, on my refusal, passed an order that I should be blown from a gun; and before execution of the sentence, that my two daughters and my three daughters-in-law were to be seized and brought before me stark naked; and I to witness their nakedness, then in that state to march them through the rebel camp, and after that to bring them back to the scene of my intended execution. On hearing such a sentence, which was contrary to human nature, to all custom and religion, with death on one side, disgrace on the other, I prayed inwardly to the Almighty to protect me and mine from the cruelties and insults threatened by the rebels; and by the merciful interposition of Divine Providence my life was spared, and my daughters from disgraceful exposure, for the sentence was not enforced. The next

day Bukht Khan marched with his force towards Delhi, and encamped at Futehgunge; here he took 28,000 rupees from me, and let me go. Scarcely had I returned to Bareilly from his camp, when Khan Buhadur Khan and other rebels of note ordered me and my sons to be seized, and after forcibly taking from us 3,000 rupees let us go. Four days after this, Khan Buhadur Khan and the other rebel leaders ordered me again to be seized and brought before them. They then demanded of me Mr. Alexander's box, which I have before said he left to my care, and which contained all his earnings. I replied, "Which box?" They then sent for Peer Ally, the Commissioner's confidential jemadar, who had joined the rebels, and was then employed by Khan Buhadur Khan on fifty rupees a month. Peer Ally came and said, "That black box which the Commissioner gave me to put in your palky, and which I placed there with my own hands; you are to give that box up to the Nawab." I said to Khan Buhadur Khan, "Will you take my life and the lives of my family, or will you listen to what I have to say?" The Nawab said, "What have you to say?" I told him, "I went to pay my respects to the Commissioner, by his order, and when taking leave he asked me where I would go next. I said to Colonel Troup's; he then desired me to take that box to Colonel Troup, and with his compliments to tell the colonel to give it to Mrs. Colonel Clarkson, who would take it with her to Nynee Tal, and would give it to Mrs. Alexander there. I gave that box to Colonel Troup, with the Commissioner's message. This is all I know about the box; now my life and the lives of my sons are at your disposal, do what you like with us." Sobharam and Syfoolah Khan, rebel leaders present, asked me if I could swear to what I had stated according to the oaths of my religion. I replied I was prepared to do so; they immediately brought some "Ganges" water. On seeing this, it grieved me very much to think what I should have to answer for to God in taking a false oath; but then, I thought, I had already pledged my word and honour to Mr. Alexander to save his box at any risk, and taking a false oath under the circumstances of pressure in which I was placed might, I trusted, be pardoned. I was sworn in the usual form, and was made to say that what I had stated was faithfully true. I then prayed to God to forgive me, as I was helpless. Khan Buhadur Khan believed this plausible story about Mr. Alexander's box, and released me and my sons, and the box was saved and made over, after the occupation of Bareilly, to Mr. Alexander. Sobharam, rebel, afterwards seized us, as we were retiring, on his own account, and only released us on paying 400 rupees. He repeated these acts several times, and after taking money from us

let us go. I and my family were on nine occasions thus seized and mulcted of large sums.

On the 8th of December, 1857, a Darogah with about 200 sepoys forced an entrance into my house, in search of Europeans, and said they were ordered to do so by Khan Buhadur Khan; they closely examined my three houses, large chests, and even pittarahs, but found no Europeans. These men, not content with the search they had made, insolently demanded to see my female relatives; it was in vain to plead before these tyrants that it was against the custom of women to appear uncovered before strangers, and that it was a gross insult to us; they insisted that European ladies were hid amongst them. At last, under compulsion, I asked my daughters and daughters-in-law to show their faces and hair to these shameless persons, and warned these men not to mistake my daughters for European ladies on account of their fair complexion. These cruel and hard-hearted persons, after insulting me and my family in this manner, seized me and my son, Gunga Purshad, and my banking books, and took us to Khan Buhadur Khan, who ordered us to be imprisoned.* Thus, after repeated threats and insults, we were thrown into prison; here also we were worried and bullied by the meanest ruffians under whose charge we were. Our daily prayer was, "blessed be the day on which Europeans may again take this province." In prison we used to hear of the success of the British in many places; the rebels would not believe it, but punished persons for circulating such reports. In this prison with us there were two gentlemen, who gave out they were Moguls. They were the son and grandson of General Martindell. These poor sufferers, hearing us talk well of the English, and after considering well who we were, one of them, the grandson, related to my son Gunga Purshad, his and his father's sufferings in prison, from want of food sufficient to satisfy hunger. They said that between them both they received eight pice a day for subsistence; out of this the Burkundazes would take two pice every day, and give them six only, and sometimes four pice; from this small allowance they could not procure sufficient food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. My son, Gunga Purshad, hearing this, took pity on them, and from that day shared half his food with them privately, and in every way attended to their wants as far as lay in his power. When we got our food cooked in jail, Gunga Purshad would give these poor captives as much as he could spare. On the 12th of January, 1858,

* I owe to my good luck that no items of the sums which I had paid to the Europeans and Christians were entered in these bank-books; if they had been, I would have stood a poor chance of my life.

Khan Buhadur Khan demanded from me 3,200 rupees; on giving this sum I and my son were released. My son Gunga Purshad at once sent for 30 rupees from his wife, which he gave these two persons to support themselves with, and then left them under the protection of the Almighty; they were both subsequently murdered.

About fifteen or twenty days after the mutiny, a person came to my house disguised as a Fakeer, and in the evening when he found out who my servants were, made a sign to one, and asked to be introduced to me. My servant brought him: he told me that he was sent by Mr. Edwards, and gave me the stump of a quill; I split it and found two letters in it; one addressed to myself and the other to Mrs. Edwards. My letter informed me that Mr. Edwards, with Mr. and Mrs. Probyn, had taken refuge in a village called Dhurrumpore, belonging to Hurdeo Buksh, five coss from Futtehghur, and that they were in great distress from want of everything, and had little hopes of surviving the calamity, and that Mr. Edwards was very uneasy in not hearing from Mrs. Edwards and myself. I at once sent 400 rupees with my two servants, with a verbal message to Mr. Edwards that God made money to help his creatures to provide for the necessaries of life, and that what money he might require to keep him comfortable in his misfortunes I was prepared to send him, and to trust to God, who alone could save his life. I also sent him news that his wife and daughter were quite well at Nynee Tal, and that I had ordered my agent there to supply her with funds whenever she might apply to him for money, and that she would not be put to any inconvenience from want of it whilst I was alive.

I now felt greatly puzzled how to send on the letter from her husband to Mrs. Edwards, as the punishment for such acts was severe, and persons dreaded to undertake such a service, even if promised to be well paid for it. The punishment was, they would make the poor man sit on a donkey with his face towards the tail, blacken his face, cut off his nose and ears and carry him through the city, a person crying before him:— "Thus shall be done to all persons who will be found taking letters to the English or with any English letters about them." Sometimes persons found with English letters were blown from guns, so persons would not undertake such tasks. I now began to consider that even if a false statement was made to Khan Buhadur Khan, or if I was found out having English letters about me, or sending letters out, I would be punished as above stated, and no mercy would be shown to me, and perhaps to get rid of me they would blow me from a gun; and if allowed to live, my appearance would be disfigured by cutting off my nose; these thoughts preyed sorely upon me; however I gradually grew bolder, and

determined to serve the English the best way I could, even to the very utmost.

I then called an old servant of mine, and gave him the letter with instructions how to act if he was apprehended, and to conceal the letter in his mouth if caught, so that if he would be searched naked, he would not be found out. By the blessing of God the letter was safely delivered to Mrs. Edwards, and her reply the same servant brought and carried it to Mr. Edwards. I also in this manner conveyed two letters sent to me by the late Hon. Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor North-west Provinces, to his son at Nynee Tal. After this all persons (Europeans), who had concealed themselves in Rohilcund, used to send men disguised as Fakeers to me for money. I sent to every one whether known to me or not, and without distinction of rank and colour. Leaving this aside, I used to send bread, biscuits and sweetmeats to gentlemen and ladies every fourth day whose place of concealment in Rohilcund was known to me. When I heard they were much in want of clothing, and what they had on was dirty and worn out, I sent them yards of cloth and shoes. Plundering merchants was made a capital crime in those days; this was to encourage traders to bring their goods into town for sale, so my servants passed themselves off for traders, and thus discharged their commission. I continued to do this for twelve months. I do not know how this was reported to the rebel Khan Buhadur Khan, who placed me under severe restrictions; my sufferings now were very great. I can hardly express myself or describe them, but shudder when I think of them.

One day Khan Buhadur Khan sent his aide-de-camp to me with this dreadful threat, that as I persisted in my obstinacy in writing to the English, inviting them to come to Bareilly, and supplying them with the necessaries of life, he, Khan Buhadur Khan, swore by his God that he would have me and my son blown away from guns, and what I had to say for myself? I kept silence and made no answer, as the threat was accompanied by an oath. I feared that me and my family would not escape from the tyrant. The aide-de-camp pressed me for a reply, then I thought that as we were to be put to death, and nothing could save us, why should I fear to answer? I then told the aide-de-camp that he would never tell the Nawab my answer as I would give it to him, therefore I thought best to keep silence; he swore to me that he would repeat word for word what I should say. I told the aide-de-camp to tell Khan Buhadur Khan that were I to deny corresponding with the English, and attending to their requirements contrary to his orders, he would not believe me, therefore I might just as well confess

to have written to the English to come to Bareilly. Seeing, however, they had not come as yet, my writing was of little avail, for until it was the pleasure of the Almighty, and the English had made proper arrangements, they could not possibly come; and when they did come I could not possibly be able to prevent them, and if Khan Buhadur Khan cannot understand this, how would he be able to govern the country he has taken possession of? My life and the lives of my sons were every moment in his hands; he could deal with us as he thought best. —I cannot say whether the aide-de-camp explained all this to Khan Buhadur Khan, but the same day I sent word to my sons' wives that I was suffering much in prison, and that now I was quite helpless; but should any gentlemen or ladies send any persons for money, to show them the same kindness as I did, and to furnish them with what they had come for, never to stop doing so even if I and my sons were put to death, and to serve the English as I did. They carefully attended to my request, and when they had no money they sold their jewels, and remitted the cash. On being released from prison I embraced them for their kind attention to the wants of the English during my strict imprisonment.

God Almighty through his favour preserved me and my family from perishing by the hands of the rebels, and from the dangers which threatened us continually. This confirmed my trust in Him, and made my heart strong and more willing and prepared to give my life for the cause of the English. Only one thing grieved me much, that if I and my son had not fallen into the clutches of the rebels, and our hands and feet were at liberty, we might have served our Sovereign better; however, said I to myself, that those who are with the English are strong in their hearts:—First, by confidence in the troops; secondly, by being furnished with arms to defend themselves; as for us, we were bound hand and foot, as it were, and in a cage, expecting to perish every moment. These thoughts preyed upon my mind during my imprisonment, but I was comforted by thinking that from prison I was serving the Christians to the extent of my power. All Government servants, viz., moonshees, mohurrirs, vakeels and baboos, and private servants of English gentlemen, viz., khansamahs, khidmutgars, bearers, dhobies, ayahs—whoever came to me at this time I advised to remain concealed in villages, where they thought themselves safe, and not to take service under the rebels, and that I would pay them one-third of their wages monthly to support themselves until order was restored and their masters would return. Whoever followed my advice received from me one-third of their pay for one year, and on the re-occupation of Bareilly they obtained their

respective appointments, and those who did not follow my advice were ruined. The fact of this is well-known to Captain Gowan, F. Williams, Esq., Commissioner of Meerut, General C. Troup, W. Edwards, Esq., Sudder Judge of Agra, and R. Alexander, Esq., Commissioner of Rohilcund.

When the mutiny had broken out in other districts, the villagers in the Budaon district commenced to plunder and kill people; travellers were obliged to take refuge in the station of Budaon to save themselves, and abandon the roads. There was every chance of an outbreak taking place; but Mr. W. Edwards, the Collector, by his resolute and judicious management, kept his authority in force in the city up to the very hour the Bareilly released prisoners and mutinous troops from that place entered Budaon to plunder the treasure and to kill the Europeans. In those days my son, Gunga Purshad, who was Tuhsildar there, was constantly in attendance on Mr. Edwards, and was of much service to him in every way. On the 31st of May, the troops mutinied at Bareilly and prisoners broke out of jail: those who belonged to Budaon went straight there, and arrived on the morning of the 1st of June, when all authority ceased to exist in Budaon, and all the bad characters broke out in open rebellion. Mr. Edwards on that morning sent for his native officers to attend him at once at such a crisis, but they one and all refused obedience to their superior officer, and nobody went near him except my son, Gunga Purshad, the Tuhsildar. Mr. Edwards remained at his post all that dreadful day; towards the evening he saw that his remaining was no longer of any use, as no one would obey him. He then sent off my son to bring 100 rupees for his expenses, if he could make his escape. My son went to the city, and after much danger to himself returned with the money. He found his master very sad. Mr. Edwards told my son that he had just received news that the rebel troops were coming in from Bareilly to plunder the treasure, and kill him if they could seize him, and that they were only two miles from Budaon. Then my son told Mr. Edwards that in his opinion it was not advisable for him to remain there a single moment longer as the guard of the treasury was just beginning to plunder the chests, and as he (Mr. Edwards) was quite alone, what could he do to avert the calamity? He urged Mr. Edwards to save his life by making for the Ganges, and getting across, saying he would accompany him; and if they escaped, good and well; if not, they would lose their lives together. Mr. Edwards told my son that as he was well mounted, and my son had no horse, and was besides not a good rider, he could not accompany him; and begged him to go away and hide himself wherever he could while there was yet time. My son said he could run alongside his master's

horse, but Mr. Edwards would not hear of this, as he would certainly lose his life; and at last ordered him to leave him and hide somewhere, and he prayed that God might protect them both. My son then left Mr. Edwards just as the jail was broken open, and the released prisoners and rabble and sepoys were rushing up to Mr. Edwards' house. Mr. Edwards at the moment mounted his horse and rode off, and escaped. My son managed to get back into the city by bye-ways and fields, and after hiding a few days joined me at Bareilly, and remained with me throughout the rebellion; until by the mercy of God that blessed day came, the 7th May, 1858, when the British troops arrived, drove out the rebels, and released us from our long imprisonment. My son, two or three days later, was able to do good service by going out with a few swordsmen, and seizing a noted rebel, the nephew of Khan Buhadur Khan, who was subsequently hanged for the crimes committed during his uncle's rule in Bareilly.

I have now finished my narrative, and all I regret is, that I and my sons, being as it were confined by the rebels in a cage, could not render more important services to the British Government and our gracious Queen, at that time of danger and distress.

[I brought to the notice of the Government the valuable services rendered at this time by Gunga Purshad. Had he not aided me, and shown determined resolution and courage, I could not have maintained, so long as I did, tranquillity in Budaon. The above statements are strictly correct.—W. E.]

THE END.

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